Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
NOVEMBER 1986

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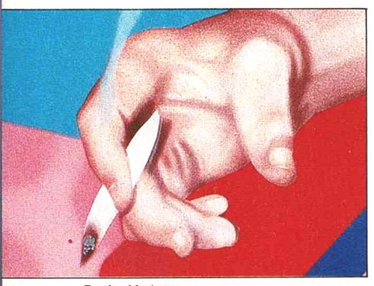
PENTHOUSE

The Australian Men's Magazine/Vol 7 No 11/November 1986



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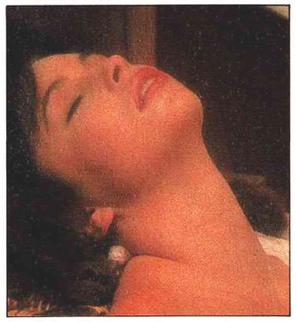
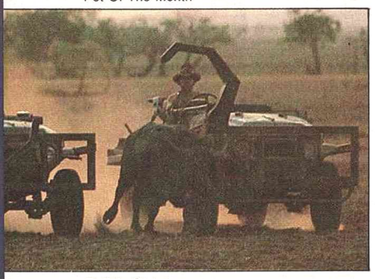


Pet Of The Month



Buffalo Stakes

Terms Of Embitterment

REGULARS

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ADVERTISING
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Editor-in-Chief: Bob Guccione; *Art Director International:* Joe Brooks; *Managing Editor:* Claudia Valentino; *Executive Editor:* Peter Bloch; *Graphics Director:* Frank DeVino

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Vice-chairman: Kathy Keeton; *Executive Vice President:* David J. Myerson; *Senior Vice President/Production Director:* John Evans; *Senior Vice President/Administrative Services:* Jeri Winston; *Foreign Editions Manager:* Eriko Kusomoto.

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NOVEMBER

FRANTS KANTOR

NIGEL BUCHANAN

GREG HUNTER

FRANK ROBSON

NICK BROKENSHA

HOUSECALL

REEFER MADNESS
In the first of a series of articles on the conservative backlash in Australian society, Senior Editor **Greg Hunter** looks at recent changes to marijuana legislation which have sent the reformist lobby into a deep depression and confirmed the ascendancy of anti-drug hysteria. Hunter's article exposes the futility of pot prohibition and the political gutlessness of its proponents. **Nigel Buchanan** contributed the superb artwork. Turn to page 32.

THE PUPPET MASTER
Brian Dale, the man behind former NSW Premier Neville Wran's rise to media stardom, is one of a small coterie of television image-makers who will soon wield enormous influence over public perception in the electronic age. Dale invited *Penthouse* writer **Peter McDonald** into the studio where he practises his craft on politicians and public servants. McDonald's report, accompanied by **Geoffrey Etches'** photo, starts on page 50.

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN MINORITY GROUPS
Want to learn about the class struggle, the oppression of indigenous populations, the psychology of sexual dominance and the destruction of the ozone layer? You won't do it by reading **Robert Brown's** hilarious satire on contemporary counter-culture, but if you're after a belly laugh turn to page 56, where Brown's piece is accompanied by artwork from **Bill Leak.**

TERMS OF EMBITTERMENT
Why do so many rational men go into the Family Court system and emerge as lunatic desperadoes? **Frank Robson** set out to answer that question by talking to some of the thousands of men who've banded together to proclaim their outrage against the laws of custody, maintenance and property division. Robson documents a world of confusion, anguish and despair in a moving article beginning on page 74 with an illustration by **Frants Kantor.**

POSTCARDS FROM ADELAIDE
Want to see some filthy pictures? If you thought the ground-breaking pictorial Postcards From Brisbane was provocative, wait till you see the fun photographer **Nick Brokensha** whipped up with a dazzling *Penthouse* Pet in the otherwise staid City of Churches. It's an outrage. Turn to page 88.

BUFFALO STAKES
The buffalo hunters of the Northern Territory are an even wilder breed than the beasts they've set out to eradicate. Writer **Tim Cope** and photographer **Gunther Deichmann** captured a robust piece of Australian history in an action-packed pictorial feature starting on page 81.

LINDSAY HARTWIG INTERVIEW
The only Independent member of the Queensland Parliament, Hartwig is a political gunslinger who demonstrates an itchy trigger finger and a unique perspective on Queensland politics in this month's interview with **Frank Robson.** Who is really running the Sunshine State? Find out on page 96. The accompanying photo portrait was shot by **Andrew Murray.**

RETURN OF THE ROVER
British Leyland has been responsible for some of the most diabolical vehicles ever to crawl off an assembly line. The Rover used to be in that category — but no more, as Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** found out when he put the all-new computer-designed Rover 800 to the test. His report starts on page 114.

At this point you'll wish our 6-pack was a 7-pack.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Doubletake

Please help me. After receiving your August issue I went home, opened up to Julia Sommers, and jacked off — as I usually do.

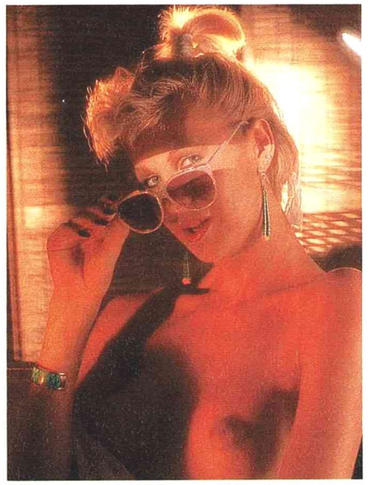
Then I find out that she is a transsexual. Does this mean I'm turning into a homosexual? Am I in danger of contracting AIDS? If I do, it's not my fault. It's yours. — *P.G. Rennie, Melbourne, Vic*

After viewing Julia Sommers' eye-catching body I have to conclude that, despite the controversy, she is still a very attractive female. Who cares if she was once a male? As far as I am concerned she is now a female — and a sensational one, too. Also, my congratulations to Jeremy Taylor for his excellent photography. Keep up the good work. — *T.D. Hutchinson, Turramurra, NSW*

After seeing Julia Sommers on *Good Morning Australia*, I purchased a copy of August *Penthouse* and was not surprised to see how great she looked in her presentation. I had the pleasure of knowing Ms Sommers about five years ago, before her sex change operation, and I always regarded her as a happy, caring woman.

I feel it must have been some very jealous person who started all the furore. As a married mother of one child, I feel Julia is as much a woman as anyone I know.

Keep up the good work, Julia, and the best of luck. — *S.F., Rose Bay, NSW*



Julia Sommers — the complete woman?

Fear and loathing

Frank Robson's article "Feral Man" (June *Penthouse*) was an insult to his own and to our intelligence. As a "stranger in a strange land," his brief glimpse of an alternative social structure at a time of celebration hardly qualifies him as a fair witness of what's actually going on up here.

To suggest that we live in the shadow of the past, existing in a drug-induced timewarp, showed a complete lack of understanding of our motivations. The vein of cynicism that ran through the article failed to recognise the benefits that small, self-sufficient communities such as ours can offer outside the hell-bent rat race that prevails elsewhere.

Robson's allusions to "peculiar emotions and the growing sense of paranoia" had a Hunter S. Thompsonesque familiarity about them. Perhaps it would have been better had the article been titled "Fear And Loathing In North Queensland." We all hope that we are spared another visit from Mr Robson for at least another ten years. — *Don Croft, Manager, Auravale Nature Farm, Far North Queensland*

The opal old school

In response to Greg Hunter's story on the miners of Lightning Ridge, Opal Fever (August *Penthouse*), I find Mr Hunter's writing most admirable in style and context but his research leaves a lot to be desired.

I am married to a miner of the old school who was born into opal mining and started his quest for the elusive black opal at the tender age of eight. He toiled alongside his father and older brother, always in the hope that the next barrow would present them with the answer to the hardship that many early miners experienced.

Yes, many of today's miners do experience hardship in one form or other, but for most it's their choice — and as for the others, they come up here with a substantial grubstake with which they build themselves their little bit of city on the land in town that should be left for the miners. Then you get the types who are opting out of society, either wanting refuge from the law in other states or estranged wives, or because of insecurity in themselves. If Mr Hunter had searched further he'd have found that in Lightning Ridge there are in fact only about one dozen original Ridge miners — hard-weathered men who along with their fathers and grandfathers bled for this settlement and who carry on the dreams and hopes of their forefathers. They have had to succumb to the pressures brought to bear by the newcomers who insist on raping the tranquility and peace of mind of those who knew what it was like before the invasion.

There are men and women here whose roots go back to the late 1800s, and yet do people such as Mr Hunter explore this far to find out what it is really like to be a miner of the old school, and what it really means to have "Opal Fever"? Next time, Mr Hunter, find the real miners — not the pseudo-miners who only bring crime, distrust and contempt for each other.

I would turn back the clock if I knew it would bring back the peace of mind that kept us going before the invasion of the opal bugs. They come here and raid our dumps, trespass on our claims and expect us to kiss their bums. The only thing these people have really managed to do is bring harm and ridicule to the real salts of this land. Let's be rid of them, I say, and leave the mining to the miners who really do have the silica running in their veins. — *Those Who Really Belong, Lightning Ridge, Black Opal City, NSW*

Bank on it

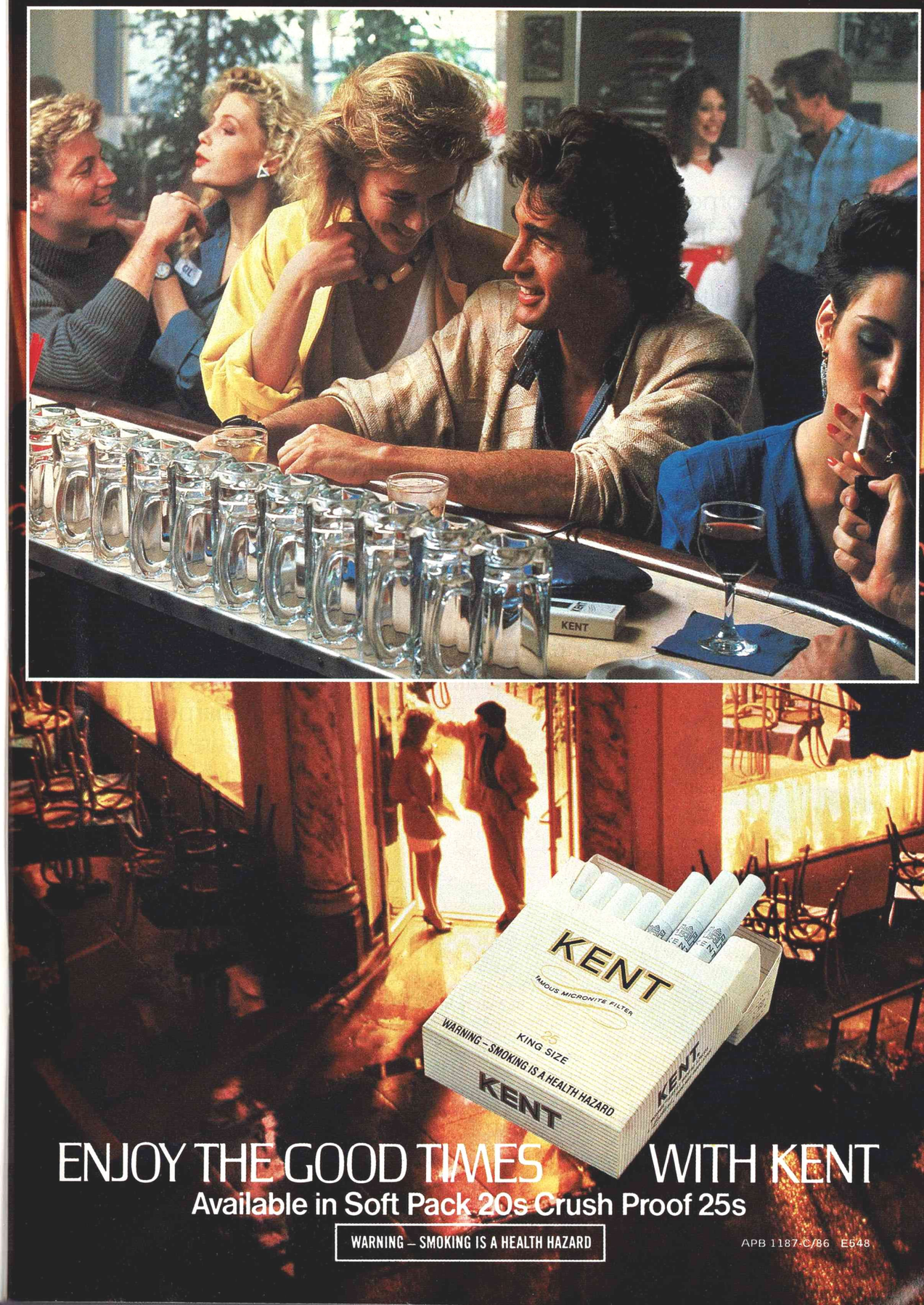
I always enjoy reading the Avarice section of your magazine — for the bullshit it contains. As a bank employee for the past 20 years, I can say that many points raised by your writer are totally inaccurate. The last straw came in August *Penthouse* when he said that all bank managers are liars.

Whatever faults there may be in the banking industry, I can state absolutely that bank managers and their assistants are entirely sincere and generally steer their customers towards the cheapest and easiest finance available — without deception. It's a pity that John Citizen never seems to appreciate this. — *John Anthony, Cairns, Qld*

Treasure chest

I've always believed that treasure chests are found on desert islands, but after seeing Andrea Nadler in your August issue I'm now certain. And as for the rest of her body . . .

Congratulations, *Penthouse*. You've excelled again. — *P. Taylor, Sydney*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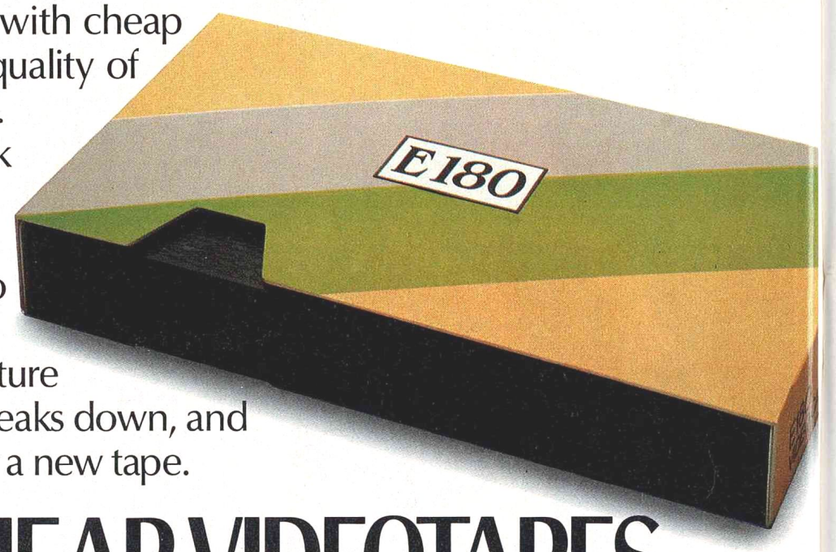

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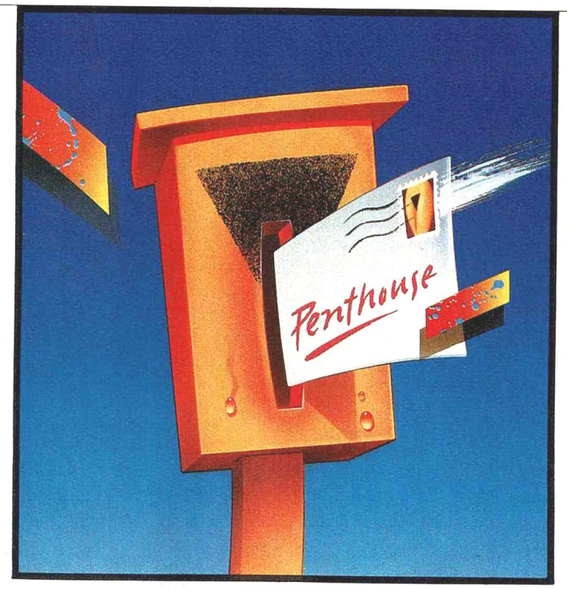

Shrunken desire

When it comes to fantasising, I find it very erotic to imagine that I, a reasonably good-looking, well-built man of normal stature, have been shrunk to about 30cm by a handsome, evil scientist in the course of one of his diabolical experiments. He picks me up and carries me in one hand from the laboratory to my bedroom, where my wife is sprawled naked on the bed.

He puts me down on the night table and then, grinning lewdly, removes his clothes. I know he is going to fuck my wife and there is nothing I can do about it. I dare not make a sound or even attempt to interfere in any way, lest I be squashed like a bug or, worse yet, eaten alive. I watch helplessly as the scientist and my wife fondle each other shamelessly.

Never before have I seen my normally reserved wife so passionate, so eager to be screwed. It's as if she hasn't been banged in weeks. With a wicked gleam in her eye she plays with the scientist's cock and scrotum, stroking one while squeezing the other. I watch as the scientist straddles her chest and then slowly feeds her his pulsing erection. My wife takes it happily, opening her mouth wide as the length of flesh slides over her tongue to the back of her throat. She moans loudly.

Her head comes up off the pillow repeatedly as she tries to take even more of the scientist's organ down her throat. I can hear the sexy gurgling, slurping sounds she makes as she sucks away with sluttish delight. At one point, she takes the cock out of her mouth and rubs it all over her face, winking at me as she curls her tongue around the bulbous head. I shake my tiny fist in rage.

I cannot understand how this could happen to me. How I wish I could be restored to normal size so that I could beat the shit out of this mad scientist in bed with my wife. But I have been reduced to the size of a doll and am nothing more than a plaything. And now the scientist decides to use me as just that. He picks me up off the night table and rubs me over my wife's tits. Then, using me as if I were a dildo, he slips me inside my wife's creamy pussy and starts working me in and out of her juicy love canal.

My wife squeals with pleasure and asks to see what has been in her pussy. The scientist hands me over to her and she giggles, for even in my shrunken size she recognises that what she is holding in the palm of her hand is her loving husband. She pats my tiny head, pokes my miniscule penis and then sets me back on the night table before turning her attention back to the evil scientist. Soon the two of them are screwing like crazy and I must place my hands over my tiny ears to block out the racket they're making.

The scientist does my wife in every position the two of them can think of. He even puts his giant cock (or so it seems to me) into her arse, which makes her groan with pleasure. Then, when he's ready to come, he lifts me off the night table and sets me down on my wife's stomach. I do everything I can to maintain my balance, as she is squirming around like an eel. Now the scientist pulls his cock out of my wife's soaked pussy and proceeds to shower me with semen. It's as if I have been caught by a giant wave, the warm, sticky semen drenching me from tiny head to tiny foot.

Finally the scientist stops coming and hands me to my wife, who lovingly cleans me off with a handkerchief. She hands me back to the scientist, who brings me back to the laboratory. He lays me down on a padded table, strapping me in place, and then goes about fooling with that wicked machine of his. I doze off, and when I wake up, I find that I have been restored to normal size. The scientist is gone, but he has left behind his shrinking machine. Wearing a devilish smile, I call my wife into the laboratory. — *Name and address withheld*

School's out

I had recently been through some particularly hazardous waters and was feeling emotionally drained — staying home more, getting into work, and generally clamping down socially. One such typically anti-social evening, I heard a gentle knock on the door. Feeling somewhat light of spirit at the time, I bounded to the hallway knowing full well only a woman would knock like that. I threw open the door in an obviously theatrical manner, presenting myself like a gaudy gameshow host. Surprises were certainly the order of the day. Standing in front of me, dazzled by the sudden spectacle, was the most fresh-faced, rosy young lady I had seen for some time. Too long, if I am honest.

Our eyes startled each other. We were embarrassed, surprised and delighted all at once. Not caring at all who she was, I blurted, "Come in, come in!" and with an innocent and tantalisingly radiant grin, she ventured in.

After blundering our way through introductions, we sat and chatted. Her name was Angela and she lived just across the road. Blow me down. As it turned out she had actually come to see one of the other three guys I shared this modest squat with. They were all conveniently out, leaving me the enviable task of having to entertain this visitor.

She was 17. I sighed. I thought wickedly to myself that it had been a long time since I had tasted such deliciously fresh and unspoilt fruit as she obviously was. She wore no makeup and needed none. Divinely youthful blonde curls framed her face. A face with noticeably stylish lines. A sloppy joe and loose track suit pants accentuated casualness. We both felt comfortably at ease.

FORUM

Our conversation became calm and soothing as she unfolded to me her dilemma of high school exams. Naturally, I shared my immense experience on these topics and she quickly became enthralled in my deep wisdom.

"I find massages an incredible relief for stress," I recommended, and with only this small pitch, I had a willing customer. My hands kneading and relaxing her shoulders and back, she consumed my touch as eagerly as I savored her flawless skin. Quite diligently I went through my time-tested technique, bring most encouraging results. It was time to steal my first kiss. Looking into her intriguing and sparkling eyes, I saw both desire and apprehension. I had to be careful, but she was ready. Our lips, first gingerly caressing, soon turned to passionate encounter. Disturbed at her own willingness, Angela pulled back, breathing heavier. I, too, could feel a distinct alteration to the streamlining of my stretch jeans. It was getting a little late and she hesitantly excused herself with, "I have an exam tomorrow." Understandable.

I couldn't sleep that night. I kept thinking that I had to see her again. As it turned out, I wasn't the only one who slept badly. Angela arrived at the doorstep the next day, complaining of a restless night. Our debut encounter the night before had a mutual effect, and it wasn't long before we found ourselves in lewd embrace on the bed.

Shamelessly I loosened her school blouse. A delicate pastel yellow. Our kisses and the feel of her silken skin were raising my awareness — not to mention my cock, which was a veritable pylon by this stage.

Carefully and gracefully we moved over each other's semi-clad bodies. Her breasts were beautifully crafted, with nipples small and responsive. Ever so slowly I glided my fingers down from those lovely tits, across the perfectly smooth expanse of her tummy and gently between the first few strands of her pubic hair. As I caressed her immaculate body, our eyes continued to meet. Her face showed fear, excitement and desperation, all at once.

Guiding my fingers through the delicate undergrowth, I knew she was ready for this much at least, and I allowed the very tips of my fingers to slip along her already juiced outer lips. Angela immediately grabbed me, pulling me feverishly down on her tongue. I gently parted her pussy lips, stroking her moistness inside. In no way was she about to receive any of the adolescent blundering her pubescent suitors would have previously delivered.

Her breathing now had a musical note to it. It's a sound every man, no matter how inexperienced, knows as the genuine acknowledgement of female pleasure. "Okay, here it comes now," I whispered in her ear, and in the most craftsman-like manner, guided my middle finger in up to the knuckle. Angela was drenched in pleasure.

Her mouth was now gaping, and her knuckles went white as she clenched my shoulders. I could hear that near-orgasmic sigh as her head lolled back. Her nails now dug ferociously into my back. That exquisitely sculpted body writhed and squirmed as I found areas of pleasure she never knew existed. All the time she sang to me the breathy verses of approaching climax. Occasionally I would join her on the chorus as she manipulated my aching dick through my jeans.

Slowly I extracted the three fingers that were, by this time, exploring every bit inside her. One by one I sucked the fragrant nectar from them as she watched incredulously. Frantic as we were, we both knew that we were overdue elsewhere. That was it for today. Her uniform in total disarray, Angela laid there with an expression on her face that meant she was ready for the next lesson.

That next lesson continued for many more weeks, but it wasn't all easy. Angela, with the pressure of her exams and things, could not break through the psychological barrier of full orgasm even though we were really beginning to make love for real. Imagine the frustration of seeing this gorgeous creature in the throes of an impending climax, only to have her throw me out, shaking her head and gasping, "No, no, no." I had no more hair left to pull out! Angela's fear of orgasm was driving us both around the twist. The day had to come.

I was halfway through a muggy afternoon's work at home when Angela crashed in, leaning heavily on the back of the door as she slammed it shut. My first thought was that a pack of ravenous bogie men had pursued her home from school, until she gleefully announced her exams were over. No prizes are being offered for guessing the first and only thing now on her mind. After being physically navigated into the bedroom and having my apparel removed . . . I was about to be raped by a schoolgirl. "Oh heaven of heavens," I thought.

Almost in one action, the skimpy uniform was discarded and our completely naked bodies were thrust together. My dick was like a sensitised divining rod, pointing in quivering anticipation. The hot, sticky afternoon accentuated our body warmth as she ran the open palm of her hand down the length of my shaft and gently over my jam-packed balls.

Angela was completely wet, and exploring the moist expanse of her pussy, my level of excitement rose considerably. Grabbing my arse, she pulled me eagerly between her legs, now fully extended sideways to allow me a generous passage. Inch by teasing inch I crept inside her, each

74 REASONS FOR NOT RENTING A HOLIDAY FLAT.

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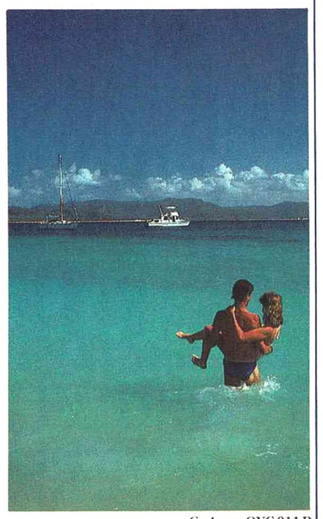

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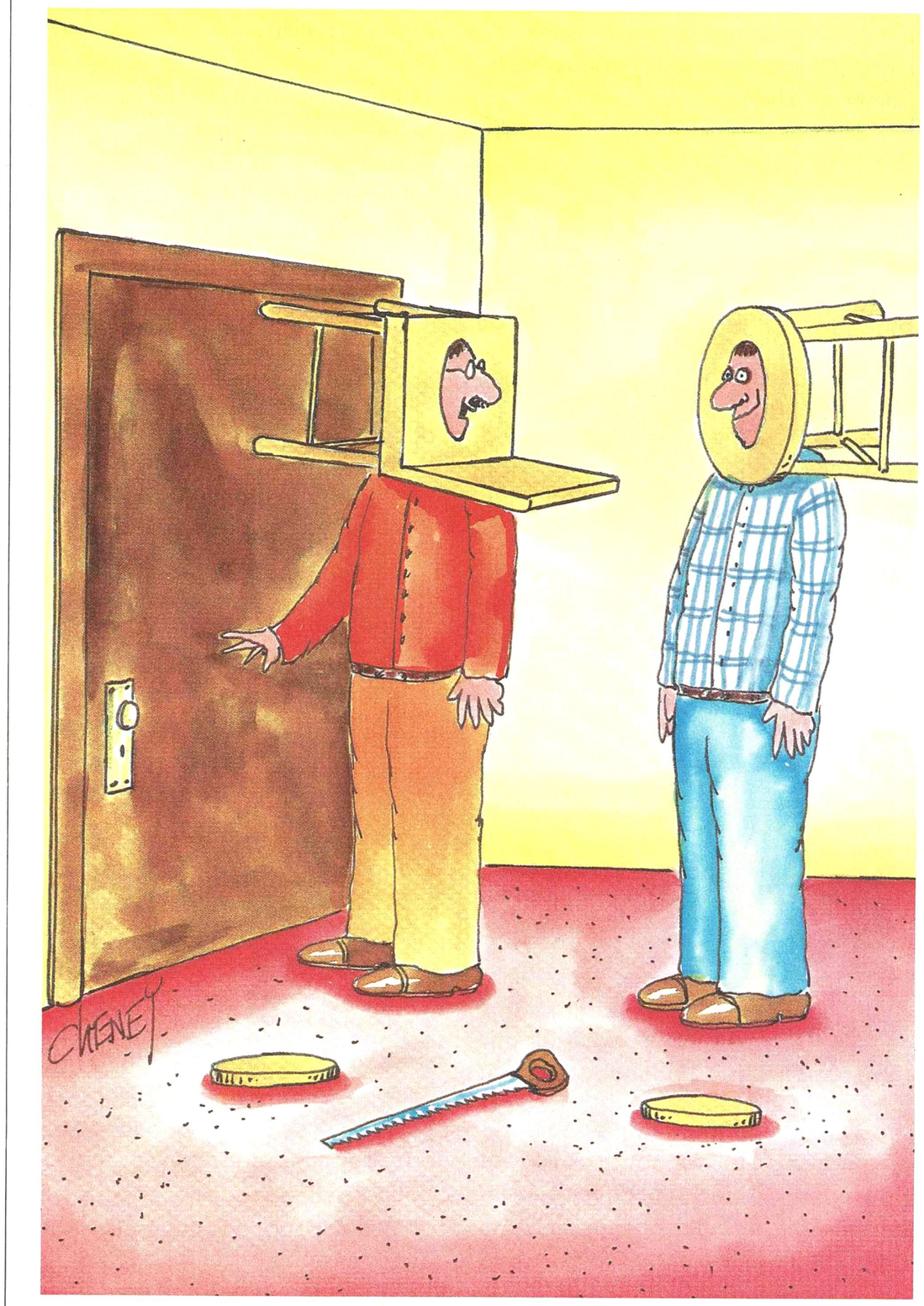

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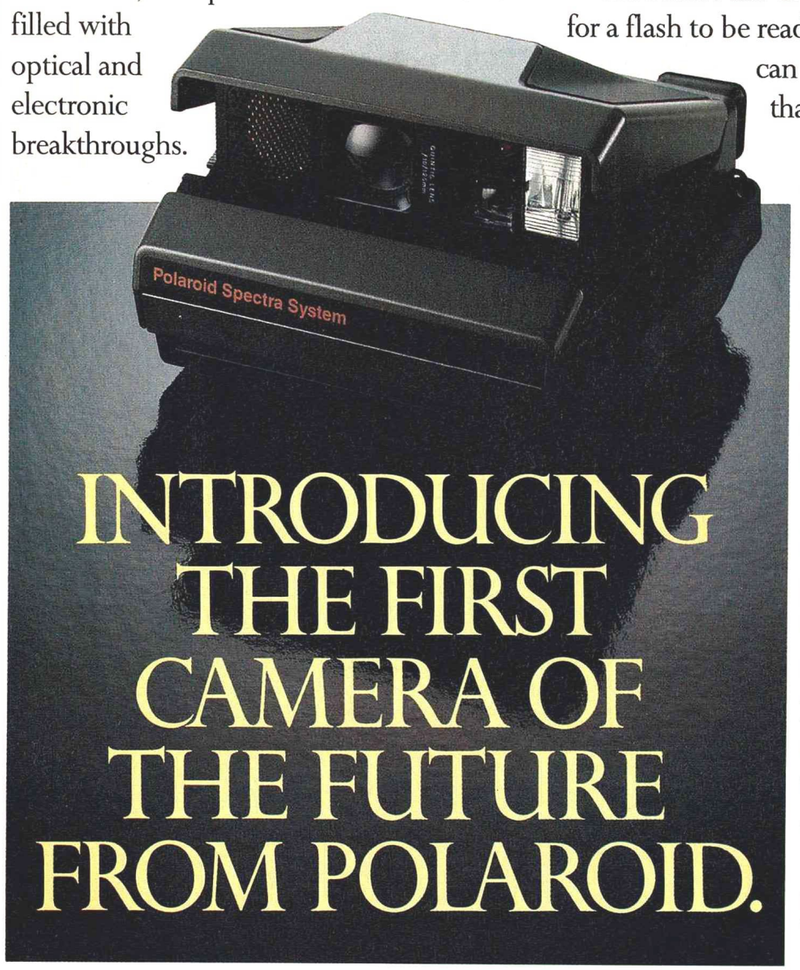

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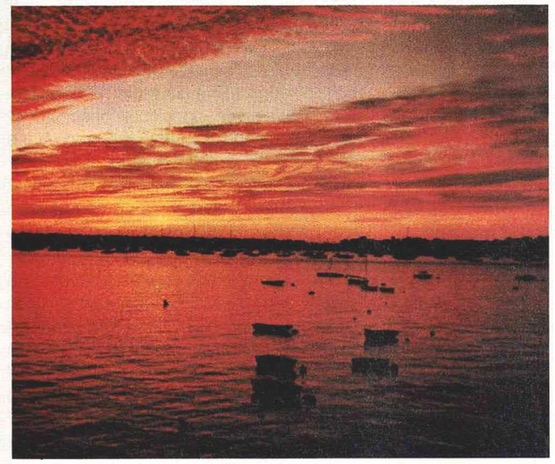

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progression triggering a mouth-watering plea for more. "Give it to me, give it to me!" she gasped as I inserted my full length and just as quickly retracted it. The imploring look that followed nearly made me come there and then. "It's too soon," I wisely advised her and instead of diving straight back in, I took her hand. A little puzzled, she looked at me, but as I placed it against the gushing lips of her pussy, she caught on.

Soon I was watching in crazed horniness as she thrust her own fingers deep inside herself. Both my hands were wrapped hard around my own dick as the mind-stretching performance continued. Angela was, by this time, gleefully splashing around in childlike innocence, revelling in the pure fun of it, swapping hands, flicking at her clit and sinking four or more fingers at a time in up to where her rings were. The trickle of light that entered the room made the sopping wet fingers and flaps glisten invitingly. That was all I could stand. I ran my tongue along the soft flesh of her inner thigh and slurped on the sweet fluids that gushed from her like a spring. If there ever was a fountain of youth, then this was it! She held herself wide open as I darted my tongue in and out and all over the splendidly lubricated area. Sucking on her button-sized clit brought near convulsions. Angela was beside herself, writhing, clawing and hyperventilating like an iron lung on full throttle. How I wasn't shooting mayo all over the place, God only knew.

Braking for a moment, I held her tight — really tight — and gradually brought the pace down a little. In the same movement, I rolled over and pulled her on top of me, the sweat cascading off our bodies. She wasn't sure what was happening, but with a reassuring grab of her bum, I slid her down on my fully inflated stalk. Angela gasped and yelped simultaneously and promptly began injecting and extracting all she could find of me into her innermost depths. The air was electric. Sparks, I was sure, flew across the room, as she rode me like the Girl From Snowy River. Her head rolled around as if on a ball-joint; all the time she emitted the most delectable sounds.

"God, I'm going to come!" I cried as an atomic load welled up inside me. Angela bounced and gyrated all over the place in a fury of sound and action. Then time froze for a second (or was it an hour?) as two megavolts simultaneously passed through our bodies. Angela, her head locked backwards, screamed as I simultaneously released a geyser-like fountain of molten me.

I expired quietly as Angela went limp and came crashing down on my chest. Our soaked bodies heaved in unison. Lots of words were going through my head and they were all "Wow!" Needless to say, after this precedent was set, we had an obligation to maintain that standard. Two years down the line, we haven't backed off one bit. — *A.P., Sans Souci, NSW*

Pre-nuptial bliss

I am a woman, 27 years old, married for three years. I am tall with black hair and eyes. Before I met and married my husband, Bob, I lived for two years with this guy, Joe. Although Joe and I had great sex together, we just couldn't live with each other. So we split up. We saw each other now and then and had some good times in bed, but that was it. When I met Bob, I stopped seeing Joe. A year later, Bob and I married.

I spent the night before the wedding at my best friend's place. Kim was also my maid of honor. She had told me that she would have a very special surprise for me. How special I didn't know. Kim and I were just lounging around her house in our robes and nighties when I asked her about that surprise. I was more confused than ever when she told me that it would arrive at about ten o'clock that evening.

At ten the doorbell rang. Kim asked me to get it, and when I opened the door, there stood Joe! I felt myself flush and my heart started pounding. I asked him in and then took Kim aside and asked her what the hell she was up to. Kim told me that she sensed I wanted to see Joe and knew that he wanted to give me a pre-wedding gift. She then bid us goodnight and went to bed.

A little nervous, I made Joe his favorite drink and we sat on the love seat and made small talk. As we talked, I could feel my old feelings for him begin to stir. As I looked into Joe's green eyes, I could feel the wetness in my cunt. My nipples started getting hard. I noticed that Joe's dick was getting hard. It had been a long time since I had his love pole in my cunt. Too long since I last tasted his come. I wanted to tell him to take me to my bedroom and make love to me the way we used to.

Perhaps he read my mind, for he suddenly took me in his arms and planted a kiss on my lips. Of course, I kissed him back. His hands made their way inside my nightie and he took my tits in his hands. His fingers played with my nipples. I was lost in passion and my cunt was wetter than ever. I needed to be fucked badly. I placed my hands on Joe's dick and rubbed it through his pants. He smiled at me. "Shall we?" he asked. I answered him with a long, passionate tongue kiss.

Within minutes we were naked in my bed. I kissed my way down his body until I reached his beautiful cock. As I kissed and licked the head, I could hear Joe moan with pleasure. I then continued to kiss and lick my way down to his balls. I gently sucked on them, as I knew he loved that. Then I licked my way back up his cock to the juicy head and started sucking on it.

I took in as much of that big cock as I could. I wanted to taste him again. Joe started to pump in an out of my mouth as I sucked on him. "Keep sucking, Carole," he said. "You give the best blowjobs in the world, baby." This being the best cock I ever sucked (including my husband's), I sucked harder. Soon I felt it starting to pulsate and I knew Joe was going to come. Come he did, and I took all that he could shoot into my waiting mouth.

Joe then turned me around and placed his mouth on my cunt. He said, "I'm going to eat you like you've never been eaten before." His tongue found my hot hole and he lapped up my flowing juices. My hips started to gyrate in rhythm with his licking action. He then started to lick my clit. As his fingers went in and out of my pussy, I nearly flew off the bed.

We snuggled for a while, kissing and gently touching each other. Soon Joe's cock was hard again. My cunt was wet, too. As Joe sucked on my tits, I opened my legs wide. "Fuck me now," I pleaded. He wasted no time as he shoved that big cock of his into my waiting pussy.

Joe and I pumped together. We grunted and growled like animals. Then he started to come. I came with him. He shot almost as much come into my cunt as he had into my mouth. We then kissed for a while and fell asleep. The next morning I woke Joe up with a blowjob. As I sucked on his cock, I could feel it grow in my mouth. Soon he was pumping in and out of my mouth. Not much later my mouth was filled with his come, most of which I swallowed. With his cock still stiff, I mounted it and fucked Joe until I came all over the place.

Later that day, I married Bob. Joe came to the wedding as a guest of Kim's. It was fun to kiss him as he wished us well. — *Name and address withheld*

Right neighborly

Friends of mine — crazy, fun-loving guys with an eye for the ladies — are always trying to drag me to this neighborhood dive that features topless dancers. "They've got a new one there," my old mate, Clive, might say, "and wait till you get a load of her tits. Man, she could smother you with those watermelons." And Fred might chime in with, "Nah, give me Tight-arse Annie any day. When she bends over and shakes that thing, shit, I could cream my pants."

As far as I was concerned, it was just plain stupid to shell out hard-earned bucks for watered-down drinks and the opportunity to watch stone-faced females bump and grind on the stage of a sleazy, smoke-filled bar. Better to rent an X-rated video and get my jollies that way, in the comfortable privacy of my own home. But the truth was, I couldn't understand the appeal of voyeurism in any form. I mean, why look when you can't touch? And as for the stories I'd read about guys who like to watch other men fuck their wives, well, I figured they had a real problem. No, voyeurism was not something that intrigued me. But then Michelle and her husband Ray moved into the house next door.

That Michelle was an exhibitionist became evident soon after her arrival in the neighborhood. Michelle favors skimpy halters and cutoff jeans just this side of obscene. As she is seemingly perfectly proportioned, the sight of her in these tantalising outfits is eye-popping. It was a hot Saturday afternoon and my wife was away for a few days. I was relaxing in the backyard when I heard Michelle exclaim, "Oh, shit!"

I left my chair and gin and tonic and went to look through a small hole in the six foot picket fence separating our properties. Michelle had spilled much of her tanning lotion and was in the process of angrily screwing the cap on the plastic bottle. She settled back on to the sun lounge and closed her eyes as I feasted on her bikini-clad loveliness. She was movie-star beautiful.

I sighed and felt a stirring in my loins as I prepared to return to my chair. Then, as I watched in utter amazement, Michelle slipped one hand down between her legs and started stroking her pussy through the bikini bottom. A dreamy expression came over her face as she brought the other

Continued on page 120

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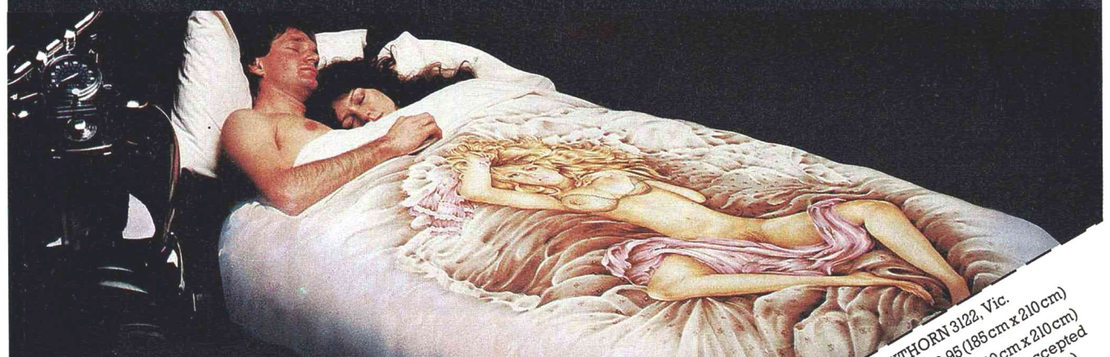

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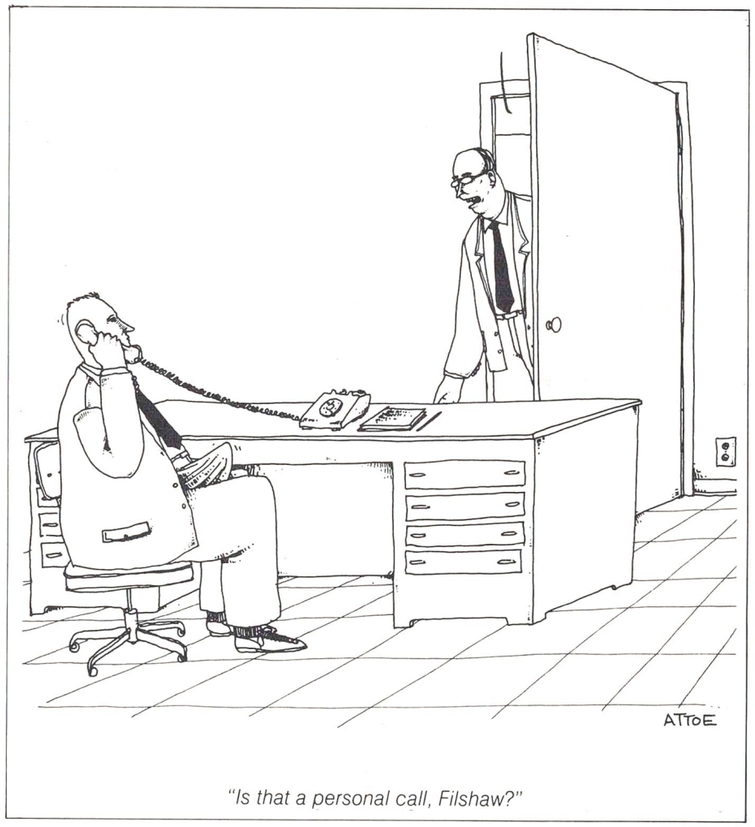
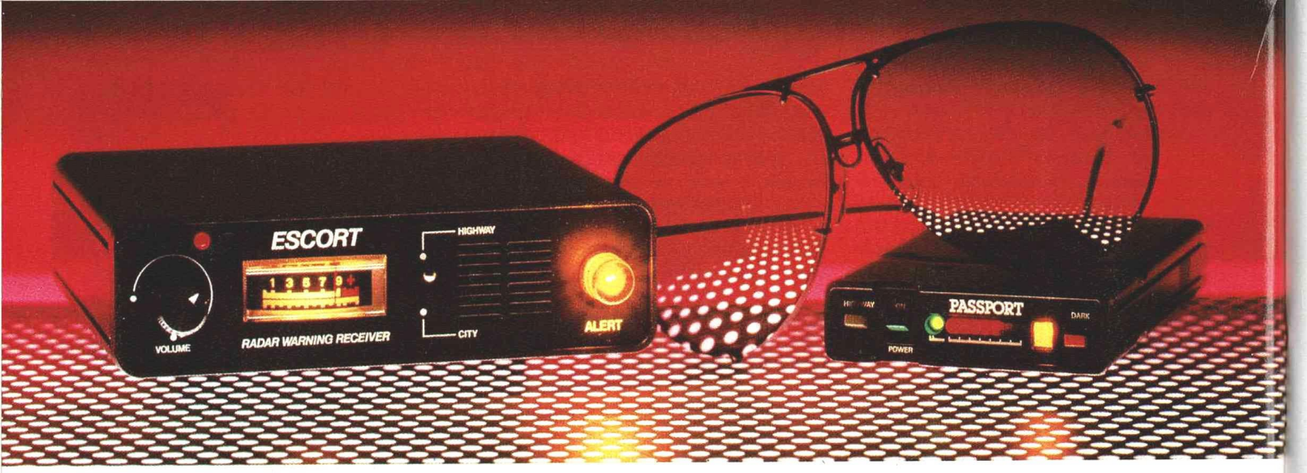


"Is that a personal call, Filshaw?"



The World's Best Radar Detectors Are Now Available In Australia!

If you follow motorsports and auto enthusiast magazines throughout the world, you've probably noticed that whenever the American press reviews radar detectors, one source is singled out time and time again: Cincinnati Microwave, makers of the ESCORT and PASSPORT radar warning receivers.

In The Beginning

About ten years ago, we were just a small group of engineers that also happened to be car enthusiasts. After evaluating all the radar detectors on the market, we decided that the only way we could have the best detector possible was to design and build it ourselves. Two years later, we introduced ESCORT.

Report Card

When *Car and Driver* first tested ESCORT in 1979, they were overwhelmed: **"The ESCORT truly stood out from the rest...In no test did any of the other detectors even come close."**

Our Secret

How did a small company come from nowhere to take such a lead? We had extensive background in military and communications electronics, which allowed us to design the first high performance dual band superheterodyne detector circuitry. But what was equally important was the fact that we were car enthusiasts. The detectors on the market at that time told you that radar was there, but nothing else.

All the Right Moves

We knew that a detector should tell you how close the radar was, so we developed a geiger-counter-like audio alert that pulses slowly when the radar is weak, quicker as it strengthens, and is a constant tone as you approach the radar unit. A volume control lets you set the level for your car.

We realized that the two different bands of radar acted differently, so we used different warning tones for each: "beep" for X band, a more urgent "brap" for K band because you have less time to act.

We also added a meter to indicate signal strength. And realizing that a bright alert lamp is necessary in the daytime but would interfere with night driving, we added a photoelectric sensor that automatically adjusts the alert lamp to suit the lighting conditions in your car, night or day.

Car and Driver noticed. They said, **"Once you try the ESCORT, all the rest seem a bit primitive...In almost every way, this is a brilliantly conceived device."**

Momentum Not Enough

Naturally, we were proud that our efforts were recognized, but we knew that there is only one way to stay on top. And that is to never stop working. While others are proliferating models, we just keep working to make our detectors better. When we find an improvement, it goes straight into production. So our products are always state-of-the-art.

Modern Classic

In the years since its introduction, ESCORT has become the classic instrument of radar detection. Our policy of continuous refinement has maintained its leading-edge performance. In fact, when it comes to finding radar, nothing can replace ESCORT.

But the person on the move, switching between cars or using rentals in distant cities, needs the smallest detector possible. And for these people we developed PASSPORT.

Small Wonder

PASSPORT offers ESCORT performance and features in a miniaturized package, about the size of a cassette tape. This miniaturization is possible only with SMDs (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but unprecedented in radar detectors. It's no surprise that such a superlative design should be greeted by superlatives by the experts.

Track Record

Our continuous product development has been noted many times over the years, as the following quotes will attest:

1980 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT has become the most coveted high performance road equipment since the turbocharger."**

1981 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT is the best there is, nothing else even comes close."**

1982 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is still the best radar detector money can buy."**

1983 *BMW Roundel:* **"The ESCORT simply keeps getting better."**

1983 *Car and Driver:* **"The ESCORT is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance."**

1984 *Rotary Rocket:* **"Countless refinements keep ESCORT at the leading edge of technology."**

1985 *Car and Driver* tests PASSPORT and ESCORT against 12 remote units. The results: **PASSPORT and ESCORT earned over 400 points each, with the next unit receiving only 274 points! "In a word, the PASSPORT is a winner."**

1985 *BMW Roundel:* **"Whether you pick the PASSPORT or ESCORT, you can't go wrong. In this league, made in Cincinnati means the best."**

Rapid Growth

We've grown, but the spirit that started the company remains. We're dedicated to designing and making the world's most advanced radar detectors. In fact, *Car and Driver* said this about us when we introduced PASSPORT: **"Science, as they say, does march on. In this case, it's an aggressive bunch of car enthusiasts and electronic whiz kids in Cincinnati, Ohio, who are calling the cadence, and we'll all have to pick up our feet to keep the pace."** That's probably our favorite quote ever.

New Australian Office

Unlike some other people, we're in this business for the long haul. We're bringing our technology to Australia with detectors designed for Australian drivers. We know that satisfied customers are the best way to assure future sales, so we've set up a full sales and service facility in Sydney. In the U.S., we've got a reputation for fast, efficient service, and we're putting similar systems in place to earn that reputation in Australia.

Our Sydney facility is prepared to serve you in person, or through the mail. Unlike other people that sell radar detectors, we don't sell radios, watches, tyres, or refrigerators. Radar detectors are the only thing we sell. Our staff is trained to answer any questions you may have.

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THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS

ANGER

THE FIRE IN THE BELLY

Travelling slowly down this track, now so deep in the bush they'd have to pipe in sunlight, the old Ducati is grumbling and tired from a long day off-road. I'm in the middle of nowhere and absolutely alone.

Above me, black hundreds of barking birds flee through the treeline. The Duke's made them edgy. They've never seen one before and probably think it's the first wave of a thundering army of bulldozers come to flatten this million-year old forest in 60 seconds.

I stop and turn off the engine . . . and listen. Nothing. Not a sound except for birds passing gossip about the redneck on the big, steel mother below. I smile at the earthy silence. It massages and gratifies.

Considering this tranquil locale, you'd think I'd be at peace with the world. Even with those flakes in the Middle East. Well, think again. We're being taken for saps and that's got me mad.

Last night, I listened to the broadcast from Parliament. Not quite head-snapping rock 'n' roll, but what do you expect from a Tandy wireless? Over a litre of Seppelts I'd heard a gentleman speak for about 25 minutes on . . . er, something or other. Percentages of local electoral boundaries or possibly the minor disturbance in Lebanon. Frankly, I couldn't tell.

He wasted 25 minutes of my life and I couldn't make out one bit of what he was saying. And that pissed me off.

Yeah, I know it's easy to slam the pollies, but why not? Most of them aren't worth their weight in Styrofoam. Why shouldn't you drive one into them? Unfortunately, any ideological criticism thrown at them is . . . well, you may as well piss into a southerly. My beef is that they are the ones making the most meaningless, most unnecessary noise of anyone or anything. Their speech is so full of syntactical violence, ridiculous mega-words and all the visionary acumen of marketing white wine for cats that the result is a nonsensical mish-mash of insubstantial, bone-dull rubbish.

Why do we persist in encouraging them? If voting weren't compulsory, we'd all go fishing, or do drugs and make weird sucking noises at girls on the street. It's not *what* they do that enrages me. They can tongue-kiss babies and get on TV and say "No comment. But what do I know? I'm unfit for duty as a lab animal" all they wish. It's what they've effected in the name of politics: a State of National Boredom.

How can a country fire itself up with a zest for winning and working and going for broke, have us wanting it bad and pushing it to the edge, when there's no-one running the line shouting, "Win one for the Gipper!"? Not one of these pretty boys has the ability to gee us up and get us going and damn it who cares if the pacemaker screams into fatal overdrive . . . And it's all because not one of them knows how to put The Fire In The Belly.

Instead, without it, these men and women lumber on, issuing apathy like geese farts and expecting us to follow with Orwellian resignation. We are being swept away by the most ineffective corps of tax-funded labor in history.

I have a solution: humor. What's needed is a livening up of the whole political process. Let the pollies and all their gin-soaked flotsam look forward to Parliament, so when they bundy on and climb into their overalls, we can expect a live show with style and wit.

For Chrissakes, it may even drag the press boys out of the bar.

Illustration by Drakos Zak

Imagine if, say, Steve Martin were drafting their parliamentary address:

Announcer: Senator Smith, Labor. A wild and crazy guy.

Senator Smith: Madam Speaker, I'd like to begin with something I'm really proud of . . . (*zip*)

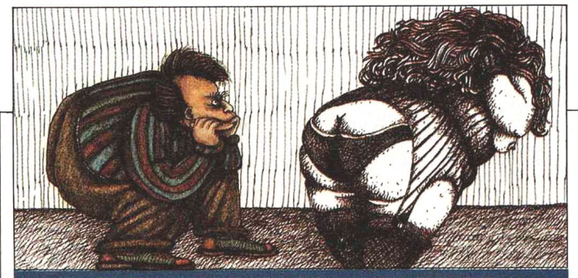
Hey, it's just an idea. Considering the current situation, you can't object to it on the grounds of obscenity.

Until they learn to embrace The Fire In The Belly, they'll keep floundering around. And we'll continue to be regarded as insignificant toe-jam in their dance of power.

Perhaps Parliament should join me up here in this forest and listen to this chatter of birds. It's a damn sight more inspiring than theirs.

I think I'll just stay here and wait around for them. — *S.R. Gibbs*

LUST



"MANNERS, PLEASE. TITS FIRST."

You are aware, of course, that if you engage in promiscuous sex these days your dick will drop off. And not before it has taken on the appearance of a pink Pollywaffle. Yep, it's much safer to just talk about sex, and even that should be discontinued when your lips start sprouting cold sores. Until that happens you can be assured that talking about sex with a worldly air of knowing all about it will save you a lot of time, money, emotional duress and laundry. And while no-one has ever been considered particularly intellectual for actually having sex (in fact, you'd be surprised at the types that are doing IT these days), there are some who make their reputations and get invited to the best parties because they talk about IT.

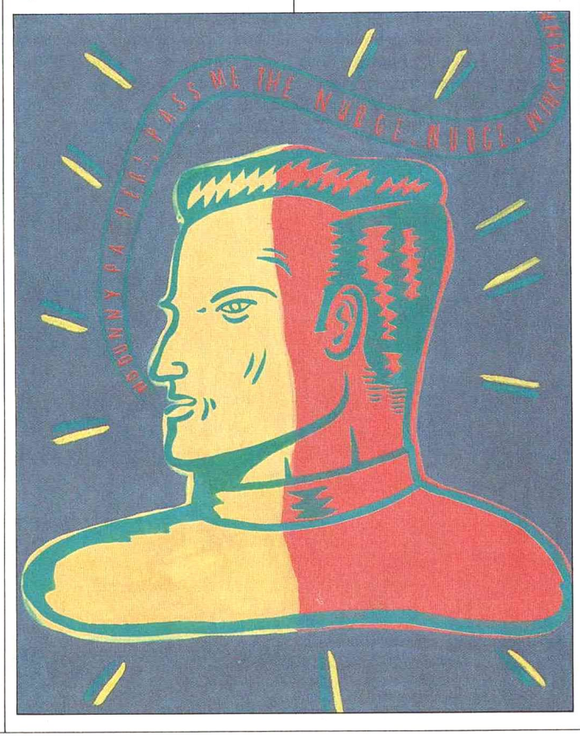
This is not to say that smut is smart. Statements that would have had Grandma reaching for the Sunlight may be all very well where kegs are tapped and footie beanies worn, but they won't get you on the *Ray Martin Show*. Or into quotation books, for that matter. For that your observations on copulation must be thoughtfully titillating or philosophically risque. Or you have to be famous before you say them. That way you can dribble and next thing you're on the cover of *TV Week*.

British journalist and radio personality Nigel Rees has collected more than a thousand quotes about sex and put them together in *Nudge-Nudge, Wink-Wink* (Capricorn Link, $4.95). Rees, who's carved his niche in publishing by churning out endless books of quotations and graffiti, decided to do this one when he heard it asserted that after sex, politics had inspired more memorable quotes than any other topic. "This seemed to suggest that sex — whatever is meant by that — has been the inspiration for a multitude of quotations," he says in a rather uncertain foreword. Rees decided that "sex" meant anything to do with the act itself, love, marriage, celibacy, assorted bodily parts, fetishism, divorce and anything said by famous people that could be construed as remotely sexual. Then he set about dredging history, the tabloids and even dunny doors to compile the book.

Such an omnibus wouldn't be worth a pinch of rhino horn without a collection of oral ejaculations from Mae West. Rees lays her on with a trowel, starting with the famous quotes like: "Is that a pistol in your pocket, or are you just pleased to see me?", and moving on to lesser-known gems like "I used to be Snow White but I drifted." Then there's her opinion of all-in wrestling: "If it's all in, why wrestle?"

America's razor-tongued bitch of the Thirties and Forties, Dorothy Parker, runs a close second to the Wild West in her appearances in the book. Rees has dug up a whole quiver of her poison darts, including her remark at a cocktail party: "One more drink and I'll be under the host," and: "That woman speaks 18 languages and she can't say no in any of them." Others worthy of note are, "Brevity is the soul of lingerie," and, "Tell him I've been too fucking busy — or vice versa."

Pop stars, who like singing about sex and having sex indecently frequently, don't seem to have much of interest to say on the subject. At least not in Rees' book. Boy George's "I'd rather have a cup of tea than go to bed with someone — any day" is probably the most famous, and particularly ironic given his move from tea to the harder stuff. (There could be a lesson for all of us there — "Anyone who plays at being half man, half woman is bound to fuck himself in the end.")



A quote from The Sex Pistols' lead gob Johnny makes you wonder if it was one of his girlfriends who dubbed him Rotten. "Sex is two minutes and fifty seconds of squishing noises. It shows your mind isn't clicking right." And on bodily parts, Dolly Parton proves once again that she knows the appreciation value of her assets: "If I didn't have them, I would have had some of them made." Samantha Fox proves that her idea of a mealticket is a piece of paper with a number on it with, "I really wish my bust was smaller."

As often happens in books of quotes, the wittiest or most wryly observed lines spring from anonymous sources. They're the kind of things that you or I might have written with a Texta during a meditative moment in a toilet cubicle, or in two-metre letters on a public building — depending on personal vandalism preferences. "Manners, please. Tits first," is a traditional and unattributed foreplay instruction, as well as being the funniest line in Rees' book. "Oral sex is a matter of taste," was found scratched next to a urinal, as was "Masturbation is coming unscrewed." Other thought-provokers include: "Alimony is the screwing you get for the screwing you got," and "An erection is like the Theory of Relativity — the more you think about it, the harder it gets."

Talk's cheap, and sex talk is cheaper. Rees' book is only $4.95. Check it out, or try making up your own quotes. And if you open your mouth and nothing springs to mind, don't bother shutting it. Some of us are destined to go down in history; others among us just to go down. Some combine the two, like the legendary Linda Lovelace. She makes *Nudge-Nudge, Wink-Wink* with: "I swallow well." Say no more. — *Anita Newman*

Illustration by John Mitchell

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ENVY

THE WIMP CONNECTION

Have you ever been reduced to counting your stock of condoms to see if any were missing — not stolen by your little brother, or anything so innocuous, but by your live-in lover? I have. It was one of the most humiliating moments of my life and I knew it. But, you see, I *wanted* to sink into the pits.

For if you take the relatively subtle emotion of envy and simply turn it up a few notches, pretty soon you've got raw, unmitigated jealousy. While there's something almost quaint about envy, if it is embraced with a sense of humor, there is *nothing* about jealousy which enhances anyone's personality — and it's such a short step.

Sexual jealousy is the worst. That's why I was shivering in the middle of the night counting condoms, deducing how many encounters we'd had in the last week (since she'd gone off the Pill) and substracting from two dozen. My lover had gone off for the weekend and I strongly suspected the mystery surrounding it meant it was for a naughty. But I couldn't be sure. I knew if she was on for a little extra-curricular schtupping then she'd have snitched a couple — just in case he had made an oversight. (*I* knew who he was.) Sure enough, by my calculations, I was two frangers down.

Every logical, rational train of thought argues against sexual jealousy. "Catch your flies with honey," I remembered being advised. That's the theory that if you really want to hold on to someone, then all you should want to do is make them happy. If an affair with another man is going to satisfy them, then you can wish for nothing more. Besides, there's *nothing* you can do about it.

Yet somewhere between cool logic and a chilly night alone, something starts to fester. Jealousy has a habit of turning grown men into unbelievable wimps. It's ugly, and you know it — but it mauls your guts. The dreaded movie starts to play in your head — the smell of his sweat and his come all over her: the humiliation, the revulsion.

Of course, things only get worse. Yet you feel ugly and welcome the revulsion. After I discovered she had *really* stolen my frangers, I had to drive the porcelain bus, jamming fingers down my throat so that I'd feel *physically* as foul as my emotional shutdown. But *nothing* makes you feel any better.

Then I remembered something, an event of a few years before. The black look was imprinted in my mind — the image of a man coming at me with clenched fists, after my blood. I had known instantly what it was about. Just two days before, his fiancee and I had got out of our systems a protracted, mutual, very physical fascination in the back seat of my Holden. She had the honesty bee in her bonnet and had gone straight home and told him what *I'd* done. I couldn't believe it.

I was able to block the first few blows with a handy surfboard as he literally begged me to fight him. But I knew there was nothing more at stake; in any event, there was no way I could match his rage.

Suddenly he turned on his heels and stormed off. I forgave him for denting the bottom of my tube-stick, because it wasn't jealousy — it was quite simply a broken heart. He had all the facts. If he had only *suspected* what we'd done, I'm sure he would have killed me. I'd find it hard to forgive him for doing that.

That's the difference: not knowing.

Back to the condoms. I had the proof right there, didn't I? Two missing.

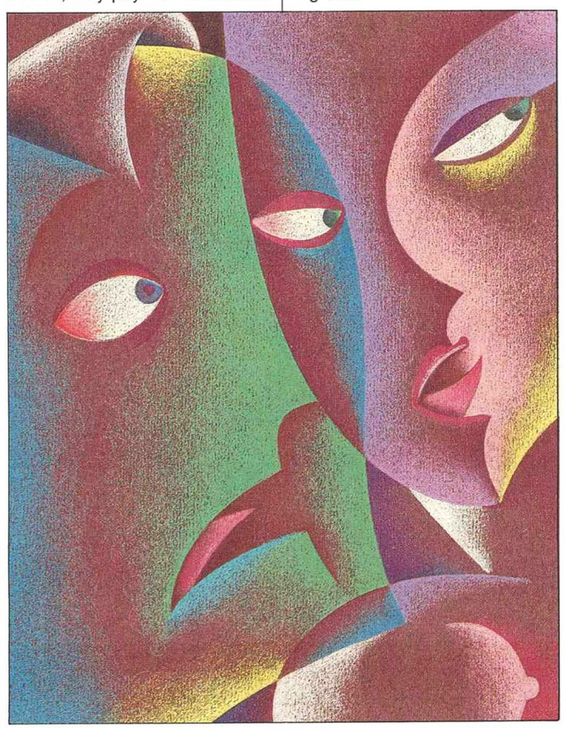
I read that the free love era has been buried under the weight of Eighties conservatism. Bullshit, I say. I can't believe that people are screwing any less, but I *can* believe that many relationships outside the established ones have been driven underground. Perhaps the Sixties era of sexuality didn't save anyone from suffering a broken heart, but for a while there, dammit, we had the potential to liberate ourselves from that poisonous *jealousy* which degrades our species so much. (I'm speaking for myself there.)

We don't generally worry ourselves sick about how we're going to feed ourselves or protect ourselves from the threat of nuclear devastation. In the majority of cases, it's quite simply unrequited love.

If it's a broken heart, then yeah, perhaps you deserve a little sympathy. But if it's jealousy — if you don't have the facts — you're on your own. Jealousy's the easy way out — too easy.

Sure enough, I spilled my guts to her the moment she arrived home the next day — all my suspicions laid bare. She told me she'd been off to visit her mother for the night and hadn't told me because she knew I'd have been bored out of my brain if I had wanted to go along. In my stupor the previous night, I hadn't even been able to remember how many times we'd made love in the past week. Pathetic. *She* could remember, and tallied them up for me to prove my mistake — at my insistence. I felt every bit the idiot I was.

For our sake, let's get our facts right. For too long has jealousy been lazily indulged. Some people even seem to think it's kind of romantic — a la John Lennon: "I didn't mean to hurt you, I'm sorry that I made you cry — I'm just a jealous guy . . ." Why couldn't he imagine *no* jealous guys? — *T.C. Erikson*



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AVARICE

THE MYTH OF INVESTMENT ADVICE

Notice how investment advisers are cropping up all over the place like thistles in a neglected paddock? It's a classic case of supply and demand — and there's a lot of money out there.

Most of these clowns are exused car or aluminium siding salesmen and their expertise, when tested, reveals their dubious origins. The trouble is the entire investment advisory service has been corrupted. Full, in the first place, of shonky salesmen and disbarred solicitors, it is now being taken over by vested interests — banks and insurance companies.

How independent is the advice from someone who is owned by an insurance company? Banks are not in the habit of spending millions advertising their interest rates and then telling existing and prospective customers they can get a better deal next door.

The investment advisory business is one of the scandals of the Eighties. It should have been turned over when the Balanced Property trusts collapsed. These were foisted on to an unsuspecting public by salesmen posing as "independent" advisers. They would advertise in a local paper that they were prepared to help the public — mainly pensioners — look after their money. Perhaps one should suspect this type of advertising immediately, but the papers are so full of such stuff these days — advertising "reputable" institutions like banks. Perhaps we can forgive the suckers in that they were told they should invest in property trusts and *my my we just happen to have a property trust application form with us sign here thank you bye now.*

These days the advisers are supposed to tell you how much they get back in commission (kickback) from whatever they sell you. Some advisers even pass this kickback on to the customer, and instead charge a flat fee. This does not necessarily make them straight.

The structure of some of the firms means the adviser has a vested interest in maintaining the client on his books. The firms say this gives the adviser an incentive to do the right thing by the client, ie make the client money. It does, yes, but at the same time it encourages the transfer of control of the client's savings from the client to the adviser — and the adviser may only be a failed shop assistant with a week's tutoring in investment advice and in receipt of a weekly sheet of instructions from head office. (Don't laugh — one of our leading banks got a group of bank tellers, gave them two weeks training, and *voila* — it had an Investment Advisory Division.)

What the adviser wants to do is control your money. This does make a certain amount of sense in that he is — or rather should be — more in tune with what's going on in the investment world than you are. While you're busy working he is supposed to be studying prospectuses and tipsheets and stock exchange bulletins and so on.

Illustration by Chris Payne

Which is just so much bullshit. What the adviser is busy doing is rounding up more customers.

His other great trick is churning. That's when the adviser tells you that XYZ Trust is not doing as well as it should be and you should put your money into the ABC Fund. Perhaps you have already given him the power to do this on your behalf and to only tell you about it later (a lot of people have). What happens is that as the adviser takes you out of one fund and into another, there are fees being generated. Some funds take a payout fee as well as a sign-on fee, which may or may not be kicked back to the adviser.

Now the advisory firms that charge a flat fee have less incentive to churn their clients, as any kickbacks are passed on to the client. Instead they charge ongoing fees related to the amount of money under management. That is, if a retired bloke has given the adviser half his lump sum super payout to play with, say $50,000, then the adviser takes two or three percent of that a year — the idea being that you can afford a couple of points because he's doing so well by you that you'll still be better off. Which, unfortunately, can sometimes — even often — be true. So dumb are many of us that we can't work out the simplest of investment strategies; we have to go to a used car salesman who gives us *his* simple strategy.

However, there's an awful lot of money sticking to an awful lot of fingers this way. These advisers don't tip their clients into shares or hotels or flats — they tip them into existing trusts which are designed to pool the money of small investors to give them exposure to more expensive investments. In return for running these pools the investment managers of these funds like to take a couple of percentage points of the initial investment and between one and two points of the ongoing total.

So are we getting the picture? The tragedy is that there is a need for investment advisers. There are so many sharks out there who want your money that you need somebody who can tell you which sharks to avoid.

One would have hoped that the banks, being nice conservative institutions, would have performed this role. Sadly, the banks have taken on so many vested interests the neutrality of their advice is grossly suspect.

So if you are financially ignorant and must have an adviser, check that he is not owned or in some way tied to any investment institution, such as a bank, a fund or an insurance company. And don't let him run your money.

See what he does and recommends — then do it yourself. — *David Quicksilver*

GLUTTONY

CHAMPAGNE RITES

Champagne isn't drinking . . . it's the minimum of alcohol and the maximum of companionship,'' said David Niven in the movie *The Pink Panther*. What better time than the lead-up to the festive season to discuss the magic and stupendous popularity of the world's premier sparkling wine?

As everyone but a deaf mute knows, or should do, the only true champagne is French champagne, produced in a defined area by defined methods, the final technique being bottle fermenting. To further walk the exclusivity line, champagne can only be made from three grape varieties — Pinot Noir, Pinot Meunier and Chardonnay. Pinot Noir and Pinot Meunier are both black grape varieties and account for nearly 80 percent of the Champagne area's plantings.

So-called traditional champagne contains a high percentage of Pinot Noir, the black skins being removed from the fermenting juice before the pigment can color the wine. Pinot Meunier is the mystery grape which paradoxically gives maturity but does not age well. It has a yeasty or malty taste and, because of the ageing problem, most vintage champagnes do not contain Pinot Meunier. As in Australia, the Chardonnnay grape has emerged as the star of recent years with the significant swing toward *blanc de blanc* champagnes, which are made entirely from the Chardonnay grape.

As you might expect, the chardonnay-based *blanc de blancs* are light, crisp and very elegant. They are nearly always of the brut variety and make the best aperitifs. Look for PO1 Roger Blanc de Chardonnay, Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs and Charles Heidsieck Blanc de Blancs de Chardonnay.

Vintage champagne is considered by many to be more elegant, although a significant body of opinion claims that it is not automatically superior. A vintage is a premier quality wine whose marvellous character is considered too outstanding to be hidden in a non-vintage. As its name suggests, it has terrific potential for ageing and is full-bodied. A vintage can only be made from grapes from one year and not every year produces a vintage. Try out Pommery Brut Millesime, Rothschild Vintage, Veuve Clicquot Gold Label, Krug Vintage, Canard-Duchene Vintage Brut or Charles Heidsieck Vintage Brut.

To many, non-vintage blends are some of the finest — that is, at the superior end of the scale; at the other end are the so-called ''everyday'' champagnes retailing at under $20. As many as 20 to 40 reserve wines from different years are used; some prestige brands even include as many as 80.

It is, in fact, more difficult to produce a first class non-vintage because you have to fine tune the blend — a task that can take up to 14 weeks, as opposed to five for a vintage. With non-vintage champagnes, there is no such thing as a bad year, and you can stake your life on the same taste year after year. Top notch non-vintage champagnes are Veuve Clicquot Yellow Label, Moet et Chandon Imperial, Deutz Brut NV, Mumm Cordon Rouge NV, Lanson Black Label and Bollinger Special Cuvee Brut.

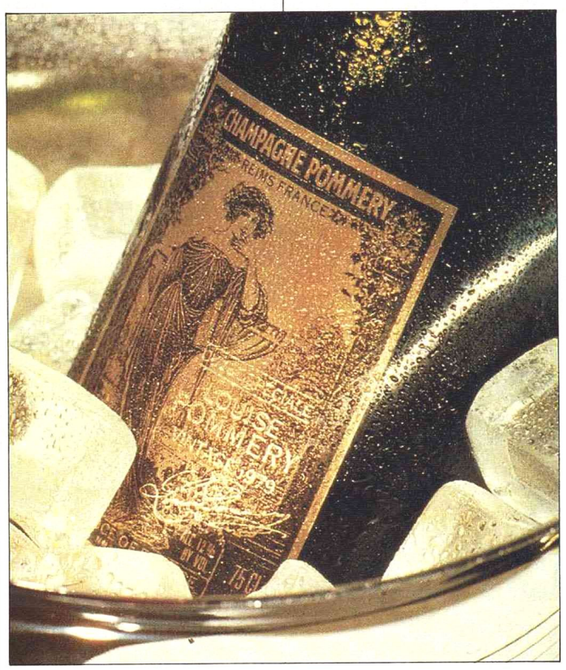
Rose champagne is considered the celebration wine second to none in France and, contrary to much ill-informed or prejudiced Australian opinion, it is in fact very rare and special. It was the ultimate in champagne in the Twenties and is enjoying a well-deserved return to popularity. In most cases, it is made by adding Bougy Rouge, a simple red wine made from Pinot Noir grapes, to white champagne. Some of the better known examples in Australia are Pommery Rose Brut, Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Rose, Deutz Rose, Louis Roederer Brut Rose, Laurent-Perrier Cuvee Rose Brut and Lanson Brut Rose.

The latest trend in champagne is toward what many aficionados have dubbed the ''super champers'', unique blends produced from the first pressing of the finest and most expensive grapes from the most prestigious vineyards. In general, they are crisply elegant with great character and, because nearly all are vintage champagnes, they are not produced every year. You will not get a *tete de cuvee* (the French designation) champagne for under $35; most ring in at $60 or more. Krug Clos du Mesnil, for example, will set you back nearly $200. That's if you can get your hands on one of only 300 bottles allocated to Australia in a year — *when* there is a vintage.

The major considerations when serving any champagne are its opening and temperature. In the first instance, champagne should be chilled to about 7ºC. Quick chilling is best — and avoid shaking the bottle too much, as this causes a noisy and unforgivable loss.

Film makers have traditionally shot erupting champagne corks to inject life into many a dull scene. To be correct and appear ultra-suave, wrap the neck of the bottle in a napkin or towel and tilt the bottle 45 degrees. Grasp the cork in the other hand, then slowly twist it out of the bottle. All you will hear is a slight gasp, akin to the sound of a well-satisfied woman.

Never use those dreadful wide-mouthed ''saucers'' that are purported to be a template of Marie Antoinette's breast. Tall narrow flutes are the only choice, as they not only enhance the bouquet, but also trap the marvellous bubbles the champagne makers work so hard to get in there. — *Elisabeth King*



''Super champer'' Pommery Cuvee Louise

Photo Courtesy Pommery Champagne

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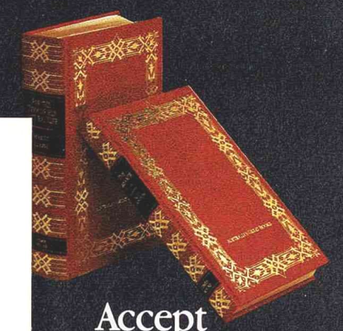

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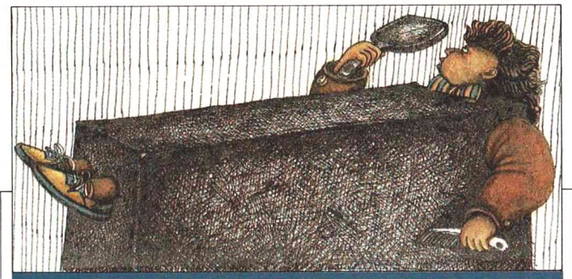


A PYJAMORAMA

Pyjamas are doubtless the most ludicrous items of apparel in any of our wardrobes. Yet for my money — if the wearing of any garments can be deemed symbolic or ritualistic, be it black for funerals or bovver boots for business dealings — pulling on pyjamas can represent the ultimate statement of individuality. When we pull on pyjamas we may as well erect a neon sign on our front gates that flashes: "I'm home — but for all intents and purposes, I'm not at home. Go away."

Yet some poor fools completely miss the point of pyjamas. Righteously, up to a point, they feel it is ridiculous to dress up to go to bed. "PJs are what *parents* wear," one of my mates spat in disgust, eyeing me strangely when I asked him what he wore to bed.

Wrong. The true aesthetics of pyjamas are best appreciated in those quiet spells post-shower, *pre*-cot. For traditionally, they are the most comfortable items of clothing that we have ever dreamed up — however ridiculous they look. They are best regarded as luxury indulgences as you soak up warmth and extravagances in preparation for that plunge between the sheets: your port or nightcap, your late-night TV. Personally, I can't think of anything more ridiculous than actually putting "normal" clothes back on after an early shower when the curtains are drawn, the hatches battened and your loungeroom is your oyster.

Too often the delights of pyjamas are subverted by this Aussie male attitude that "real men sleep in the raw." Believe me, my research suggests that it's all a front. By day we may conform to our dowdy dress standards, yet by night all manner of bright and bizarre PJs are unfurled.

True pyjama connoisseurs are a breed apart. Anyone can visit Target or K-Mart and grab the flannelettes with cord for winter or the summer shorts or ski pyjamas. And sure, these have their place. Yet for a mere $400 or so, you can lash out on pure silk, imported from Italy (*the* home of silk pyjamas), to be worn for its absolute tactile delight and elegance. It's the nearest we've come to recreating the feel of being cushioned in a sac of amniotic fluid.

Admittedly, not many people are willing to fork out that kind of brass. John Hardy, the specialist pyjama buyer (amongst other things) for Richards store in Sydney (home of the best range), says that the Bonsoirs, an English brand of very fine cotton — with piping, cuffs and pockets — is his best seller at around $95 to $125. All his range are of pure fabrics, gleaned from his twice-yearly sojourns to Europe, the traditional home of PJs. You'll find no polyester blends under his roof: "It doesn't breathe."

He recommends voile as his favorite material — an almost translucent cotton. Or you can go the whole hog and buy a matching set of PJs and dressing gown. (Dressing gowns are, of course, worthy of a whole chapter on their own — suffice to say the quality items start at around $225 and go way beyond for exquisite kashmir/wool mixtures — or indeed, pure silk.) The matching colors are unbelievable — especially those drawing on the heritage of the traditional Scottish military guards. Can you conceive of bedding down in the colors of the 17th Dogra Regiment or the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders, to name just a couple? They're enough to make any nightstalker bolt.

Nightshirts are another option (John Hardy assures me that most male buyers furtively opt for the fire-engine red), but speaking from experience I can say that they aren't a patch on the genuine article: nightshirts are like sleeping with a boa constrictor. Always buy your pyjamas one size too big to give you room for untrammeled nocturnal gymnastics.

The traditional waist cord is generally favored; elastic tends to be a little restrictive after a hearty dinner. Who needs that kind of stress? No doubt the concept of the ripcord also attracts a certain type . . .

With summer upon us, Mr Hardy suggests this year's trend for Yuletide presents will be a new Italian import: fine cotton, candy-striped shorts in blue or pink ($45) with the option of a matching kimono top for $150 which can be easily slipped off before sacking down.

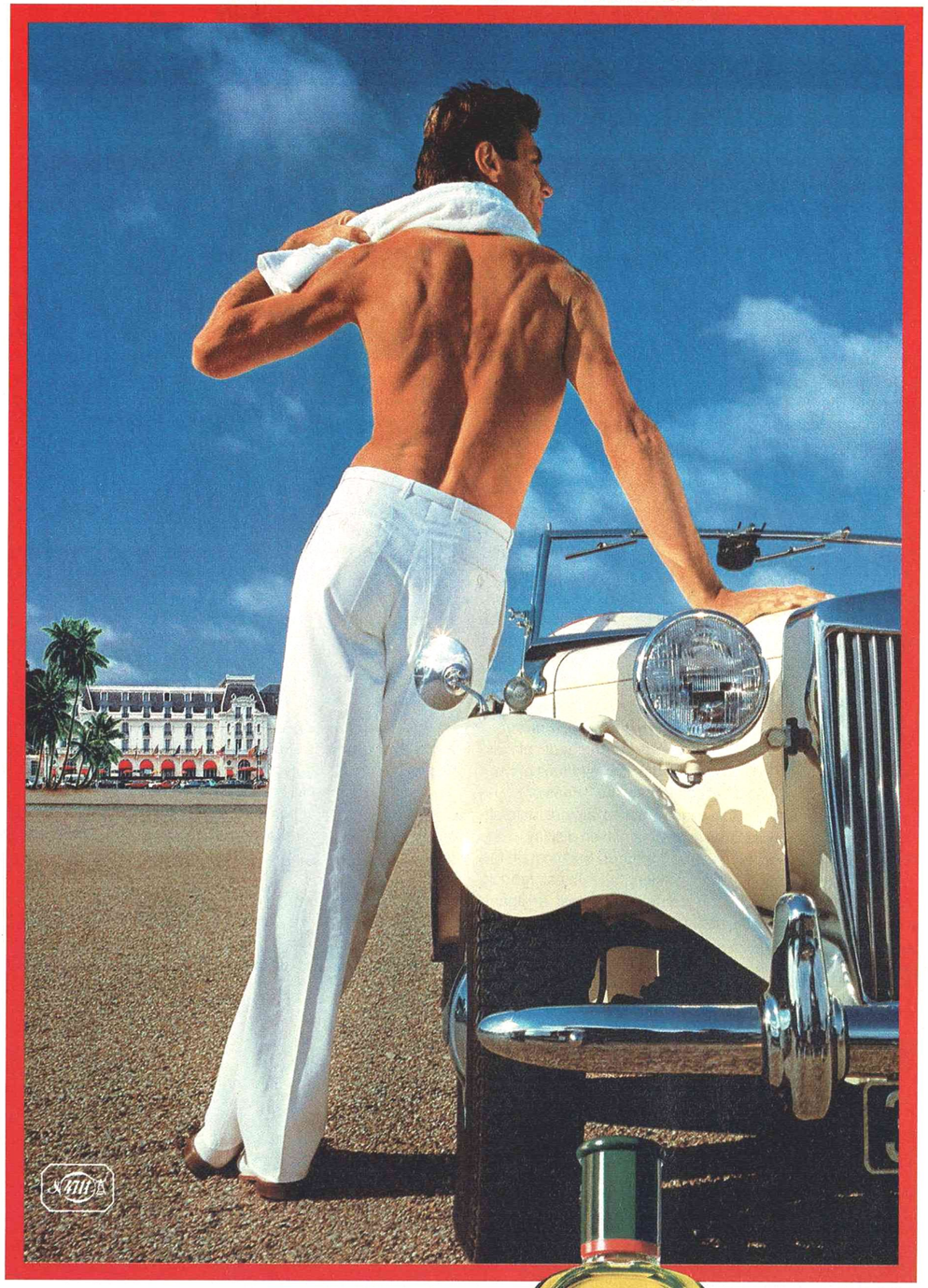
Keep them in mind when you write your list. About 60 percent of men's pyjamas are apparently bought by women anyway — though some women indeed buy the more elegant styles for themselves. To which I — and many of my surveyed males — shout *bravo*. Forget the flimsy negligees. For real titillation, give us a woman in stripes and ripcord any night.

Personally, without pyjamas, I feel a woman is naked. — *Graeme Sims*

Photo by Geoff Howden

Why dress up in PJs to go to bed? For sheer indulgence.

A PART OF HIS WORLD.



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SLOTH

THE PARIS OF SOUTH AMERICA

If you've ventured to the Northern Hemisphere on more than three occasions you've probably sampled most of the reasonable stopover options — Bangkok, Singapore, Hong Kong, Honolulu or, for the slightly more adventurous, Jakarta and Manila. But if Asia, despite its undeniable charms and opportunities for indulgence, is beginning to wear a little thin around the edges, and a South African routing is unworkable (to say nothing of undesirable), the obvious direction is South, over the pole to Argentina.

Since late last year, Aerolineas Argentinas has laid on weekly 747 "Transpolar" services from Auckland to Buenos Aires, with swift connections to virtually every major city in the top half of the world excepting London (for reasons which become obvious given a moment's thought). Any travel agent worth the Christmas card you sent him should be able to line you up a return ticket for less than $2000.

If, like most Australians, you lump Argentina in with an overall view of South America as a region of civil chaos and pathetic poverty, the trip will serve as a most pleasant awakening. For Argentina is a paradox — a country with a $60 billion foreign debt openly enjoying one of the highest standards of living in the Western (not Third) world. For better of worse, the country has little in common with its neighbors; it is South American by virtue of its geography alone. Culturally and socially it is an offshore European nation. The residents are Spanish, Italian, British, Swiss, Greek and the rest.

The Argies warmly embrace lifestyle extravagance. Whereas an Australian or American will invest his wealth in swimming pools and imported cars, an Argentinian is more likely to wear it proudly. Traversing the elegant plazas, boulevardes and avenues of what is legitimately the "Paris of South America", you'd almost assaulted by the fashion on display — the very best leather, the most glittering jewellery, the finest fabrics. The confident, almost arrogant, gait and demeanor of the people — as they crowd into the thousands of restaurants, swill untold litres of wine, chomp through steaks as thick as roof tiles and dance till dawn — disguises the scars left by the innumerable atrocities of seven years of harsh military rule.

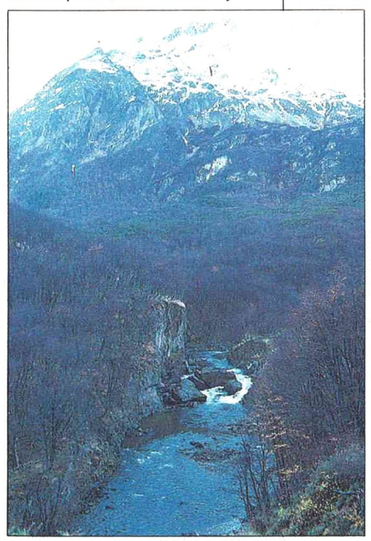
Under the benign, democratic leadership of Raul Alfonsin, Argentina has now enjoyed three years of real freedom. The tourists are coming back and the vibrancy which existed for the first half of the century is also returning. While not as cheap as nearby nations, the diversity and quality of goods renders the country particularly attractive. In many ways, the attitudes and physical attributes of Argentina are strikingly similar to Australia, with whom it shares a common set of latitudes. You constantly experience flashes of *deja vu* — there are even gum trees.

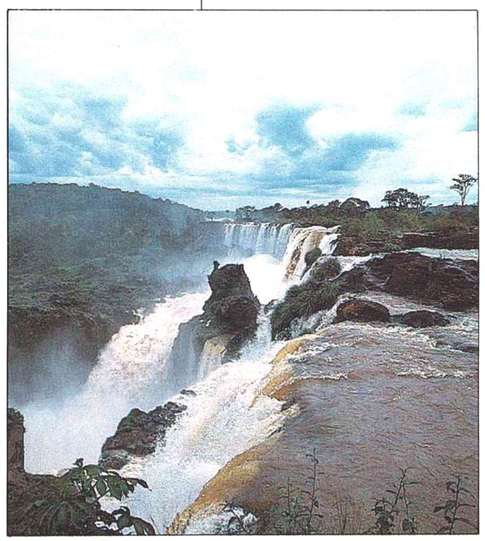
As a stopping-off point to Europe and the United States, Argentina is a great find. But it is even more attractive as a destination in itself. Aerolineas Argentinas, with an enviable safety record and extremely high standards of service, provides a superb internal flight network. With (or without) the aid of a cheap Airpass ticket, visitors can investigate the mighty Iguazu Falls on the Brazilian border, the classy Alpine resort of Bariloche in the Andes (where chocolate can be found which makes the best from Switzerland and Holland taste like cardboard), the sub-Arctic splendor of Tierra Del Fuego and the colonial charm of Salta, up by Bolivia.

Salta, a graceful 400-year-old colonial city, is in the heart of Argentina's "painted desert" region. After an hour's drive through fertile farmland, you're suddenly immersed in a stark, barren and silent realm of cactus-dotted sierras and spectacular river gorges. The rocky, mineral-laden terrain, which looks for all the world like Arizona before the white man, assumes a myriad array of colors as the sun changes position.

Mendoza, in the foothills of the Andes, is one of the world's busiest vineyard areas. The 1400 wineries in the region are primarily responsible for Argentina's ranking as the fourth largest wine producer in the world. Every February the city's Wine Festival draws buffs from all corners of the planet. The city has a second great significance as the base of General Jose de San Martin's rebellion against the Spanish overlords, which eventually freed Argentina, Chile and Peru. Today, most of the road traffic between Argentina and Chile comes through the nearby Cristo Redentor Tunnel high in the alps, where condor are seen.

Whether stopping over or touring, it is wise to bring large cash reserves to Argentina and to abandon any notions of dieting (a local swear word) during your stay. With Italian-styled leather coats at around a quarter of their Australian price and shoes to stir even the jaded appetites of an Imelda Marcos, few suitcases, or stomachs, leave the country without a substantial bulge. — *Glenn A. Baker*

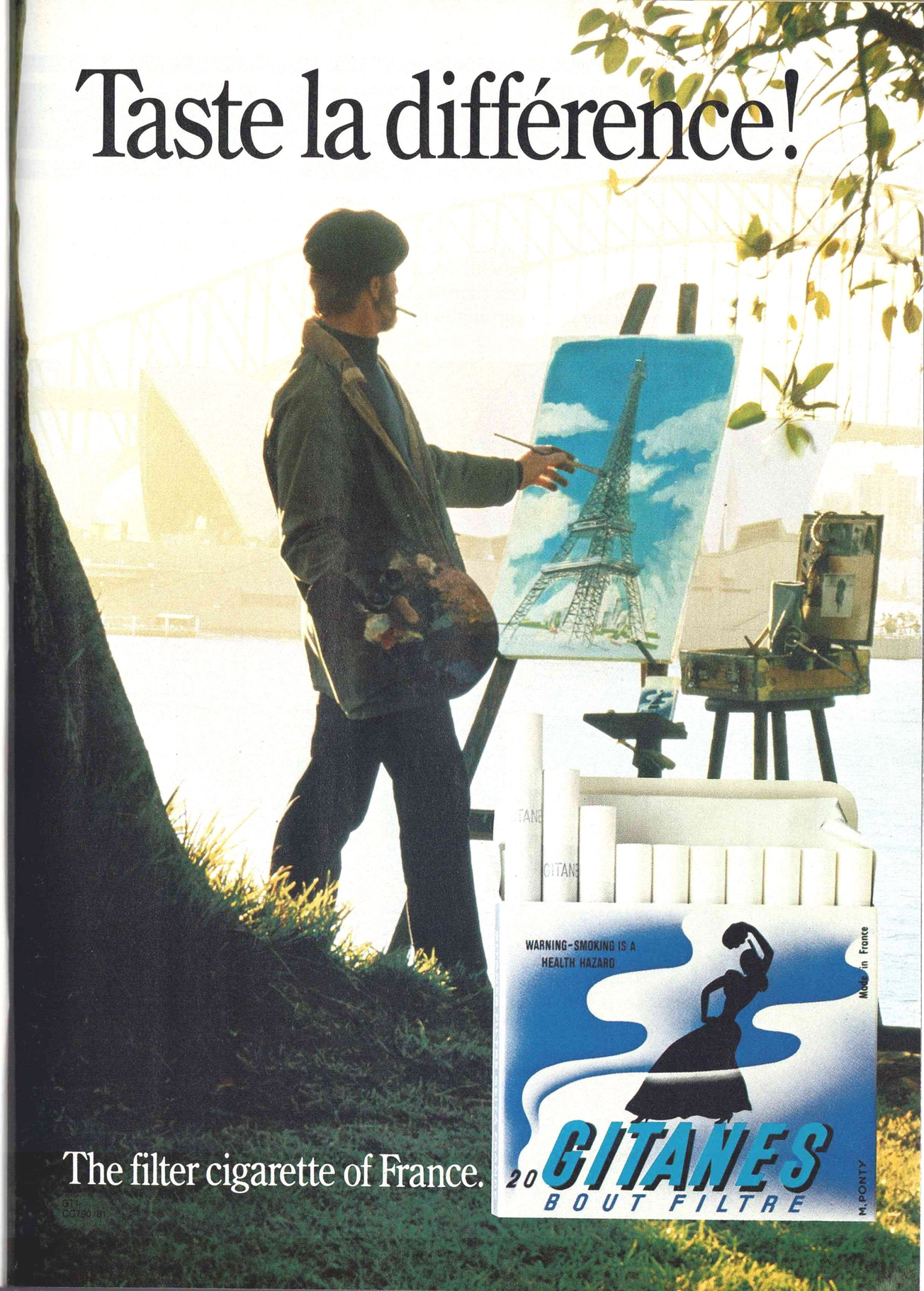




Photos by Bob King

The splendor of Tierra Del Fuego; The magnificent Iguazu Falls

Taste la différence!



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THE NEW CONSERVATISM

Encouraged by the success of their counterparts in the US, Australia's new conservatives are winding back the clock on the hard-won intellectual and moral freedoms of the Sixties and Seventies. Those freedoms are being challenged in areas as diverse as drug legislation, censorship, education, politics and sexual morality. Here we present the first in a series of articles which will explore the negative effects on our society of the conservative ascendancy.

PART 1

REEFER MADNESS

BY GREG HUNTER

Australia's new marijuana laws are making a mockery of the Drug Offensive and the criminal justice system

When the circus finally ground to a halt at 3.35am on November 27, 1985, a solitary figure in the public gallery buried his face in his hands and drew a long, deep sigh. At the same time, the NSW Parliament wobbled to its feet, slapped itself on the back, and began to stagger toward the doors. Free alcohol had been provided by several of the Ministers to backbenchers in recompense for the legislative marathon that would mark the beginning of the summer recess. Many of the state's responsible legislators were clearly in no condition to scratch themselves.

Outside the chamber 35-year-old Tony Kew, the driving force behind the National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML) and the man who'd maintained a lonely vigil over the passing of the NSW Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Bill, was approached by an ALP backbencher. "I'm so much under the influence of a drug," confided the wilting polly, "that I can hardly stand . . . and here we are passing these stupid laws against marijuana smokers. I'm sorry it's come to this, and I'm sorry you had to see it — but that's the way it is."

Small consolation for a man who has

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

MADNESS

spent the past eight years in the single-minded pursuit of rational marijuana laws in Australia. As a user of the pharmacologically innocuous herb *Cannabis sativa*, Kew had suffered two heavy jail sentences (along with the inevitable beatings and one rape attempt). His attempts to change the law had left him with piling debts and badly strained personal relationships. Time and time again, the promise of reform had been dangled before his eyes — only to be shattered by the pusillanimity of politicians and the rantings of misguided zealots.

Turning once again to his beloved herb, Tony Kew committed a "serious criminal offence" (as the new legislation defined it) and, in the chill predawn outside Parliament House, resolved to fight on. If he eventually wins the battle, the 2.4 million (1985 *Bulletin* Morgan Gallup Poll) marijuana smokers in this country will resume their rightful status as normal, reasonable, law-abiding citizens.

But when will it come to pass? The old schedules for legalisation have faded into dust and a new wave of senseless conservatism — the wake of the Reagan Revolution — is muddying the minds of men in places high and low. Kew reckons 1992 is now the earliest conceivable date for reform, at least in NSW, and he isn't going to hold his breath. "It could be 1996 . . . perhaps the year 2000. Who knows? Maybe we'll all die criminals."

A TALE OF THREE CITIES

Did you know that if you're busted in NSW with just 40 grams of good quality marijuana (that is, THC content greater than 3 percent), you're liable to 15 years in jail and/or a $200,000 fine?

Did you know that a backyard crop of 21 plants is now worth ten years jail and/or a $200,000 fine?

Did you know that ten kilos of high-grade grass will get you life imprisonment and/or a fine of half a million dollars — the same penalty as that for trafficking in heroin? Or that just one joint, plant or seed makes you liable to two years imprisonment and/or a $2000 fine?

Did you know that you are deemed to be in possession of a prohibited substance even if the substance in question isn't prohibited, as long as your behavior indicates that it is? In other words, if a police officer finds a bag of parsley in your kitchen and, just for the fun of it, you admit he's found your stash, you are deemed to be in possession of a bag of dope?

Did you know that the new laws falsely classify cannabis, yet again, as a narcotic drug?

Even if you're a committed smoker and a resident of NSW, there's a good chance you didn't. Since the NSW Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Act came into force on May 25 this year, media coverage has been extremely sparse. This Draconian law was rammed through the House, along with 51 other pieces of "urgent" legislation, at a time when all good members of the Parliamentary Press Gallery are safely tucked in bed. The Bill was sighted only nine hours prior to being tabled in Parliament. For the first time in history, the Reading Speech was not read. No time for debate; no time for any assessment of the implications of the Bill; and most importantly, no time for democratic dissent and subsequent controversy. A cleverly orchestrated media campaign has presented the law as a "get tough" measure "designed to stamp out the Mr Bigs" who "exploit young lives to make a dollar" — when in reality the definitions, schedules and provisions pose a serious threat to every social smoker in the state.

The *blitzkrieg* tactics adopted by the NSW Government appear to have worked — at least in the short term. "We [NORML] have been the only group attempting to publicise what this new legislation actually means to ordinary people," says Tony Kew. "The whole thing was done with maximum secrecy. So no-one really knows much about it, although most people seem to have swallowed the line that it's aimed at the Mr Bigs, the nasty drug traffickers. The worst thing is that it's probably widely regarded as a good piece of legislation."

That wasn't the case in Queensland when the National Party government tried to introduce a Bill (again in November 1985) that was so plainly bizarre it made the NSW legislation look like the dawn of the Age of Enlightenment. The subsequent public outcry, which included fierce reactions from the state's Council for Civil Liberties, Bar Association and Law Society, forced the government to withdraw the Bill before it was put to the House. Even in Queensland, there are limits.

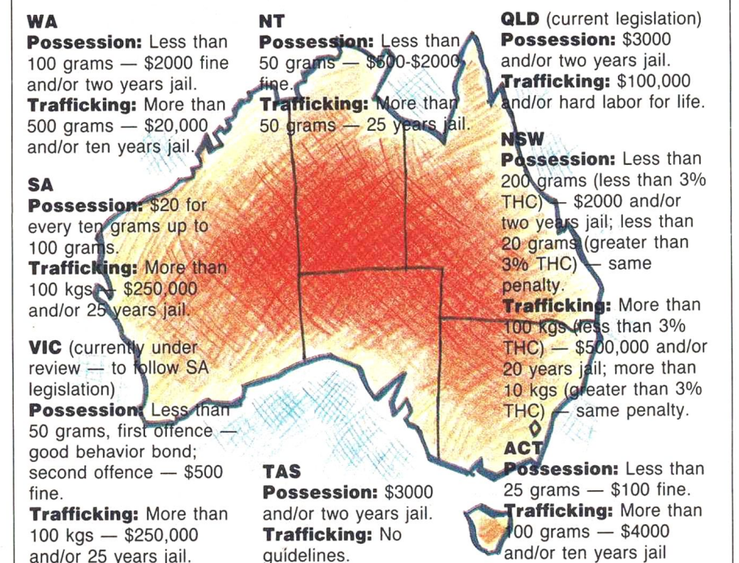
But the Queensland Drugs Misuse Bill needs to be examined closely, because it will doubtless come back to haunt the residents of that state, probably after the election due in October this year. "There will be amendments," Deputy Premier Bill Gunn has announced, "but not wholesale changes."

The Drugs Misuse Bill gives effect to a Cabinet decision of August 15, 1983. The provisions concerning the "hard drugs" in Schedule (1), which doesn't include cannabis, provide a clear indication of the absurdity of the proposed legislation. Effectively, they mean that an 18-year-old youth with two grams of cocaine in his pocket and an international drug runner with a yacht packed to the gunwhales with heroin would be subject to the same *mandatory* penalty: life imprisonment.

Cannabis is listed as a Schedule (2) drug. Possession of more than 100 grams — about two months' supply for a solid smoker — would make Queenslanders liable to life imprisonment. (An earlier draft of the Bill stipulated *mandatory* life imprisonment for the same offence.) For *any* amount under 100 grams — including a single joint — the penalty is 15 years. The same penalty applies to anyone who "offers to supply" a joint to someone — regardless of whether they do supply the

CANNABIS LAW IN AUSTRALIA

Maximum penalties for simple possession and trafficking of cannabis. Definitions vary according to the state of territory.



WA
Possession: Less than 100 grams — $2000 fine and/or two years jail.
Trafficking: More than 500 grams — $20,000 and/or ten years jail.

SA
Possession: $20 for every ten grams up to 100 grams.
Trafficking: More than 100 kgs — $250,000 and/or 25 years jail.

VIC (currently under review — to follow SA legislation)
Possession: Less than 50 grams, first offence — good behavior bond; second offence — $500 fine.
Trafficking: More than 100 kgs — $250,000 and/or 25 years jail.

NT
Possession: Less than 50 grams — $500-$2000 fine.
Trafficking: More than 50 grams — 25 years jail.

QLD (current legislation)
Possession: $3000 and/or two years jail.
Trafficking: $100,000 and/or hard labor for life.

NSW
Possession: Less than 200 grams (less than 3% THC) — $2000 and/or two years jail; less than 20 grams (greater than 3% THC) — same penalty.
Trafficking: More than 100 kgs (less than 3% THC) — $500,000 and/or 20 years jail; more than 10 kgs (greater than 3% THC) — same penalty.

ACT
Possession: Less than 25 grams — $100 fine.
Trafficking: More than 100 grams — $4000 and/or ten years jail

TAS
Possession: $3000 and/or two years jail.
Trafficking: No guidelines.

(Note: NORML has legal advice suggesting serious loopholes in both current NSW legislation and proposed Qld legislation.)

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stuff or not.

The only thing missing here is an optional death penalty. But that's not all. The most ludicrous aspect of the Bill concerned the offence of "suffering premises to be used" for the consumption of illegal substances. This provision apparently placed a duty on parents to inform on their children if they were found to be smoking marijuana in the house; failure to do so would make Mum and Dad liable to 15 years imprisonment. (Picture the father to his errant son: "Some day you'll understand that it was for your own and society's good.")

There's more. The Bill provided for a breathtaking extension of police powers — including the power to place tracking devices in cars and bugs in homes and offices, the power to detain and search people *without arrest*, and the power to hold suspects for 48 hours (presumably in order to subject them to duress so as to make them inform on other drug users) prior to bringing them before a court. The last is a flagrant repudiation of the right of citizens to go about their business unhindered unless arrested on a specific charge.

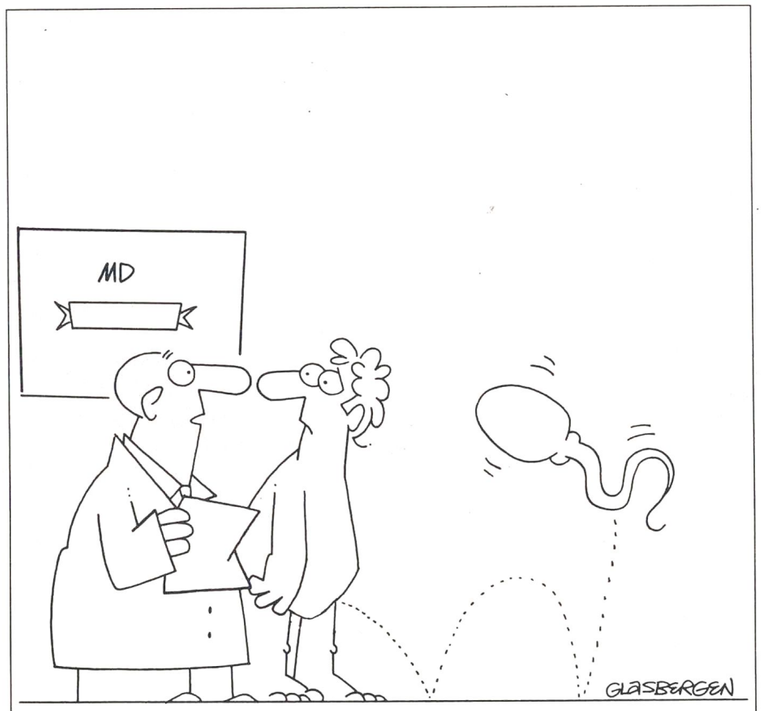
"There are real fears," according to the President of the Queensland Council for Civil Liberties, Matt Foley, "that under this legislation police would have no difficulty planting incriminating evidence and fabricating verbal confessions. Mr Justice Lucas observed in the report of the 1977 Queensland Criminal Law Inquiry that the planting of false evidence was a 'pervasive' practice in the Queensland police force. [This tactic is allegedly prevalent in all states.] The Civil Liberties Council is alarmed that there should be a dramatic extension of police powers when the evidence suggests they've grossly abused the powers they already have."

There are numerous other disturbing aspects of this Bill, including provisions for forfeiture of property by a person "apparently" a party to an offense, and the proposed establishment of a "Drugs Misuse Tribunal" — a sort of standing Royal Commission with all the legal safety features of the Spanish Inquisition.

Need it be mentioned that, as in NSW, the anti-dope crusaders wrapped up their appeal for the "soft vote" with a media campaign portraying this legislative nightmare as a "get tough" policy which will finally "do something about the drug menace"? The absurdity of this, of course, is that cannabis legislation in Queensland is already *incredibly* tough. Section 130 of the Health Act prescribes imprisonment with hard labor for two years and/or a $3000 fine for possession of cannabis; however, since marijuana is defined under the Poisons Regulations as a dangerous drug, cultivation of a couple of plants in the backyard is an offence punishable by imprisonment with hard labor for life and/or a $100,000 fine.

According to Matt Foley, "The Queensland courts deal very severely with drug offenders, but the problem with this proposed new legislation is that it takes away from the courts the very thing that they must have — namely, the flexibility to make the punishment fit the crime . . . If the provisions of the Drugs Misuse Bill were enacted in the form in which they were introduced, then we'd have to go back to the 18th Century and put rotting hulks along the Brisbane River to accommodate an entire generation of prisoners."

By the time this article is published, the South Australian Parliament will almost certainly have passed amendments to the SA Controlled Substances Act providing for on-the-spot fines for cannabis possession on a pro-rata basis: $20 for every 10 grams of marijuana for personal use, up to a maximum of 100 grams. This means that a person arrested with 100 grams of good grass in South Australia would cop a $200 fine; the same person, if he happened to be in NSW, would be looking at 15 years and/or $200,000; and if he was unfortunate enough to be on holiday in the Sunshine State, under the proposed legislation he could end up holidaying in the dark for life. That comparison makes a complete mockery of the federal Drug Offensive and the criminal justice system in this country.



"Better cut back on the fertility drugs."

THE PRICE OF POT PROHIBITION

According to the 1979 report of the South Australian Royal Commission into the Non-medical Use of Drugs, "The official records are noteworthy for the absence of complications of cannabis use, other than court proceedings." That finding reiterated the view of the 1977 Senate Standing Committee on Social Welfare: "Cannabis is not a narcotic. It should not be listed as an addictive drug in the same category as narcotics, as it is at present."

The Australian Foundation on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence (AFADD), a group of respected "heavies" working in the field, announced in its 1981 report *Social Policies On Drugs:* "The effect of the use of cannabis, at least on present scientific knowledge, does not approach the effect of long-term use of alcohol and tobacco." Hardly a difficult conclusion to draw, given that 96 percent of all drug-related deaths in Australia result from alcohol and tobacco use, one percent from narcotics, and none from the use of cannabis.

People who smoke marijuana don't need to be told that they've made a rational decision. Public policy, however, is presided over by people who have never smoked a social joint, have no intention of ever doing so in order to put their ill-informed assumptions to the test, and would in most cases never admit it if they did.

These people have given us cannabis prohibition — a policy which comes at an enormous social cost. The price of prohibition is paid by everybody, whether they smoke marijuana or not.

- Marijuana laws promote a thriving black market turning over somewhere between $1 billion and $2 billion a year — money which would otherwise circulate in the legitimate economy, providing jobs for people rather than profits for criminals. Much of the black market is controlled by organised crime interests who buy protection from the police and the bureaucracy, fanning the fires of corruption. The most potent argument for legalisation is that it would almost immediately wipe out the financial power base of organised criminal networks in Australia — as was the case in the US when alcohol prohibition was lifted.
- People who want to buy cannabis are forced into contact with dealers of much more dangerous drugs, who provide alternatives during marijuana "droughts." Those who advance the well-worn argument that "marijuana leads to harder drugs" and therefore support prohibition are turning logic on its head, since prohibition is precisely the cause of the problem.
- Thousands of hours of police, judicial and administrative time are wasted in the apprehension, detention, trial and punishment of the one percent of smokers who are unlucky enough to be arrested. The problem is getting worse. For example, in NSW in 1982, marijuana arrests accounted for 12½ percent of all convictions; by 1984 (the latest available figures) that percentage had risen to 18 — and this in a state where police resources are already stretched to breaking point. While 97 percent of all reported marijuana offences in NSW result in a court appearance, the same is true of only six percent of reported burglaries. The crims go free while the smokers of a harmless weed cop the rap. The financial cost of enforcing prohibition Australia-wide has been officially estimated at over $50 million a year; NORML suggests the real figure is more than $100 million. Despite a torrent of political bullshit to the contrary, only around ten percent of marijuana offenders are charged with selling or supplying; the rest are mere personal use-related offenders.
- Present laws foster an unhealthy and unnecessary division between smokers and non-smokers of marijuana — a division which results in a widening of the generation gap; undermining of the credibility of all law enforcement (how can a smoker respect police who are required to harass him rather than genuine criminals?) and of drug education programs (how can young smokers believe "experts" who tell them, contrary to their own experience, that marijuana is harmful?); and a general conviction among smokers that a society which encourages the use of alcohol and tobacco yet bans an innocuous herb is both hypocritical and absurd.

The question that must be answered by the politicians who have given us prohibition is this: what do we get in exchange for these tremendous costs? The correct answer is *nothing*. If the avowed purpose of prohibition is to discourage the use of the drug — a dubious goal in itself — then obviously and demonstrably it is a total failure. During the operation of the current policy on marijuana, consumption in Australia has grown from a fraction of one percent to around 20 percent of the over-14 population. And, as the 1977 Senate Standing Committee on Social Welfare succinctly concluded: "Escalating statistics of drug offenders and drug seizures are a sign of laws failing, not of laws succeeding."

You might want to argue — as conservatives are wont to do — that consumption would have escalated even further under modified policies. The experience of other countries suggests otherwise. A 1980 study of 11 US states which had decriminalised marijuana use in the mid-Seventies found that "there is no indication that public use has increased and there has been no discernible negative impact on the health care system." In other words, people don't decide *not* to smoke grass for fear of being busted; those who want to get stoned will do so, and those who don't will not, regardless of the law.

The only sensible conclusion is that if marijuana laws throughout Australia were liberalised tomorrow, little old ladies would not discard their bowling uniforms in favor of kaftans, business executives driving to work would not cause five-car pile-ups by failing to remember which light means stop, Maths teachers would not hand out joints to their students before delivering lessons on the joys of stoned sex, the sun would continue to rise in the morning, and life, in all its comfortably predictable forms, would go on.

Let's consider, then, the alternatives to pot prohibition. There have been numerous proposals ranging from decriminalisation of personal use offences through to controlled cultivation and sale of cannabis under a government licensing system. A simple, cost-free and realistic suggestion is the partial prohibition model, under which personal use by adults, possession of reasonable amounts and cultivation for personal use would not be an offence of any kind.

If Australian state governments introduced this legislation now they would correct a glaring injustice, redirect government funds into more productive use, free police to protect people and property, make a real impact on corruption of police and bureaucrats, stem the increase in the use of harmful illegal drugs, restore the credibility of the law and government, plunge organised crime into a deep depression and create measurable economic growth by directing much of the money currently tied up in the black market into legitimate consumer spending.

Sounds like the ultimate political wet dream — and yet it could so easily be

"Sure, my generation made some big mistakes. You're one of them."

turned into reality. Unfortunately, courage is not considered a valuable trait in politics, and neither, it seems, is logic.

A DECADE OF POLITICAL INERTIA

Question: What do you do when you've set up an inquiry which tells you what you didn't want to know? *Answer:* Ignore it and set up another inquiry. That, in a nutshell, is the politics of cannabis law in Australia.

Anti-pot legislation came to this country in the Sixties. What most politicians knew about the "foul weed" in those days could have been recorded on the head of a pin, but the Americans had plumped for a prohibition policy (largely as a result of intensive lobbying by organised crime and brewing interests), and as was the way of things back then, we marched into line. The various state Oppositions apologised that they didn't have enough information to oppose cannabis laws — an excuse that, after mountains of research and numerous investigations, is still trotted out regularly by political desperadoes intent on turning inertia into an art-form.

The first significant inquiries were the 1977 Senate Standing Committee on Social Welfare and the 1977 NSW Drug Parliamentary Committee Report, both of which recommended decriminalisation of minor cannabis offences. The Senate Standing Committee's findings were supported by the NSW Labor Council, which was then headed by — guess who? — NSW Premier Barrie Unsworth. They were followed by the April 1979 report of the South Australian Royal Commission into the Non-medical Use of Drugs, which stressed the immense social costs of prohibition, proposed five policy options for reform, and selected the partial prohibition model mentioned previously.

So far, so good — although still no action. However, Tony Kew's Marijuana Petition Organisation (now defunct, but collected an incredible 210,000 signatures in NSW alone) was confidently predicting reform some time in 1979. "There was, of course, no set date," says Kew, "but in looking at the various reports and events and the general level of public understanding of and support for modified policies, we thought 1979 was the year when it was all going to happen in NSW."

Then came the report that our leaders had apparently been waiting for: the October 1979 findings of the NSW Royal Commission into Drug Trafficking, presided over by Justice Woodward. The Woodward Commission, set up following the death of anti-dope campaigner Don Mackay, was charged with investigating organised criminal involvement in drug trafficking and particularly cannabis cultivation in the Griffith (NSW) area.

Justice Woodward noted in his Foreword that the Commission was not required to investigate most of the questions relevant to whether marijuana should or should not be legalised. He then referred to contemporary inquiries in South Australia, New Zealand, Canada and the US, *all of which recommended decriminalisation of cannabis use.* The Commissioner went on to observe that cannabis was in widespread use; that in a country such as Australia it was impossible to prevent importation or domestic cultivation, and unlikely that police could seize more than a small proportion of the grass circulating in the illicit market; that a hell of a lot of money was being made out ot the industry; and that much of it was being made by organised crime. He then came to the astounding conclusion that marijuana should neither be legalised nor decriminalised.

Tony Kew's verdict on Woodward's verdict: "The very recommendations of that report *ensured* that the organised crime syndicates and other criminal networks would maintain their control of the illicit marijuana market."

At last the NSW Government had a report which recommended no change to the law. They embraced it affectionately. According to Kew, "From 1979 up until last year, any letter to any of the relevant Ministers in NSW would be answered by reference to the final report of Woodward. No changes in the law would be forthcoming." Ironically, last June on the ABC's *Four Corners* program Justice Woodward denounced his own Royal Commission as a "whitewash" which was "never intended to find out too much."

The 1980 report of the Australian Royal Commission of Inquiry into Drugs, established by agreement between the Federal Government and the governments of Victoria, Queensland, Western Australia and Tasmania, provided those states with similarly spurious ammunition against rational marijuana policies. Headed up by arch-conservative Queensland Justice E.S. Williams, it rejected practically every observation made by the South Australian Royal Commission (including the need to distinguish between "hard" and "soft" drugs), and recommended no changes in the prohibition policy until it could be reviewed ten years after the establishment of federal and state Drug Information Centres. Just the ticket for keeping the hounds of reform at bay.

Essentially, those were the only two major inquiries that have recommended against marijuana decriminalisation *anywhere in the world* in the past 15 years. They were followed by an absolute spate of pro-reform submissions from a diverse range of responsible groups.

The Australian Foundation on Alcoholism and Drug Dependence, following a workshop presided over by Justice Michael Kirby, then Chairman of the Federal Law Reform Commission, recommended in March 1982 a two-stage process of reform: immediate decriminalisation of possession and use offenses followed by the setting up of a legal cannabis market under government control and monitored by the CSIRO. In January 1983 the Australian Consumers Association threw its cap in the ring, recommending decriminalisation; that was followed by similar proposals from the head of the NSW Magistrates Association, Clarrie Briese, the NSW Council for Civil Liberties and the NSW Drug and Alcohol Authority. Finally, in June 1984, the NSW Branch of the Labor Party fell into line with Labor Party policy *in every other state* when it adopted a policy of on-the-spot infringement notices (similar to parking tickets) for minor cannabis offences.

The heat was on, especially in NSW, where NORML was approaching the zenith of its influence. But the winds of change appeared to be blowing most strongly out of Canberra. There had been firm promises from Federal Health Minister Neil Blewett and other Ministers that something would be done about cannabis law in a National Drugs Summit to be held after the Federal election of December 1984. (Blewett had on numerous occasions gone on record as saying he favored legalisation or decriminalisation of marijuana.) And so in early 1985, a Summit was duly called.

The government made all the right overtures in seeking pre-Summit submissions from the public as well as all the relevant health, medical and legal experts around the country; gabfests were the order of the day. The Working Paper for the February '85 NSW Drugs in Australia: National Action conference provided a sensible overall perspective on all issues related to drugs and came down heavily in favor of marijuana law reform, as did many of the submissions from the other states.

In NSW there had been the additional forum of the NSW Community Conference on Drug Use, where the NSW Police Force made an official submission calling for parking infringement-type notices for minor dope offences. "When it got to that stage," recalls Tony Kew, "when the group that was traditionally the main opposition to reform had come over — or at least was leaning over — to our side, we thought we had it made."

All hopes were resting on the Drugs Summit, scheduled for April 2, 1985. Confidence among the marijuana lobby was sky-high. And then, inexplicably, disaster struck.

> The hypocrisy of the Drug Offensive is breath-taking; it is nothing more than a cynical piece of public relations gibberish

Just two weeks prior to the Summit, a Special Meeting of Health Ministers and Attorneys-General on Drugs was convened in Brisbane. Its task was to make recommendations as to the content of the National Drugs Summit. When the heavyweights emerged from their private discussions, they announced that alcohol and tobacco would not be discussed at the Summit or be included in the proposed National Campaign Against Drug Abuse, and that *no changes to legislative policy on cannabis would be made.* "It was just a complete turn-around," according to Kew. "What came out of that meeting was nothing like the discussions and the Working Papers that went in — except presumably the secret talks that we'll never know about. It's a complete mystery. And what came out of it was what eventually came out of the Summit — the Drug Offensive."

It's doubtful if any government initiative has ever been more roundly ridiculed than the Drug Offensive. If it weren't for the fact that it will cost Australian taxpayers $100 million in the next three years, it would be almost funny. What can you say about a publication (the Drug Offensive booklet) which pompously purports to "dispel the public myths and misconceptions about drugs", proceeds to define "hard drugs" as "the illegal drugs often used by young people", and goes on to suggest that "use of illegal drugs increases the risk of serious illness and contracting frightening diseases, like AIDS"? How many Mums and Dads out there now think their kids are going to get AIDS from smoking pot?

Far from providing any solutions — for instance, the establishment of detoxification units for the country's four million nicotine addicts who will be responsible for 80 percent of drug-related deaths this year, along with a massive $800 million contribution to Federal Government revenue — the Drug Offensive fails even to identify what the problems are.

This from a government that is "doing everything possible . . . to eradicate this drug menace, this scourge that is undermining the very fabric of our society . . . in all-out war on drugs . . . and the merchants of death who prey upon our youth." The hypocrisy of the thing is breath-taking; it is nothing more than a cynical piece of public relations gibberish. But then, what more could be expected when the whole campaign was based on a survey of what the community — the misinformed majority — wanted done about drugs? From the moment the Drugs Summit was conceived, its outcome was predetermined to suit a perceived political need. When the experts got in the way — especially on the subject of marijuana — they were simply shown the door.

And so it was when the NSW Government, prior to introducing its Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Bill, set up yet another expert inquiry: the Committee of Review into Drug and Alcohol Services in NSW, which reported its findings in August 1985. Among them was a recommendation for immediate legalisation of marijuana possession, use and cultivation for personal use — that is, the partial prohibition model. This was summarily dismissed by the then Health Minister Ron Mulock on the grounds that it was "outside the Committee's terms of reference." Just three months later the NSW and Queensland Governments, as part of their patriotic commitment to the Joint Federal/State Drug Offensive, introduced marijuana legislation that would place those states on a par with the most repressive regimes in the Western world.

IS THERE METHOD IN REEFER MADNESS?

Given that a moderately intelligent infant could see that society's "marijuana problem" stems not from the fact that people smoke the stuff but from the fact that it is illegal to do so, the burning question is simply this: why is marijuana still an illegal drug in this country? It's a question that

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HEADSTRONG

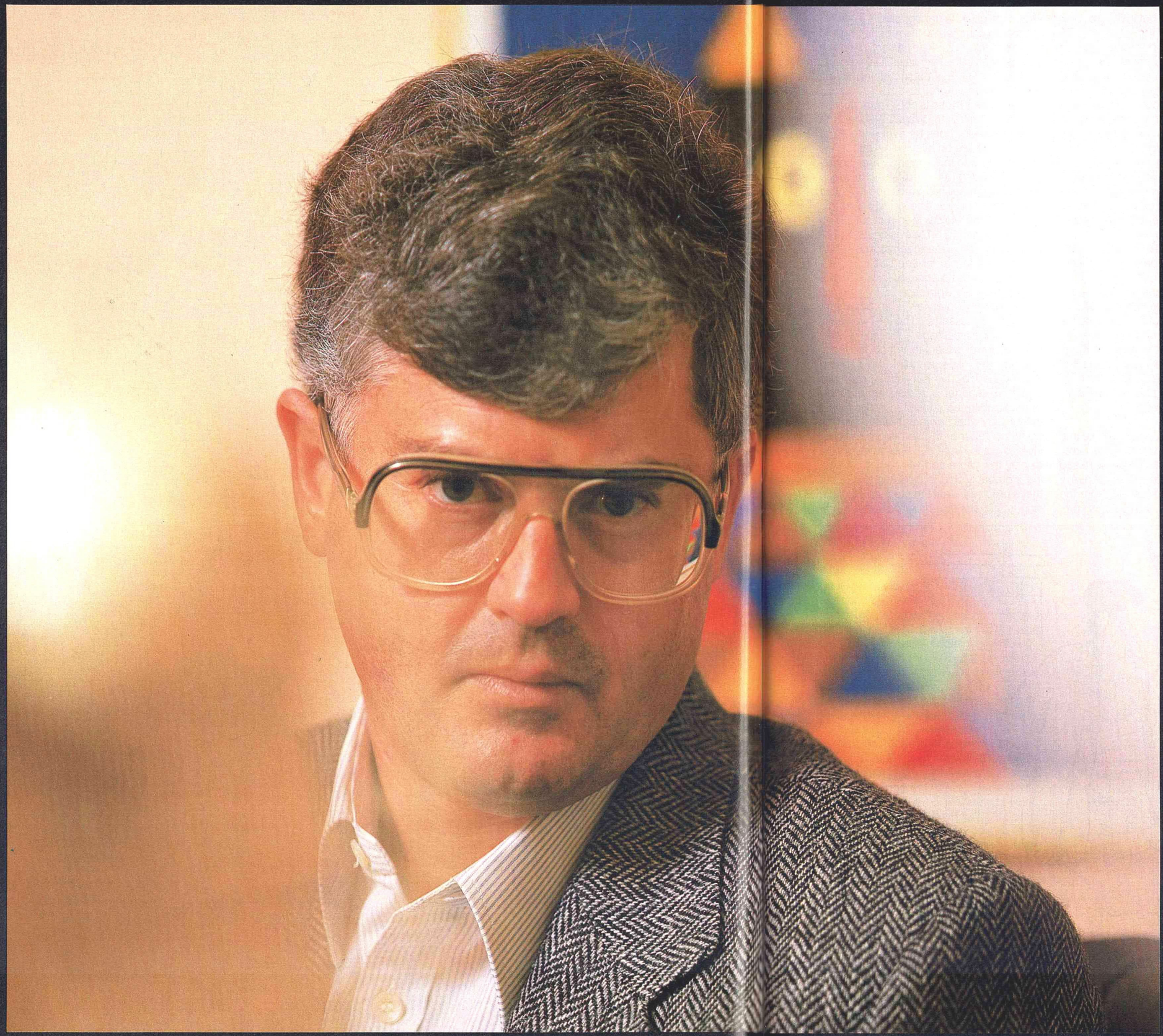
PHOTOGRAPHY BY D. SILVERMOON

Twenty-one-year-old Ginger Miller has an old-fashioned outlook on relationships. "The women's movement has its good points, but at the same time it's ruining things. I feel sorry for men. There *was* a time when they knew what was expected of them."

Ginger has a good head for business and is often sought for advice. "I have an intuitive sense that helps me make a lot out of nothing much at all — and that applies to all things."

For someone so young, she has very firm ideas. "A few people tried to tell me that nude work was offensive. What an offensive thing for them to say!"

"I'm the headstrong type — if anyone takes any notice of types these days — so it's not as if I'd have taken any notice of them anyway. You see, I'm very good at giving advice, but absolutely lousy at taking it . . ."



THE PUPPET MASTER

Brian Dale turns politicians and powerbrokers into walking television commercials for themselves

BY PETER McDONALD

There's a near-invisible industry in Australia that you should know about: the image-making industry. You should know about it because in ten years' time it will be enormous, and its influence will be felt in every aspect of public life.

The Americans invented image-making. Now, having perfected it, they use it with devastating effect. Ronald Reagan is technically the most advanced product of the industry — an expertly programmed automaton suffused with human foibles who now plays his most exacting role to perfection. In Australia we're still learning how it's done, but we're catching on fast.

Image-making is all about television. After all, television *is* nothing more than organised imagery. The precursors of the modern-day media mentors — the public relations outfits consisting mostly of crusty ex-print journalists who spend their time dashing off press releases and hawking clients to former colleagues — will eventually go the way of the dinosaur. The real

PHOTO BY GEOFFREY ETCHES

PUPPET MASTER

makers and shakers will be those who have grown up with television, who understand its complex requirements and its immense power to manipulate public perceptions, and who can use that understanding to mould the images of their clients.

One such man — and there are very few of them in this country — is Brian Dale. For almost eight years Dale served as press secretary to former NSW Premier Neville Wran, and in that time he discovered and developed the principles of image-making through television. The result was that Wran became the first Australian politician to effectively and consistently manipulate this vital medium, while his political opponents — Askin, Lewis, Willis — could not or would not accept the impact of television and thus became irrelevant. The pioneering media techniques of the Wran and Dale team set the pattern for the emergence of Labor leaders across the country — Cain, Bannon, Burke, and to a lesser extent, Bob Hawke.

These days Dale works as an independent political consultant and runs a part-time image-making outfit called Mezzo Media. It's probably the only PR company in Australia that's not listed in the phone book. He charges a modest fee for his services and describes Mezzo Media as a cottage industry: "We don't go hawking ourselves to the corporate sector, but there are a few people who do — ex-TV journos and PR people who've set up media training schools — and some of them charge up to $10,000 a day, which is just ridiculous."

Often, according to Dale, the advice dispensed by these megabuck consultants is worse than worthless. The classic example was the agency which instructed former Liberal leader Billy Snedden to "let nothing stand between you and the viewer." Snedden was taught to look at the reporter, then slowly revolve his head until he was focussing straight at the camera; he would then lean forward deliberately and deliver his message. The effect was so sinister it literally terrified most viewers, and no politician has dared to repeat the "looking down the lens" trick since 1974.

Unlike the bulk of characters involved in this infant industry, Dale is not at all precious about the secrets of manipulating the tube. He invited *Penthouse* into the tiny Lighthouse Studios in the heart of Kings Cross where, with the help of a camera and sound crew and his wife Sandra, a former television producer, he practises the ponderous art of image creation.

"Don't ever, *ever* say anything like that to a reporter." For the first time in this three-hour video session, Brian Dale has raised his voice. His client, a Public Service heavy who expects to come under fire from the media on an emotive local issue, has committed the ultimate transgression: in an off-the-record comment to the reporter, he told the truth. "Don't *ever* deviate from the line you've taken in the interview," Dale repeats forcefully. "There is no such thing as off-the-record any more."

Brian Dale's motto is not "Truth, Justice and the Australian Way." Neither, he hastens to add, does he ever encourage clients to tell lies on television. Rather, we are dealing with that shadowy area somewhere between truth and falsity, in which the object is to tell half-truths and selective truths convincingly. The principle as explained to the Mezzo Media client: "You are not appearing on television as a public service. You are appearing in order to give a commercial for yourself."

Dale's makes no apology for this somewhat mercenary approach to TV training. "The television interview is an adversary situation," he asserts. "The interviewee is there to sell his message — his 'line' — and the interviewer is there to find out the facts. No reporter likes to think he's being manipulated by his subject — but then again, no reporter ever baulked at trying to manipulate the subject in order to get them to say what he wants them to say. It's up to the reporter to use his professional skills to get the truth out — in other words, to play the game and *win*. What I'm saying is probably cold, cynical and glib — but that's precisely what the medium of television is. It's also the most powerful medium there has ever been."

"Let's trust each other, Doc. I let you drill my teeth*—you let me hold your* balls*."*

Dale begins each one or two-day course with a lecture on the theory of image enhancement. The most important thing, of course, is what the client actually *says* on the box — the superficialities of dress and presentation are less crucial — and the Golden Rule is simply this: No matter what the question is, you must answer it by giving the message that *you* want to give. "If you do this well enough, the questions and the reporter become irrelevant — and that's the ultimate aim. You must take *control* of the interview. Too many people fall into the trap when using TV (and it is *using* TV) of answering the questions. Once you start to do that, you're in the reporter's hands."

There are various tactics for avoiding that nasty eventuality. The simplest is the semantic swerve: "That's interesting, but have you considered this viewpoint . . ." or "I take the point, but in reality the situation is this . . ."

Then there are the fancier manoeuvres. Dale explains: "If you're being badgered by the interviewer and you don't want to answer a question, you never *sidestep*; you've got to turn the tables on the reporter and make *him* the bastard in the viewer's eyes. You can do this by saying exasperatedly: 'You've asked me that question seven times and I've *told* you the answer seven times . . .' You want the viewer to think: 'Why doesn't he leave the poor bloke alone?' It's a difficult ploy, this one, and there are very few people who can do it well."

Another cute evasive move is the use of a one-word answer — usually "No." Often it's enough to throw the most persistent interrogator into abject confusion. "People think if a TV camera is stuck in their face they have to mouth endless platitudes," says Dale. "Every word digs them deeper into the shit. If you don't want to talk about something, just say 'No' and the reporter will firstly be shocked and then realise he's got to ask another question, which will allow you to deliver your message."

When the interviewee genuinely doesn't know the answer to a question, Dale favors the judicious use of another shock tactic — honesty. A response like: "That's a very interesting question but I'm afraid I don't have all the relevant information to hand — I'll check it out and let you know" is often a big hit out in viewerland. So is the one-off confession. "When Neville Wran admitted he'd made a mistake," says Dale, "the reaction we got from the public was great. They thought: 'Shit, he's actually *admitted it*.'" Not recommended, however, as a standard defence.

No-one can really make mincemeat of a hostile reporter without mastering the "grab." Television stations are always after a grab — a self-contained segment with an "in" and "out" point which can be lifted from the tape, given an introduction and conclusion ("top and tailed") by the reporter, and presented to the viewer as news. So the idea is to present your "line" in a self-contained segment with no pauses for breath, thus denying the editor a natural out point.

Neville Wran was a master at this — the first politician who really had the gift of the grab. His answers were always self-contained, vaguely answered the question, could not be edited, and most importantly, got across his message — all in a crucial 30 to 45 seconds. "He became so adept at mentally timing his responses," says Dale, "that when we did the ads for various elections they would come out exactly on the time limit. He was a natural."

Following the American trend, grab times for television news have shortened from the expansive 30 to 45 seconds of ten years ago down to a compact 15 to 20 seconds. The documentary/current affairs format allows much more leeway, but for TV news precision is the key. Getting the message across in a 15-second grab is not easy, but it can be done. "It's pretty glib," Dale admits, "but all television is."

If it weren't for the imperative of the grab, shock tactics like the one-word answer wouldn't be much use. But because the reporter needs a grab, he's thwarted by the simple "No" and has to search back through the tape for an in and out point, which hopefully contains the message. The interviewee is under all sorts of duress, but he has one factor on his side — time. The station will normally shoot eight to ten times as much film as it will eventually use (documentary programs might shoot a ratio of 12 or 15 to one), so ideally the aim is to say the same thing five different ways, regardless of the question, each time getting the desired line across. The reporter is then left with no choice but to pick the best grab.

When an opportunity to deliver the grab doesn't present itself, the best move is the brief answer. "Don't do the reporter's job," Dale cautions, "by giving a long-winded answer that opens up lines of inquiry that you'd rather remained closed. It's his job to find the scandals and the controversies without your help."

The master tactician winds up by laying down a principle that's crucial to the image of any TV campaigner, be they a politician, a businessman or a pressure group spokesman. "You must always have a positive angle and always offer some hope. You must always say: 'We're going to do this, it's good for you, and this is why it's good for you.' But the media will often just take the negative view. So if you're bagging someone, you must say: 'He was wrong but . . .' and go on quickly so that there's no out point. You have to give the editor his out point *after* your message; if you hesitate before delivering the line, you've blown it."

So much for the theory. It's time to see how the client comes up under the ex-

"Where do I start?"

PUPPET MASTER

cruciating pressure of a simulated television interview. The Mezzo Media team have researched their senior Public Servant thoroughly, and naturally they'll save the curly questions for the finale. But first the client has to be acquainted with the threatening apparatus of television. Dale explains precisely what everyone will be doing when the interview is happening — the reporter, the cameraman, the sound recordist. "If people know what's going on around them they'll feel more relaxed, and that's the key to the whole thing. We had one politician recently who was so nervous he started rabbiting on about highly controversial things for no reason at all — and that's the last thing you want."

The bright studio lights focus on the man in the hot seat and the interview begins. Dale scrutinises every response on the television monitor. He knows that television is the most unflattering of all media, and he knows how to minimise the damage it can wreak on an uncultivated image.

The ground rules are common sense. Standard television dress is mandatory for all heavyweight types: blue pinstripe or dark charcoal pinstripe suit with solid color shirt and simple tie. Just about anything else will "strobe" (flicker around and glow strangely on the screen) or reflect light. The idea is to eliminate everything that distracts attention from the message — the five o'clock shadow, hand and head movements (which are grossly magnified on the small screen), swivelling in the chair, objects in pockets, nervous twitches, unsteady gaze, and a dozen other human foibles which convey subliminal messages to the viewer.

Our man gets through the ordeal pretty well, but his performance is flawed by a disconcerting habit of averting his eyes from the reporter when delivering facts (opening up a yawning credibility gap), a tendency to speak in staccato bursts (natural conversational tone is required) interspersed with two-second pauses (which look like ten-second black holes on the screen, forcing the viewer to conclude that he's searching for a lie), and a preoccupation with technical terms and facts and figures (viewers can only absorb two facts or figures in a 30-second grab and jargon is an immediate turn-off).

Dale runs through the tape and points out the problems. His protege improves with the second interview, and again with the third, and again with the fourth. Now he's cottoned on to the trick of repeating half the question while he works out his line. He's confident, unflustered, composed. By the end of the session, he's latching on to the curly ones and batting them clean out of the park. He's going to be all right.

Knowing how to perform on the box is one thing. Getting there in the first place is another. Turn over any rock in the urban environment and you'll uncover a special interest group with a barrow to push. Nine times out of ten, they won't have much idea of how to push it. What they need is a crash course in media manipulation — and that means, above all, television. Enter Brian Dale.

The Dale and Wran team worked out the principles of manipulating TV stations just as they hammered out the tactics of image-creation — through experience and logical deduction. The strategies they used are relevant not only to politicians but to everyone with a message, from corporate giants to puny pressure groups. It's all about one thing — winning the hearts and minds of the public by getting that carefully polished image on to the tube. Because, as Dale knows better than most, nothing changes until the public wants it change. All that matters is how the numbers fall.

In Dale's view the campaign mounted by BHP during its takeover crisis was a classic example of media ineptitude. "The corporate takeover is exactly the same as a political battle; the protagonists are after the same thing — public approval. But instead of sitting down and working out a strategy for getting the message across, BHP produced an advertising campaign which said they had a right to be protected because they were unique and special. Well, no-one has any such right. What they should have done was work out what their survival was *worth* to ordinary people, and then plan a series of short, sharp, concise *stories* — not ads — which would get that positive angle across."

> "If a cameraman doesn't like you, he can kill you. If you've had a heavy night, he can make you look vile and hateful."

Most of the rules for a TV campaign are the same as for any kind of campaign: find out who the enemy is, plan a long-term strategy which targets the message at the enemy, select a single spokesman and allow no-one else to speak publicly, and so on. But no-one gets a free passage into the living room of Mr Average on the strength of a pretty face. You've got to feed the station *news stories* — the formation of a committee, the results of your research, and so on — and if you're going to use television properly, it has to revolve around *pictures*. That way the station gets to run the words over the pictures (an environment you want preserved, for example), cut to your spokesman for a 20-second grab, swing back to the pictures and have the reporter top and tail it. You present a package and the station will accept it gratefully. Pull it off a few times and you've established a relationship with the station's chief-of-staff; every time you've got a new peg to hang your message on, he'll jump on it.

For most organisations, reaching this level of media competence is good enough. But the Wran and Dale show had more sophisticated manoeuvres to call upon. One was the staging of the "live cross." Wran would time an important conference so that he would emerge from it a few minutes into the 6 o'clock news, so the station would make a live cross for a quote from the Premier. "This," says Dale gleefully, "is the ultimate — because you can say whatever you like, no matter what the question, and nobody can stop you. There's no editing of a live cross; it's unlimited access to the airwaves."

Okay, it's not so easy for a member of the public to stage a live cross. But Dale constantly sees missed opportunities for this kind of public relations coup. "For instance, when Elders bought all those BHP shares they could have had John Elliot walking into the door of BHP headquarters at five past six — the dramatic meeting — and the stations would have made a live cross. He could have said whatever he liked for 30 seconds. If you can stage an event that's amenable to a live cross, no-one can stop you from saying: 'I'm here to save the world.' Live crosses are more open to manipulation than anybody has ever perceived."

The same is true of television crews. By treating them with respect and keeping them well fed and watered, the Wran and Dale show had TV crews literally eating out of their hands. This is crucial to anyone who's trying to craft a television image, because as Dale discovered early in the campaign, "If a cameraman doesn't like you, he can kill you. If you've had a heavy night and he shoots you from just below the mouth and just above the eyes, he can make you look like the picture of Dorian Gray — vile and hateful."

Today many of these principles are standard practice among political high flyers; ten years ago they were revolutionary challenges to a widely feared and misunderstood medium. Fear of television is an innate behavior pattern among humans, even in an age when the Warholian prophesy that "In the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes" is being fulfilled at breakneck speed.

Mastery of the medium depends on the ability to conquer that fear. That's why the handful of specialist television image-makers in this country can write their own tickets into the next century.

MORE VEHICLE, MORE VALUE.

6 CYLINDER PATROL WINS.

6 Cyl Patrol wins over 4 Cyl Pajero, Bundera, and Jackaroo on power, equipment and price!*

You'll be pushing uphill to beat new Patrol for value. Take the petrol engine '86 Patrol Hardtop as an example.

In the standard model, Patrol beats the Pajero SWB and the Jackaroo SWB on list price. In the higher spec GL model, Patrol wins out again over Pajero Sports and LandCruiser's Bundera Deluxe (Jackaroo doesn't have a GL competitor.)

Patrol's story is more than just price. You're getting one heck of a vehicle for your money with Nissan Patrol.

Like every classic vehicle, Patrol has kept on improving in every way, recently winning a "4x4 Australia" magazine 4-way comparison hands-down against LandCruiser, Land Rover 110, and Ford Bronco.

That's how far Patrol has come! If it's more vehicle and more value you want, jump into a Patrol.

Pictured above L28 Hardtop with power steering, limited slip rear diff, AM/FM stereo cassette, driver's suspension seat and luxury cloth trim, all standard. Optional wide wheels pack at extra cost.

* Price comparisons correct at June 30 1986.

AA43

NISSAN

COME ALIVE, COME AND DRIVE
NISSAN KNOW-HOW

HUMOR BY ROBERT BROWN

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN MINORITY GROUPS

Mirror, mirror, yea or nay me,
Is that cocaine or just Bon Ami?

Once upon a time, long ago — in the days before chairpersons and Affirmative Action — a gentle queen sat by his window doing macrame and eating alternative muesli. As he worked he pricked his finger so that two tiny drops of blood fell from it. He immediately went into a screaming fit, and ran to find his live-in lover, Nigel.

When the fuss had died down two days later the old queen sighed and said: "Wouldn't it be simply darling if we could have a little kiddywinks with cheeks as rosy as those drops of blood, with skin as white as that coke we scored in Paddo last week, and hair as black as latex rubber! We could bring him up as our very own and validate our relationship."

"Yes," said Nigel, "it just isn't *fair*."

But by a miracle of modern science, the old queen's wish came true and they had a little daughter. Just like the old queen's dream she had pure white skin that she later tanned brown at Tamarama, sable black hair that she had dyed blonde at Emilio's, and rosy red lips that she painted blue. They called her Lesley and she grew up and got a job on the cosmetics counter at Grace Brothers, but for the sake of poetic licence we'll call her Snow White.

She grew up sweet and lovely, and became very popular with the boys because she was upfront, laid-back and consciously aware, and was the only girl in her class who didn't have Herpes II.

When Snow White was 15 the old queen died, and Snow White's other father, Nigel — who was also King of the Mardi Gras — had a sex change, went completely alternative and bought a block of land in Nimbin. For a while it was *Bliss*.

But as Nigel grew older, he became extremely vain. He had a face lift, a nose job, a tummy tuck and finally a hysterectomy, despite the fact he didn't even

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK

SNOW WHITE

have a uterus. He just didn't want to be the only woman at his encounter group who hadn't had the op.

Every day when Nigel looked in the mirror, he asked: "Mirror, mirror on the wall, Who's the loosest tart of all?"

And the mirror would always answer: "*You* are Nigel — no worries."

But as the years passed young Snow White grew even more sweet and lovely on a strict diet of bean shoots, natural yoghurt and ginseng — so that one day when Nigel asked the old, old question it replied: "Sorry Nigel, face it dear, Your menopause is drawing near."

This made the old tart so *cross* he broke one of the clay teapots he was planning to flog to the tourists for eighty once-ers. It just wasn't *fair*.

Nigel looked at Snow White and was filled with the sort of insane, unreasoning jealousy seldom found anywhere outside of *Sons And Daughters* scripts. Snow White was a constant reminder to him of the day when he, too, had a tight little bum. So Nigel rang a bloke in the NSW ALP he knew from his harbor cruising days and asked him if he could put him on to any good crims.

"Is the Pope a Catholic?" the man said and two days later three chapters of the *Costigan Report* showed up in Nimbin with a peculiar bulge in his suit that was either a lymphatic disorder or a small calibre pistol.

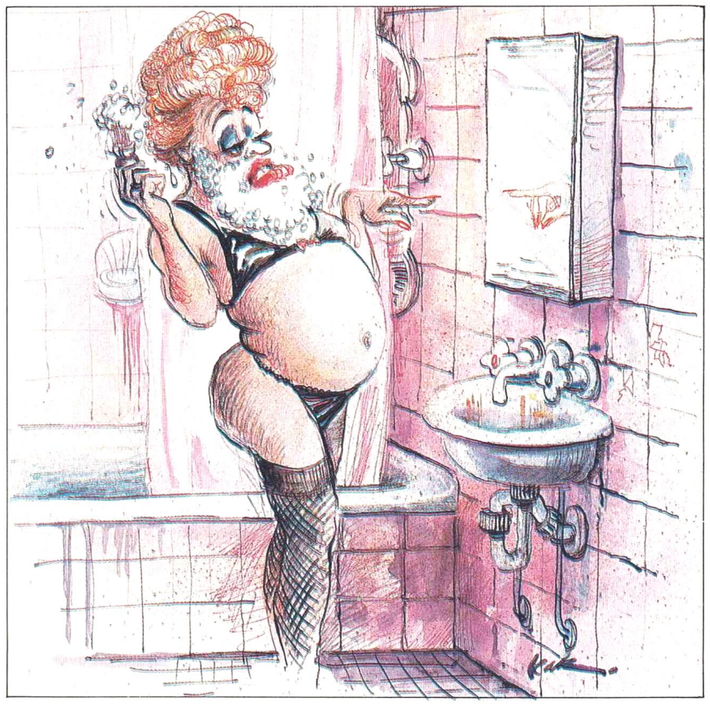
Nigel gave him ten grand to add Snow White to the growing list of unsolved crimes on the east coast. So the man took her off into the woods on some transparent pretext, planning to ice her and collect his fee and go back to Sydney to stand for preselection in one of the western suburbs.

But Snow White wasn't as dumb as she looked. She'd already made a fortune selling banana and strawberry smoothies at 50 times their real value to people with low cholesterol and high incomes — and she offered the man another ten grand to let her live on the proviso that she disappear for ever. Or at least till after the by-election.

The kindly contract killer agreed to this and instead iced a 19-year-old junior typist who'd been sent to Nimbin to search for her agency's creative director. He collected his fee and just got back to Sydney in time for an important policy meeting.

Left alone, poor Snow White wandered about in the forest until she came to a little mock-colonial cottage. She opened the door and went in. Inside she found seven beds, seven plates of wholemeal spaghetti, and seven sets of the *Collected Works Of Nathan Pritikin*. She ate one of the books in preference to the wholemeal spaghetti and then, her vitamin B reserves already depleted from her stressful encounter with the hit man, she lay down on one of the Japanese futon beds and went to sleep.

Now the cottage had been rented out by seven members of various minority groups. Their names were Shorty, Darky, Greenie, Leftie, Slopey, Trevor and Pauline. When



it was dark they returned and to their surprise they found the beautiful Snow White asleep.

"What a top sort," they all said, except Trevor, for reasons that should become clear later.

"Yeah," said Darky. "Let's tie her to the bed and get the feathers and the whipped cream." Because as everyone knows, all minority groups are deviants. But at that moment Snow White woke up and sat up in bed in alarm.

"Who are you?" Snow White said.

"The name's Leftie," said the radical one, who was also the leader of the group. He had been elected leader when the other six had failed to show up to a committee meeting he had called in secret. "We're all members of various minority groups. As victims of society we came here to get away from systematic oppression. Who are you?"

"My name's Snow White," she said, "and I'm a fourth-generation Australian. If you don't like it in this country why don't you all go back where you came from, you bludgers?"

"I *am* where I came from," said Darky. "Anyway the lease on this place is in our name."

They decided they would let her stay with them in return for a little basic cooking and cleaning in lieu of rent — and for a while this arrangement worked quite well. Every day the gang all used to get up and go to work in a little gold mine. It was called a health food shop.

They served mushroom quiche and alfalfa and cottage cheese in wholemeal rolls and freshly squeezed orange juice in cups no bigger than C-size batteries. It was almost as profitable as selling pottery to tourists. After a couple of months Snow White begged them to let her come with them and help in the shop but they insisted she stay home and make futons.

"It just isn't *fair*," Snow White muttered. Snow White was bored and frustrated so she took up jogging. Every afternoon after her chores she put on her Nikes and her Puma T-shirt and her pink sweat band and jogged down to the little cave by the pool to work out, have a shower under the waterfall and shave her armpits.

"Why do you shave your armpits?" Pauline asked her one day.

"Why not?" Snow White said.

"You realise it's just another way women are exploited," Pauline said. "You're just conforming to the physiological and emotional stereotype imposed on you by the male-dominated Judeo-Christian neo-chauvinist society."

"No, I didn't realise that," Snow White said, wondering what she meant.

So Lefty explained it to her in terms of the class struggle and Darky and Slopey explained it in terms of the genocide of native populations by invading cultures. Greenie told her about the destruction of the ozone layer, Trevor explained the psychology of sexual dominance, and Shorty told her how he could never get off-the-rack jeans to fit.

She learned about the exploitation of women, the historical oppression of indigenous populations, discrimination against homosexuals by the church and state, racial bigotry, the rape of the land, the oppression of the working class by the

Hey gringo.

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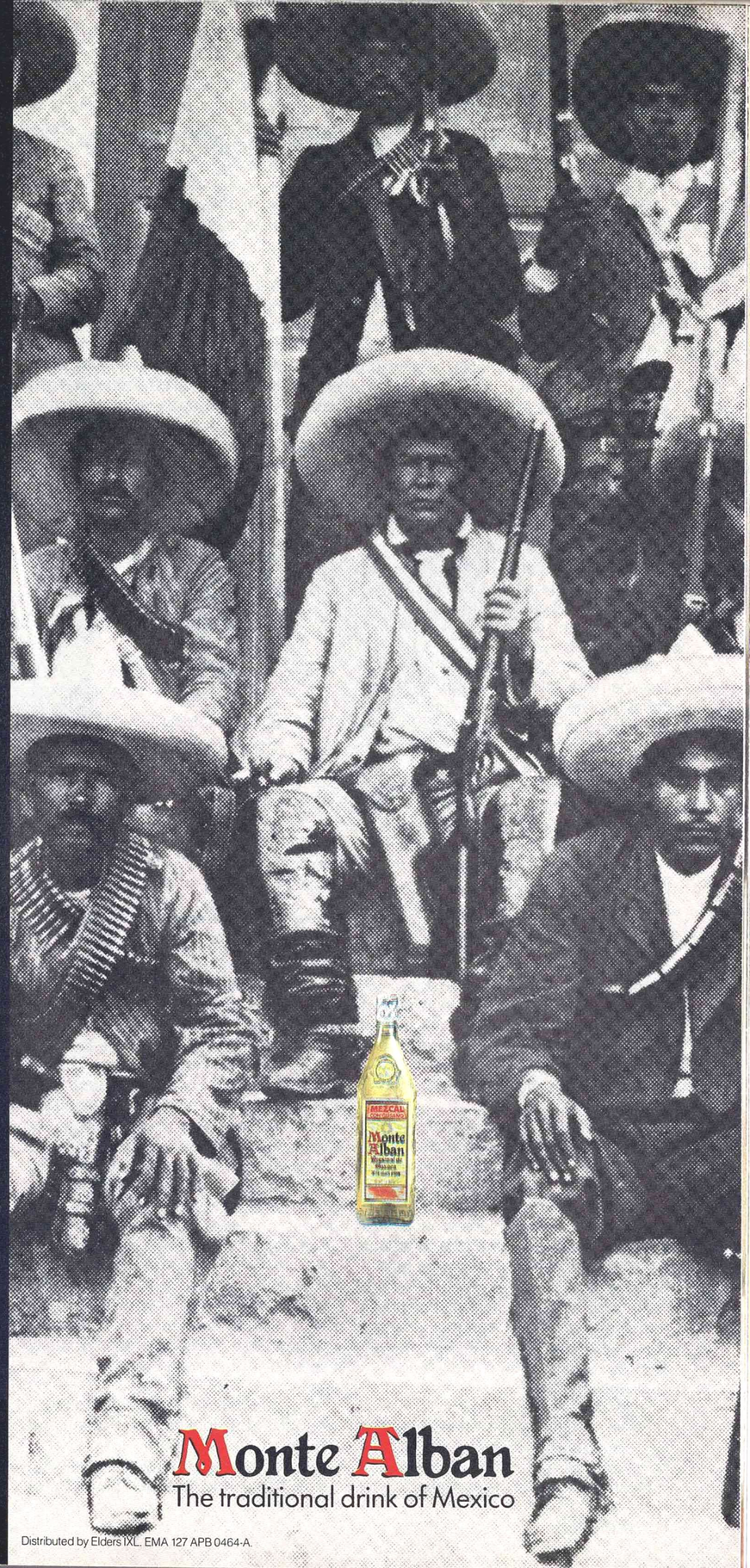

Monte Alban
The traditional drink of Mexico

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SNOW WHITE

capitalist system and how short people can't see as well at the cricket.

"It just isn't *fair*," Shorty added.

And slowly Snow White became radicalised.

In the following weeks Snow White learned to re-examine her value system. And she learned so well that one day she decided she no longer wanted to stay home and cook lentil and choko pie while the others went to work and fulfilled themselves ripping off health nuts. "That's it," she told them one day. "I've had enough. No more Ms Nice Guy for me. I'm going to get a job."

"Wait a minute," Pauline said. "When we said women were oppressed, we didn't mean *you*. You can't do this to us!"

"No," said Darky, "it isn't *fair*."

"That's life," Snow White said and next day she got a job as a sales consultant with a real estate company. The company was owned by Nigel's latest live-in lover. One day he told Nigel about his new star salesperson and when Nigel discovered it was actually Snow White, he was furious.

After all, $10,000 is a lot of clay teapots. Well, perhaps not so many, taking into account the latest price rise, but enough to make him stamp his little foot in rage. "If you want something done in this country," Nigel fumed, "you have to do it your bloody self," and so he started making plans to do Snow White in on his own.

The next day, disguised as a real estate investor — Porsche, silver toupe, gold identity bracelet — he made a phone appointment with Snow White and drove out to see her. They went out to lunch to discuss a land deal and Nigel took her to a little Lebbo place he knew and tried to tell her there wasn't any meat in the ladies' fingers and the dressing in the tabouli was polyunsaturated. Snow White remembered what Slopey had told her about foreign food, but the ladies' fingers looked so crisp and appetising and the tabouli was so green and fresh she went ahead anyway and had three helpings.

And, of course, with all that cholesterol in her bloodstream, the very next day she had a massive coronary infarction and fell into a coma. It was the perfect crime.

When the gang came home that night they guessed at once what had happened. They dialled 000 and called the chiropractor. He suggested an orthopaedic bed — but to no avail. Then they tried their iridologist, their herbalist, their acupuncturist, and a man who advertised foot massage at a reasonable rate in the local paper. They even took Snow White along to a charismatic Mass.

Nothing worked.

Finally, in desperation, they called their GP. He examined Snow White for two hours and left a prescription for Librium.

Meanwhile back at the commune, Nigel gazed into the mirror and said: "Mirror, mirror on the ceiling, Do I look like that, or is my tan just peeling?"

But the mirror didn't say anything for fear of hurting his feelings.

Shorty and the Gang finally realised all their efforts to revive Snow White were in vain. She was dead. They decided to bury her but agreed to wait until the following week as Shorty's cousin Perv was to visit. Perv was a necrophiliac.

Sorrowfully they undressed her and put her in a beautiful robe. They enjoyed it so much they undressed her and put her in the beautiful robe again. Then they did it again. This went on for days. However, on the following Tuesday a young prince happened to pass that way. His name was Roger and he wasn't actually a prince. He wasn't actually all that handsome either but he had an interesting personality and he hoped to get a job in computers.

He'd been on *Perfect Match* and enjoyed travelling, windsurfing, meeting nice people and generally having a rage. He'd won a trip to Fiji where he'd had a fabulous, really great, great time and everyone was terrific except the dragon he went with, who told an hysterical audience that he was a totally gross example of a human being. He tried to look unconcerned and spat back that she was a vain, self-centred, two-faced little bitch, and sent the ratings up two points that week.

Sorrowfully they undressed her and put her in a beautiful robe. They enjoyed it so much they did it again. This went on for days.

Roger knocked on the door trying to sell teatowels for a worthy charity and saw Snow White asleep through the window and so, checking there were no German Shepherds or security devices, he crept inside. He hadn't scored for months — you didn't get anywhere these days with anything less than a Ferrari — and this seemed like a golden opportunity. He quickly sprayed some deodorant under his arms, leaned over and kissed her once on the lips.

At once Snow White woke and sat bolt upright. She looked at Roger and screamed.

At that moment Shorty and the gang came home and told her the story of Nigel's wickedness, and how she came to be there, and how Roger had revived her from death with just one kiss.

"With just one kiss?" Snow White said.

"That's right," said Roger.

"What an ego."

"How about a bit of gratitude?" Roger said.

"Typical male attitude," Snow White said, getting up and slipping on her thongs. "One kiss solves everything."

"I want you to come with me and be my bride," Roger said. "We'll get a remote control video and live happily ever after."

"No thanks."

"But I love you," Roger said.

"You hardly know me."

"It doesn't matter. You're beautiful. On a scale of one to ten you must be . . . well, nine and a half, 'cos I don't give tens."

"I've had enough of this," Snow White said. "People think of me as just a body. I have a mind too, you know."

"All this isn't in the script," Roger said. "You're supposed to climb on my horse and ride off with me into the sunset."

"A horse? You mean you don't even have a red Cordia at the very least?" And she stalked off towards the door.

"This just isn't *fair*," Roger said.

"Where are you going?" Shorty asked.

"I'm through with being exploited," Snow White said. "I'm going to stop wearing make-up and go back to college and do business studies."

And off she went.

Shorty and the gang decided to go after her, and went to the far corners of Australia searching. Darky was arrested in Roeburne, spent the night in the lock-up and was buried the next day.

Greenie was blown up aboard his yacht in Auckland Harbor. Shorty formed a dwarf-throwing act and met an untimely end while creating a new world record. Trevor went to Queensland and died of thirst in a hotel bar.

Lefty was last seen in Brisbane getting in a car with Russ Hinze, and Pauline, desperate to have a child of her own, was artificially inseminated by her girlfriend's 20 stone brother and died in childbirth.

Slopey turned out to be a short, left-handed, homosexual Mongolian Bahai who voted NDP even after Peter Garrett left and who thus became one of the world's smallest minority groups. He was deported as an undesirable alien and was refused citizenship everywhere, even in Uruguay, and finally died of starvation on a flight between McMurdo Sound and Galapagos.

Snow White met an upwardly mobile computer salesman, betrayed her principles and fell in love, got married, got divorced, lost the custody battle and finished up getting the children. All boys.

And Nigel? He caught AIDS of course. But he was only a carrier and lived happily ever after with Roger.

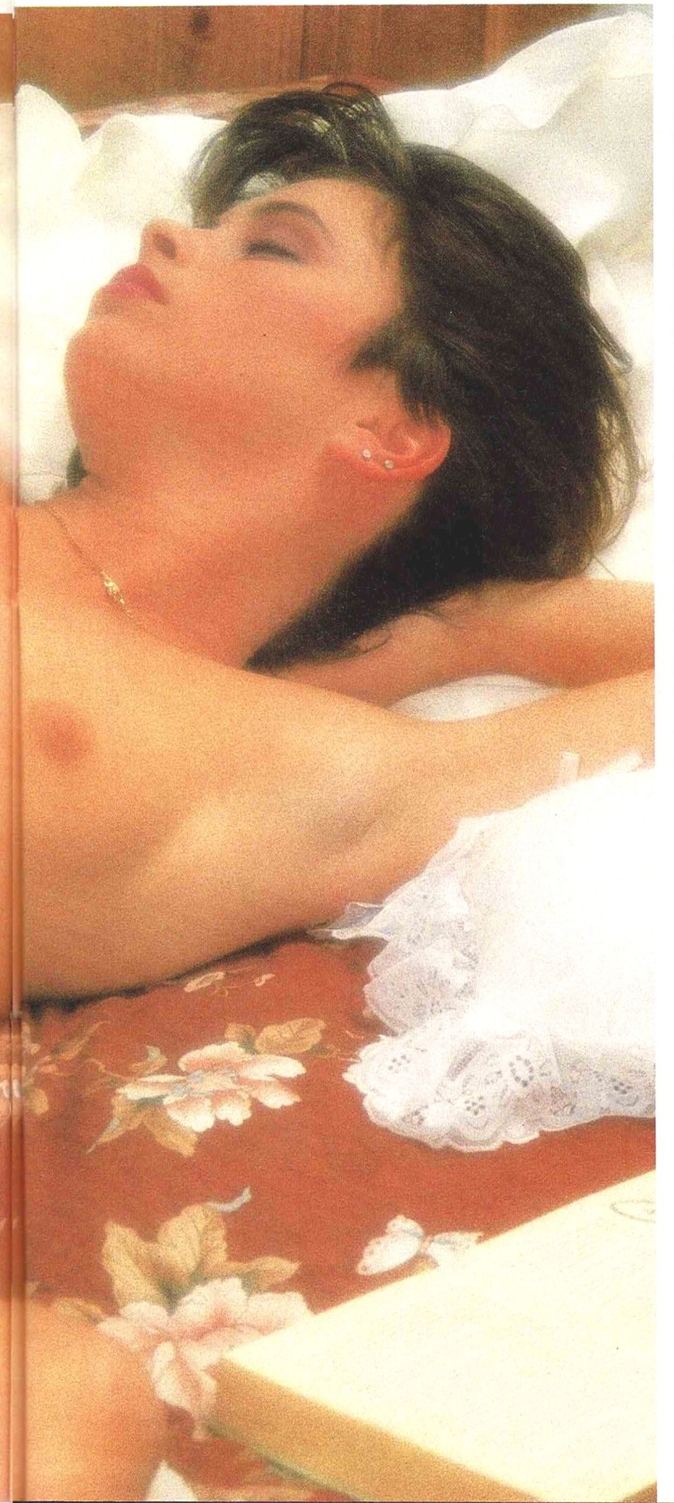
The moral: Life really isn't *fair.*

FORTÉ

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANIEL NOLAN

Something would always niggle 19-year-old Jennine Caiphness as she attended to her receptionist duties — as if something was still undone. For this is a woman who needs something as large as life to fulfill her, and she knew the rigmarole of her Brisbane office was unlikely to achieve that end. So she pieced her plan together. A few phonecalls, a few meetings . . . And then she was naked as life on her first modelling shoot for *Australian Penthouse*, her forte found . . . for now . . .

"I like trying new and exciting things," Jennine professes. "Working for *Penthouse* had a real allure to it." Though her manner is hardly *forte* — almost shy — the volume of her zest is boundless.



Music? Now there's something she likes *fortissimo*. She takes her chiming rock guitar pumped in through headphones — Keith Richards' riffs quickening her pulse, Jagger vocals weakening her knees, raunchy lyrics drying her mouth . . .

"I used to sneak doses of rock during my lunch break to keep me going through the afternoon back in my office days. I don't suppose it helped my concentration, but it was great fun. At least with modelling a little rhythm doesn't go astray when I'm on the job."

It all seemed to come so easily for her — modelling, that is. And she hopes for further chances to utilise her undeniable talents. "I'm hoping to get some feedback from this presentation to tell if I have myself a future." So the ball's in your court, fellas.

MISS JENNINE CAIPHNESS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

TERMS OF EMBITTERMENT

BY FRANK ROBSON

What would you do if the Family Law Court forbade you to see your children?

It's almost midnight when Steve, a laborer, gets on the phone to the crowd he's read about in the Sunday papers: Fathers Against Discrimination In Childcare.

"I can't get in my own house!" he cries. "The bitch reckons I beat her up . . . so I get home and she's got a bit of paper saying I can't come in my own house . . ."

"*Whoa!*" pleads FADIC organiser Dean Weily. "Start at the beginning." He lights a cigarette, dreading what will follow. Steve groans as though his search for the "beginning" is causing him physical pain.

"Look, I just want to know what law says I can't go in my own house! You tell me what fucking law stops a man Jeez. I been making payments on the bastard for six years! So where's the justice, eh? Where's it say I can't "

Weily grips his hair (Steve's voice conveys an infectious sense of desperation)

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANTS KANTOR

TERMS OF EMBITTERMENT

Slowly, carefully, Weily explains that a magistrate or a judge can make any ruling concerning property that he or she sees fit. It's known as an *ex parte* ruling and is intended to protect the applicant from . . .

"But where's the law!" Steve demands. "Where's it written that a man can be kicked out of his own fucking house? I've called the cops, my local member, now you. No-one can show me the bloody law that says it!"

Dean Weily hangs up half an hour later with a familiar feeling of futility: Steve has not understood. He will probably spend weeks looking for a law that doesn't exist. In the end he might go over the edge and take out his fury on his wife, or his children . . . or even on the magistrate who made the *ex parte* order.

Not for the first time, Weily — self-appointed adviser to thousands of Australian men caught up in the grim complexities of divorce, child custody and access — sees the enemy face-to-face. It is confusion . . . the kind of confusion that spawns despair. Weily thinks of the innumerable "Steves" out there, each trapped in the quagmire of his own befuddled anguish. Since he launched FADIC only a couple of months earlier, the young Brisbane businessman had listened to hundreds of them. Despite FADIC's avowed purpose (to change public perceptions of men as solitary parents and to focus attention on perceived flaws in the Family Court system) Weily, 27, can't disguise early misgivings.

A few days before, he'd told me: "I just want to find out why so many apparently rational individuals go into the [Family] Court system and emerge as lunatics who do desperate things . . ." But tonight he wonders: is it possible to achieve anything amidst so much mental chaos?

"*Help me! Help me!*" moan the voices on his phone. "*I'm going to waste myself!*" the voices scream, or more alarmingly: "*Nothing matters now.*"

Each caller has a separate story of tragedy and injustice, against a background of legal battles of astonishing vindictiveness and torturous complexity. Who's sane and who's crazy? Who's lying and who isn't? Who's seeking attention and who's a bona fide psychotic?

Dean Weily smokes another cigarette, staring from his window at the lights of the city. "Jesus," he whispers. "This is a bloody nightmare . . ."

News Report — 19.12.85

. . . A Cairns man who abducted his daughter from her mother's custody and made her live as a fugitive for 18 months was jailed for 15 months.

Mr Justice Simpson in the Brisbane Family Court sentenced Allan Lindsay Sealey, 38, to 15 months jail from the time of his arrest in Perth on November 27, to be released after 10 months subject to a $1000 bond relating to certain conditions.

The conditions obliged Sealy to seek a fresh application for access to his daughter and restrained him from entering or loitering near his wife's premises. Sealey pleaded guilty to contempt of an access order following a "bitterly contested" four-day custody hearing in March last year before Mr Justice Simpson.

Mrs Rhonda Sealey, 34, said in Cairns yesterday she feared her husband would try again to take their daughter Jayde, 7, when he was released from jail. "He told me he would never give her up," she said. "But I don't know whether prison is the right place for him. He needs psychiatric help."

Allan Sealey is slight and sandy-haired; he stands waiting in the prison visiting area with a big plastic bag full of newspaper and magazine articles, sworn affidavits, legal transcripts and letters. He puts the bag between us on the table and watches me attentively, his eyes red-rimmed and his skin pallid.

I ask if he is ill. Sealey shakes his head.

"Prison is terrible," he says softly, almost apologetically. He smiles and rests a hand on the plastic bag, staring down the long table where men with tattooed arms sit opposite exhausted-looking women in cheap clothes.

For 90 minutes we discuss what Sealey did on the run with his daughter . . . how they lived for nine months in a religious community in West Australia and how, on November 27 last year, the forlorn escapade ended when Jayde was recognised in a small WA town by an off-duty policeman who'd seen pictures of her in *New Idea* and on TV. ("Sweetheart, please tell someone who you are — maybe your teacher or a policeman. Don't be afraid my darling: Mummy is waiting for you and I love you with all my heart." — Rhonda Sealey, *New Idea*, 2.2.85)

Why did Sealey run? Why did he fail to return Jayde to her mother after a normal access outing on May 5, 1984? He told me his reason many times, but because of restrictions imposed by the Family Law Act, I cannot quote him.

I *can* quote a letter written by Sealey and read to the court after he was sentenced on the contempt charge: "I honestly believed, and still do believe very strongly, that Jayde is in very real moral danger by her continual exposure to the letter named one of the child's maternal relatives and the home environment of my former wife," he wrote.

"I am remorseful for having been in contempt, however my mind was in such a state of mental exhaustion, having the continuing worry of my child's safety and having been involved in many court battles, that I took steps that perhaps only I understand as the father of Jayde."

In other court reports, Sealey's barrister Leo White says his client's fight was triggered by claims by Jayde that she had been sexually molested. Barrister Graeme Page, for Mrs Sealey, told the court the sexual incidents Allan Sealey complained of had been raised in earlier court hearings and had been "explained as not in any way sexually abusive or arousing."

But Mr Page's next reported assertion — that Sealey had not raised the "incidents" until interviewed on the radio on the run in October last year and that he had not attempted to "engage in the legal processes open to him" — seems to contradict his statement that the incidents had been raised during earlier court hearings.

In fact, a sworn affidavit exists in which a close relative of Rhonda Sealey raises these sexual incidents in support of Allan Sealey's bid for custody of Jayde. According to transcripts from the Sealeys' custody hearing — also before Mr Justice Simpson in Brisbane — an attempt by Sealey's barrister to introduce this affidavit as evidence was rejected by the judge, who described it as "character assassination."

Before "stealing" his daughter and hitting the road in his Kombi van, the ex-photographer had discussed his concern over the sexual incidents with the Bishop of Cairns, a Member of Parliament and others. Apparently, their advice was unanimous: Sealey could not hope to win a criminal case.

At the prison, Sealey tells me he intended to hide from the world with Jayde until she was 11 — an age, he believes, when she would be able to make her own judgements about what would be best for her future.

"Yesterday," he says, looking at the big plastic bag, "I got a letter from Rhonda. She told me Jayde would not be writing to me anymore . . . or seeing me."

He looks away.

"Jayde's welfare was always my main concern . . . When I get out, I will apply for access to visit her. I would not take her away again — that was a mistake. But because of the conditions of my early release, it'll probably be at least a year after I get out [in September this year] before I can even see her."

("I just don't believe the sentence is severe enough. He said on television he would do it again. How safe is Jayde once he gets out? He could come up here and take her out again and the whole nightmare would start all over. If the sentence had been five years, it would have given her time to grow up. Ten months is nothing." — Rhonda Sealey, *New Idea*, 1.2.86)

I ask Sealey how much time he spends thinking about his problems.

"All of it," he says. He picks up his plastic bag and walks off toward the cell block . . . a small man with red eyes, the subject of just one of about 400 warrants for child abduction sworn out yearly in this country.

Since it replaced the nasty old *Matrimonial Causes Act* in 1975, the *Family Law Act* has been hailed as a brilliant piece of reformist legislation and damned as the cause of untold misery, violence and tragedy.

It's made divorce more "civilised" by doing away with the need for tacky accusations of adultery and cruelty and the use of private investigators, but — critics say — it's done nothing to improve the three worst problem areas: custody, maintenance payments and property division.

Conciliate, don't litigate — the Family Law catchphrase — has worked to the extent that 90 percent of Australian divorces are now settled outside the courtroom . . . with the divorce rate now running at about one in three. Yet, although Family Court rulings on custody squabbles involve only a tiny percentage of separating couples, the aftermath of those decisions has sometimes been horrendous.

In NSW, particularly, there's been a wave of terror directed at the Family Court system, with five attacks on judges since 1980. These include the shooting of Mr Justice David Opas in Sydney and the bombing of the home of Mr Justice Watson in 1984, a tragedy that took the life of the Judge's wife, Pearl.

"I guess it's more serious than we think . . . that's our humor editor."

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TERMS OF EMBITTERMENT

In October 1985 a Perth father, distraught over a Family Court ruling giving custody of their three children to his wife, drove to an isolated area with the youngsters and took his and their lives by feeding a hosepipe from the exhaust to its interior.

Another West Australian, Terry Douglas, became what single fathers' groups call a "runner" after a Family Court awarded custody to his ex-wife. Captured with his abducted kids in Queensland, Douglas was returned to Melbourne and jailed for 18 months for contempt. Near death after a 52-day hunger strike, Douglas was released from Pentridge prison — winning the battle but, so far, not the war: he has had no access to his children since 1980.

Right across the nation, thousands of disgruntled men (and even a few women) have banded together under various names — Divorce Law Reform, Men's Confraternity, Lone Fathers, Families Against Unnecessary Legal Trauma, etc — to proclaim their outrage against the "system" and to try to change it.

Their main grievance, hotly denied by Family Court judges and their backup network of social workers, counsellors and Legal Aid solicitors, is that the system favors women . . . and that statistics used by the Family Court (especially the oft-quoted claim that fathers get custody of at least one child in 41 percent of contested cases) do not accurately portray the situation.

Such figures, they claim, ignore countless cases where men want custody of their children but cannot afford the legal costs — estimated to average about $10,000 per case — necessary to have even a chance of winning custody in a society deeply biased in favor of women as solitary parents. Many solicitors, the men say, put a standard query to lone fathers setting out to gain custody: "Is your wife a drug addict or a prostitute?"

If the answer is "no" to both, insist reformers, fathers are informally advised to save their money and reconcile themselves to the notion of "fair access" — meaning a future of visiting their kids at court-approved times and the threat of jail should they succumb to a desire to see them outside such times.

A lot of experts believe it's the very concept of access — men being branded as criminals for breaking court orders to be with their children — that's at the root of what most ails the *Family Law Act*. This is given weight by the experience in the US, where separated or divorced men have joined together — all four million of them — to form Fathers Of America, a powerful lobby group already responsible for changing Californian statutes so that most courts now favor joint custody. This means kids spend equitable amounts of time with both parents; it acknowledges what would seem obvious: whatever caused their parents to separate should not penalise children by depriving them of either Mum or Dad.

It was after talks with Fathers Of America that Dean Weily formed FADIC (also known as Fathers Of Australia and affiliated with the American group). FADIC combines most of the far-flung men's groups in a 2000-strong alliance dedicated to Family Law reform here.

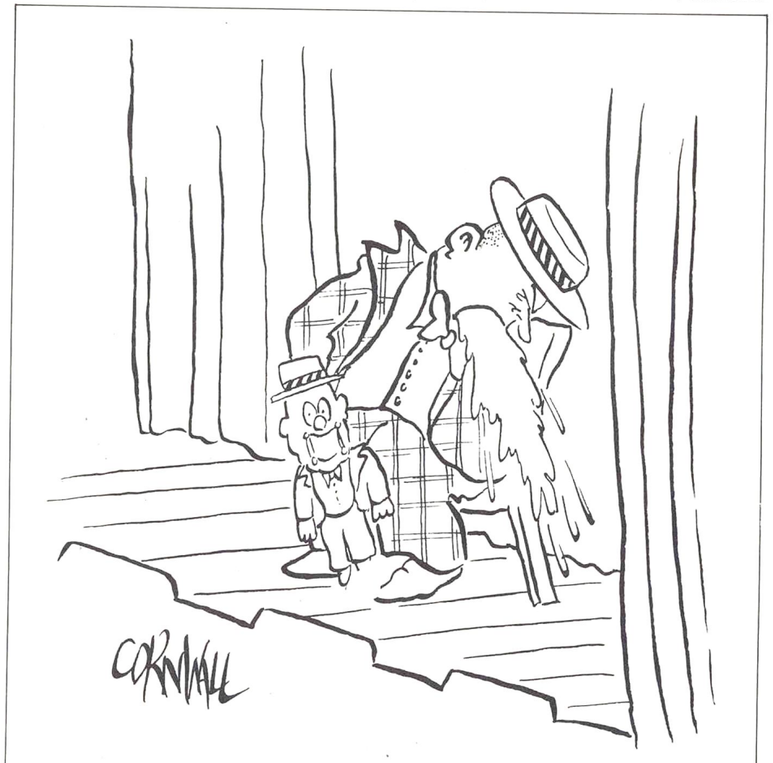
Because of remarkable constraints on reporting and discussion of Family Court cases — Section 121 of the Act deems, for example, that a person involved in a Family Court case can't be identified even by reference to his or her style of dress, recreational interests or religious beliefs — I am unable to give even the vaguest hint of why Dean Weily felt a need to become personally involved in the issue. (Not long ago, to give a further idea of how bizarre these restrictions can be, a newspaper was sternly warned off when it tried to do a story about a separated couple who'd gone to court to fight for custody of their pop-up toaster — sorry, make that *nondescript-looking toaster*).

Suffice to say, of Dean Weily, that he became intrigued by a system that seemed to bring out the worst in otherwise reasonable people. After talks with media friends, Weily and a few others launched the FADIC campaign with a television commercial intended to generate instant controversy.

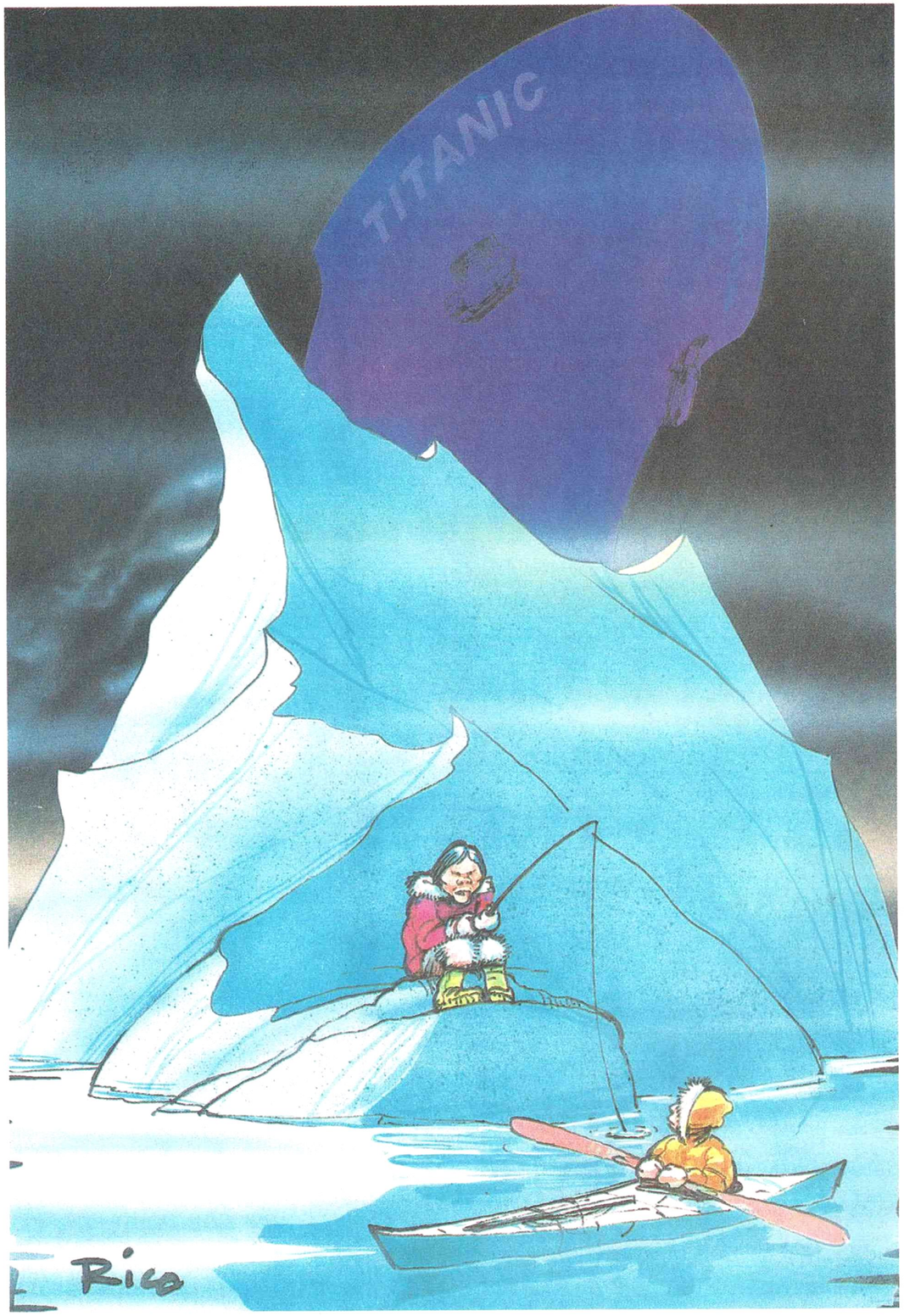
Short, but in the eyes of its critics anything but sweet, the ad opens with a child in bed calling for a drink of water . . . then cuts to the next room where Mum is enjoying a boozy party. She pokes her head in the door, tells the kid to quit whingeing — "You're just like your father!" — then gets back to her fun among the wine casks. Then we see the same child being read to by her father, to whom she says, "Daddy, I love you." An unseen narrator croons: "Sometimes, the best mothers are fathers."

It's 8pm on a weeknight and a handful of FADIC supporters and organisers (including two women) are planning tactics at Weily's apartment overlooking the Brisbane River. After widespread publicity generated by the "Daddy, I love you" commercial (the first in a series), contributions are pouring in from around the country. Weily reveals plans to spend as much as $2.5 million annually to maintain the momentum of advertising and publicity. He describes a phone call from an influential southern businessman who promised to deliver his contribution to FADIC personally . . . by flying to Brisbane in his private jet.

"We're already being recognised as one voice," Weily says. "That's the all-important thing. Politicians who thought all the fathers' groups had different aims are starting to recognise the truth — we all want basically the same thing. That's why they're worried."



"Try doing that *with your mouth closed."*



"No, my luck's just not in today!"

TERMS OF EMBITTERMENT

They go over various attacks on FADIC by women's groups, many of whom have gone public with their "disgust" over the provocative TV ad.

"They're calling us everything from paedophiles to child kidnappers," Weily chuckles, adding, with a hint of disappointment: "So far, they've been careful not to say such things publicly."

He plays a video recording of himself in a televised debate with Quentin Bryce (Women's Information Service) and Graeme Page (Law Council of Australia) over the FADIC television commercial. It's a clear victory to Weily. His opponents are perhaps — to be kind — ill-prepared; their objections to the ad, such as ". . . insulting to women", ". . . not representative of the true situation", are easily dismissed by Weily, who shines because he has obviously considered Family Law problems from more than one perspective.

At one stage, Quentin Bryce says she wishes FADIC's campaign funds could go instead to supporting mothers (an estimated 40 percent of Australian men avoid maintenance payments) Weily shoots back: "Did you know there are 9000 *men* on supporting parent's benefits? Did you know there are 18,000 men eligible to receive such benefits?"

To which Ms Bryce manages only an uncomfortable, "Errr . . ."

Weily says publicity over the need for enforced maintenance payments creates an impression that men just don't care, when the reverse is often the case. "I know of men who've paid maintenance for 12 months and yet have been denied access to their kids throughout that period," he adds.

In the end, Graeme Page attempts to salvage the situation with a remarkable piece of obfuscation: "There is nothing the matter with the [Family Court] system," he asserts firmly. "Every system has its flaws, and they're being addressed . . ."

There is general rejoicing among the FADIC crowd when the recording finishes.

"If *that's* the opposition," someone crows, "we're laughing!"

A small, Chaplinesque figure given to restless pacing and the striking of theatrical poses, Weily makes a short speech: "If you give any group or system absolute power without criticism, then there is danger. You cannot hope that every person in that system will be a perfect, rational human being . . . There *are* flaws and they must be examined by the community at large.

"Our role is not to attack the system generally and say they're all stupid. There are some very, very good people in the Family Court system. But just as you don't hear about the flawed people, you also don't hear about the good ones."

(At Weily's suggestion, Fathers Of America is pressuring the US Congress to express concern to the Australian Government over the *Family Law Act's* constraints on free speech. Even avowed supporters of the Act seem to agree that some loosening up of Section 121 is called for.)

Inevitably, conversation returns to the crippling confusion experienced by many men who become enmeshed in divorce or custody proceedings.

"It's something to do with the nature of the beast — the Australian male," says Weily, still pacing. "When it comes to split-ups and the like, the so-called macho Aussie male is as soft as shit! He'll get around the pub saying, 'Yeah, the wife split — but no fucking worries, she'll be apples!' Then the silly bugger will go home and fall to bits. He'll sit there alone and bawl like a baby. He's devastated! But he won't admit it — just as he wouldn't acknowledge the signs that his marriage was falling apart in the first place. And he's always had blind faith in the system — any system. When he discovers his faith is misplaced, he doesn't know what to do. In extreme cases, the frustration and confusion will mount until he becomes psychotic."

> "He'll get around the pub saying, 'Yeah, the wife split — but she'll be apples.' Then the silly bugger goes home and falls to bits"

Natually, there are exceptions . . . men who use reasoned arguments to try to change the system by making the public aware of how it fails — in human terms. A good example is this letter from Jim Martin, published in a Brisbane newspaper: "I am a male forced to live separate from my family . . . I love my wife. I have not harmed her in any way. I have been closely involved in my children's lives, to the extent of being a full-time, at-home parent for the last two-and-a-half years of the marriage. I have not harmed them in any way. Yet . . . out of 14 consecutive nights, I cannot live with them for 12. Of the 52 weeks of the year, I am forbidden by law to live with my children for 48. What crime have I committed to be punished like this?"

At the FADIC meeting, a man we'll call Bob (in deference to the fearsome Section 121) takes up the same theme. He says "fair access" (in his case every second weekend and half the school holidays) is turning his children into strangers.

"After three years of this, we're drifting apart . . . we feel uncomfortable with one another, and how could it be any other way? Their stress is worse than mine . . . my son has started messing his pants — at the age of 13! When the kids get agitated, they just stand and scream each other's names over and over and over. It drives me mad, but I don't know what to do.

"The worst thing is you can't help remembering the good times . . . the times when I knew all the *little* things about them, the things that make for conversation."

Another father at the meeting talks of how his children react when their holidays with him are nearing an end: "The barriers are just wearing down when they have to return to their mother . . . you can see them gearing up for it, hardening themselves towards me. You can see them *changing*. It's a really terrible experience to go through, not least because you know it will happen over and over." This father, an advertising executive, is increasingly aware of his own "deterioration."

"I'm very angry and hurt. I have to fight my own bitterness all the time. It makes me physically sick to see how selfish and cunning our children are becoming. They see their mother doing her thing, and me doing mine, and they think: 'Well, we'll just look out for ourselves.'

"Unless you are very strong inside," he adds, staring at his knees, "these things can tear you to pieces."

The meeting winds up on a lighter note when Weily suggests the need for a FADIC troubleshooting service — mobile "explainers" who would speed to the assistance of men like Steve the laborer, combatting confusion (and what it can cause) in the way Superman combats crime and natural disasters.

"*Superdad!*" someone jokes.

"Right!" says Weily, up and pacing. "We could organise a roster and specially marked FADIC vehicles. Our Explainers would wear FADIC badges . . . and it mightn't be a bad idea to equip them with video cameras. And not just to help men . . . God, there's so many women ringing me who also don't understand their rights."

They chew over themes for future TV ads; someone has the idea of using famous faces and the others throw in names of actors they'd like to see delivering the FADIC message.

"I've got it!" Weily's pacing seems to have paid off. He raises his hands dramatically. "Visualise a field," he says, "a huge field packed with ten thousand single Dads. They all raise their faces and arms to the camera, which is above them, and start to sing: '*We are the world, we are the fathers.*' "

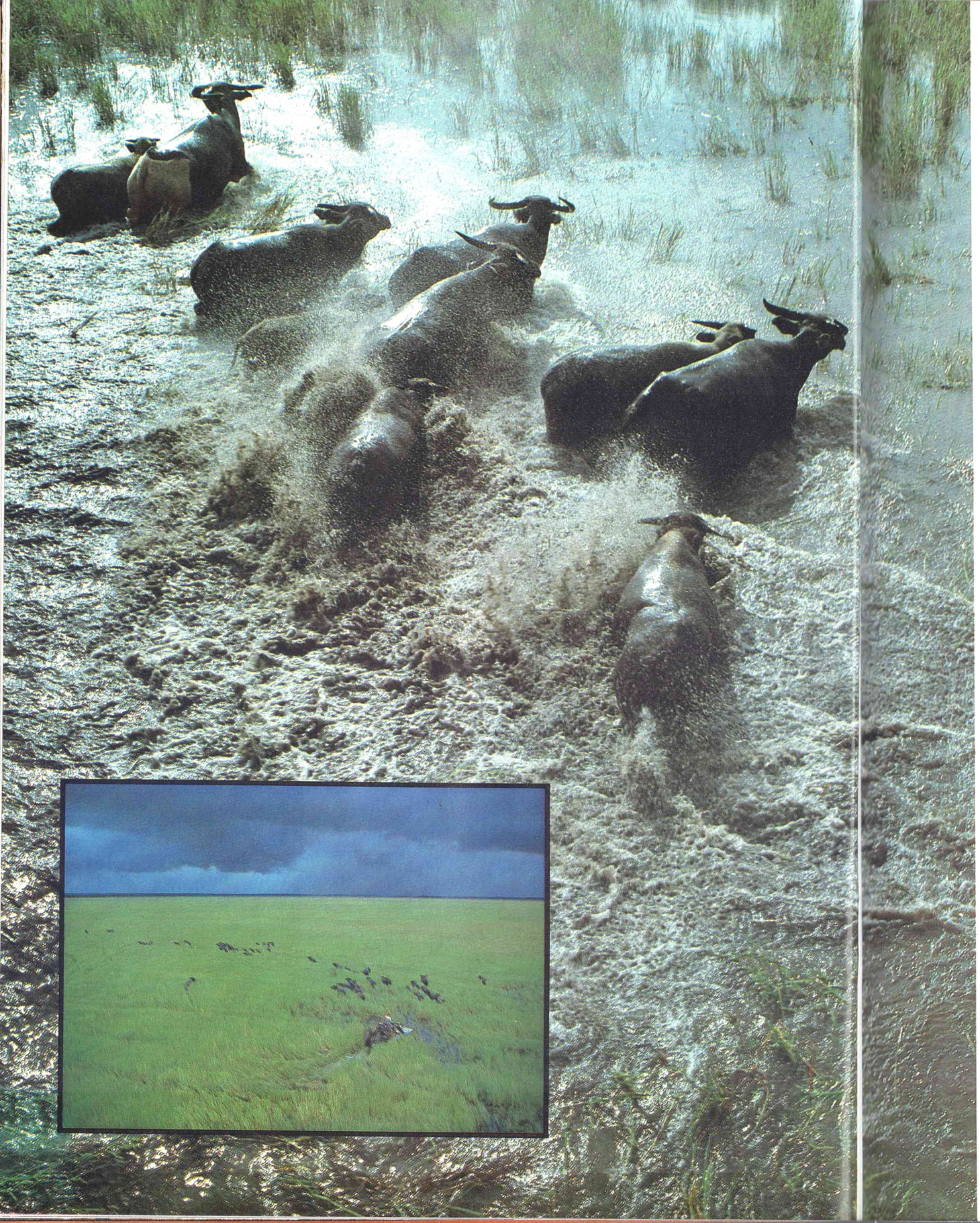
As the laughter fades, a voice asks tentatively, "Hey . . . is Bob Geldof divorced?" O+

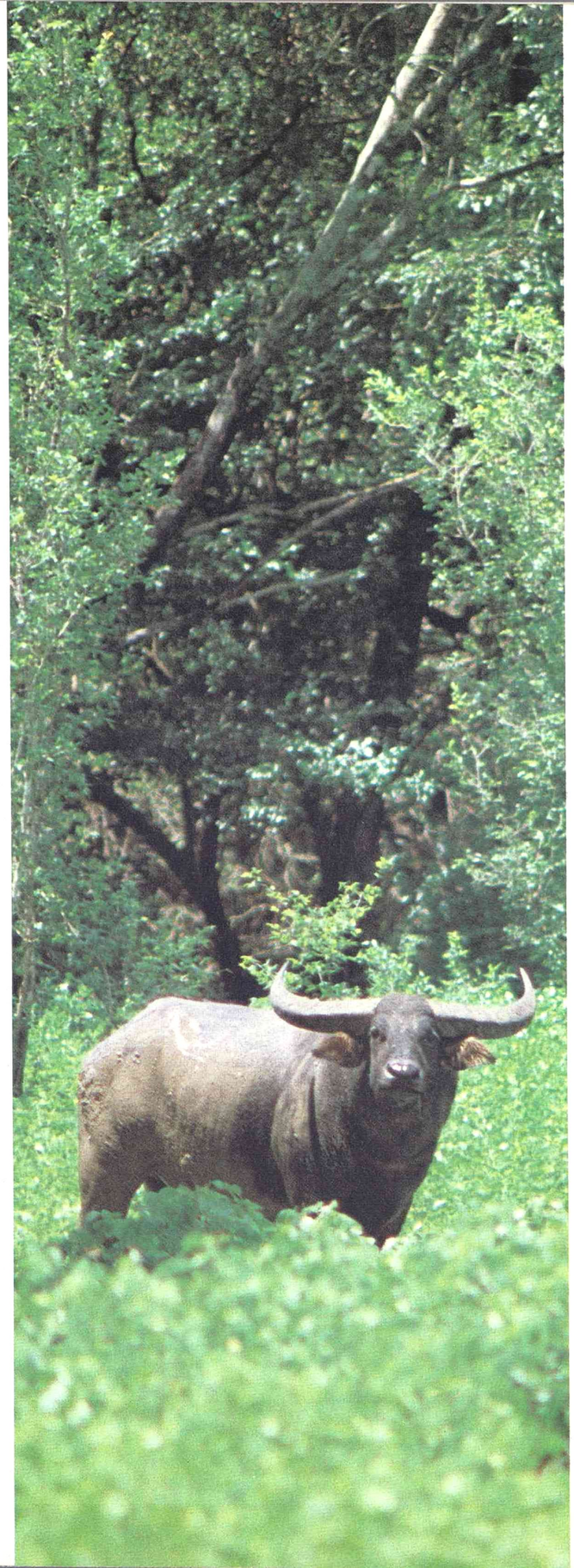
BUFFALO STAKES

BY TIM COPE

Like their feral prey, the buffalo hunters of the northern wetlands will soon pass into history

PHOTOS BY GUNTHER DEICHMANN





The game is up for the Australian wild buffalo hunter.

Tens of thousands of feral buffaloes are being domesticated or destroyed each year in a campaign to eradicate tuberculosis and brucellosis from Australian livestock. By 1992, the animals' 160-year rampage through the wetlands of the Northern Territory will be brought to an end. What was once the world's largest population of wild water buffalo will completely disappear.

A special breed of bushman has made a living shooting and catching buffaloes for almost 100 years. Often wilder than the animals they hunt, these men and their trade will soon pass into history. There are just a few good years of mustering left.

The buffaloes roam across the top end of the Territory from Arnhem Land to the Timor Sea — the descendants of 16 animals imported from South-East Asia in the 1820s to provide food and labor for early settlers.

Each year when the summer monsoons ease, the hunters roll their swags and leave home for the duration of the dry season. They are the last in a line of men like Joel Cooper and Barney Flynn, who shot 6000 buffaloes for hides in a two-year stint in the 1890s — on foot.

Now the buffalo men capture their game live for the abattoir and have modern equipment to help them — helicopters, trucks, and Toyotas equipped with the strange device they call the "bionic arm."

The long hours, the insects, heat, dust and mud, the isolation and the impossible terrain are the same as always, though. The chopper pilot is up and out of his mosquito net before the dawn, pumping fuel by hand into the tanks of his Bell 47. Soon pilot and machine are clattering out to the wetlands where neither horse nor vehicle can go, while the ground crew drive their cut-down Toyotas to the buffalo trap. The trap is set up on dry ground and consists of two long wings of hessian which will funnel the animals into a pen as they run from the helicopter.

Up in the air, Peter Underhill hovers above the paperbark swamp. The buffaloes begin lumbering away from the racket towards open ground. Peter's years as a US chopper pilot in Vietnam have left him an old hand at the art of two-hand, two-feet flying. At 200 feet, when most pilots find there's nothing spare to scratch their nose with, Peter reaches for his thermos flask, pours a coffee and packs his pipe. The

Left: The China-shop fragility of Australia's top end — at the mercy of the feral buffalo. Inset: The new round-up — with air boats.

mug's "I go down easy" inscription says it all as the buffaloes reach the open and Peter banks and plunges down behind them.

The chopper drives the animals to a waterhole where they can wallow and rest, and heads back to the swampy forest to collect another group. It's important to let the beasts get their breath back in case they run to exhaustion and untimely death.

Once a sizeable herd has gathered on the plain, the chopper drives them towards the trap, diving this way and that like an aerial kelpie. Up ahead, the ground crew smoke and wait. Two-way radios keep them in touch with the helicopter and what's happening out on the plain. As the mob gets closer the pilot urges them faster. It's not a good idea to give a herd of buffalo time to change its mind.

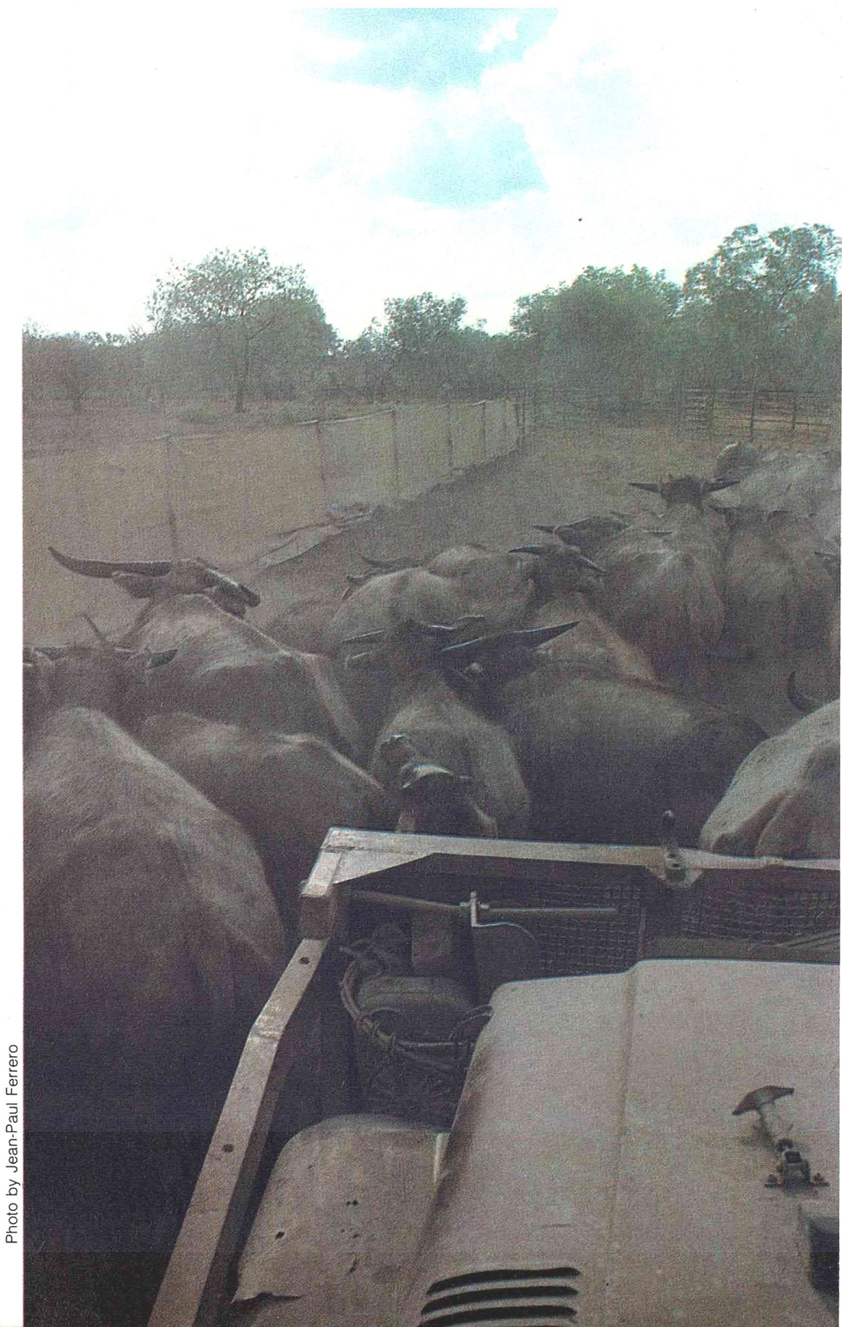
Unwittingly, the animals come into the giant funnel and the begoggled ground crew suddenly appear in their vehicles from behind the wings. Dust flies, saplings are levelled and the beasts stampede down an ever-narrowing channel towards the pen. Once in, the bolt is shot and the animals are hosed down to protect them against heat exhaustion.

For days the helicopter does trip after trip to the wetlands in the morning and late afternoon. Eventually the main herds are in the pens and road trains arrive to take them away for slaughter.

It's halftime. For the men on the ground the real battle hasn't even begun. The loners — cantakerous old bulls with no respect for noisy objects in the sky — are still out on the plain or hiding in the scrub.

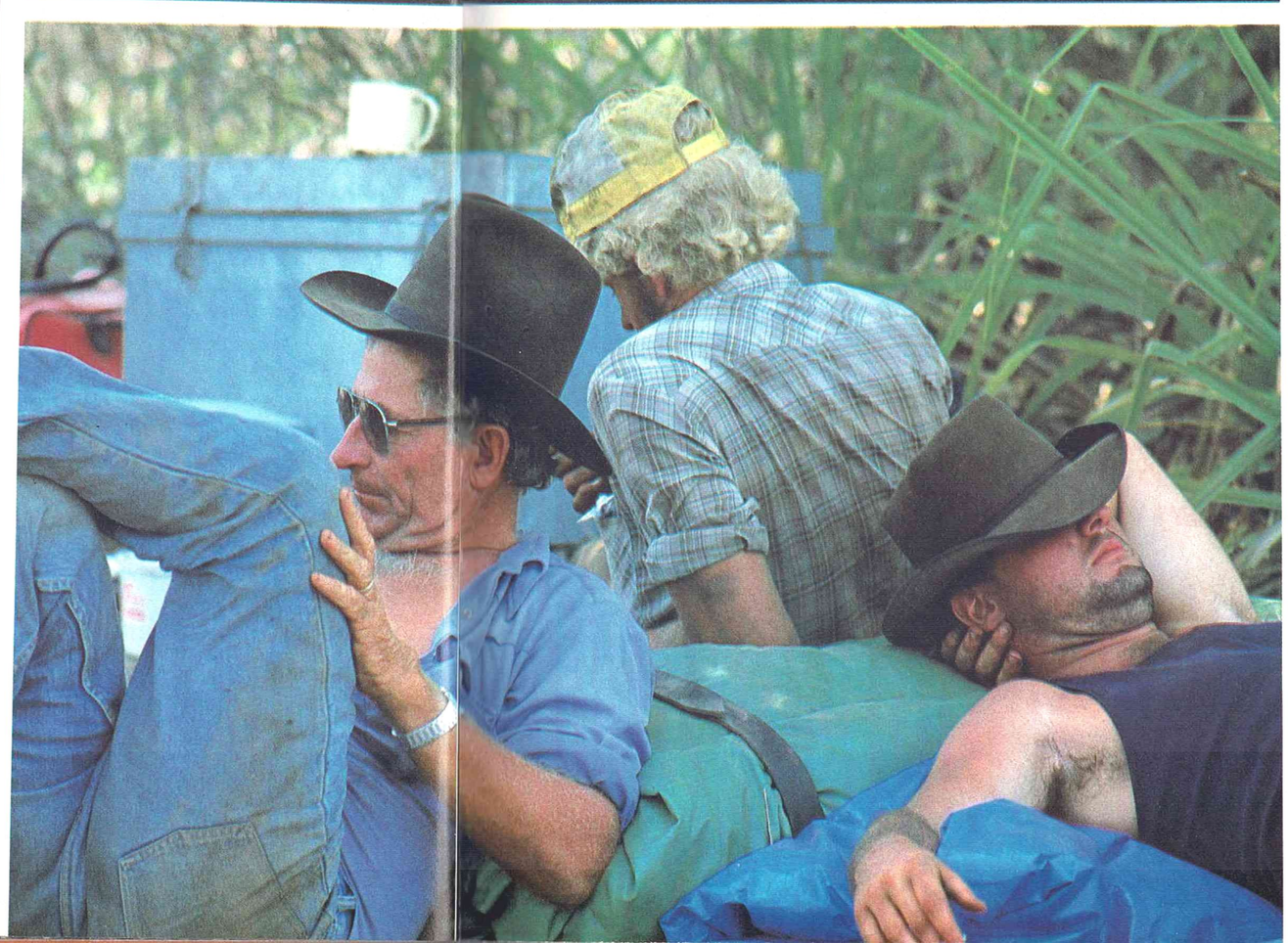
Until recently, the usual method of individual capture was the lasso. It's still used occasionally when there's no alternative. Needless to say, it is highly dangerous. The roper stands in his "electric chair" — a padded cage welded to the bull-bar. The noose is suspended at the end of a hand-held bamboo pole while the other end of the rope is tied to the vehicle. The driver has to dodge enormous anthills, stumps, pig holes, gullies and often the animal itself as he chases one tonne of desperate buffalo over the plain. When he gets his vehicle close enough for the lasso to be dropped over the beast's horns, the driver hits the brakes and the buffalo sprawls in the dust. Men leap from a support vehicle and spring across to tie its legs.

Nowadays, the bionic arm saves the roper his broken ribs. It was designed



Clockwise from right: The real reason some vehicles sport bullbars; the "bionic arm" catches beasts herded by chopper; hessian walls guide the buffaloes to their fate.

Photo by Jean-Paul Ferrero



to seize a buffalo around the neck from a moving vehicle at considerably less risk to man and beast. The mechanical arm is welded to a bullbar in place of the roper's cage. The driver needs just as much skill as before to rub shoulders with his target. At the critical moment the arm is released and swings over the buffalo's neck. The helpless animal has no choice but let itself be walked to the pen.

Some teams favor a knock-'em-down technique. Tyres are strapped to the bullbars to soften the blow, the trick being to hit the buffalo with just enough force to throw it off balance. Too much, and the impact will bruise it at best and possibly even break all its bones. A damaged buffalo is no good to anyone these days.

In dense scrub, obstacles render the bionic arm useless and the team has to use different tactics. Cluttered terrain is where Poddy comes into his own. Poddy is a thrower and a specialist at that. When the buffalo begins to tire, Poddy leaps from the moving jeep and, after chasing it between the trees, seizes its tail in both hands. He has to throw the bull on to its back with a sharp sideways jerk of the tail and keep it down until help arrives. He doesn't always succeed.

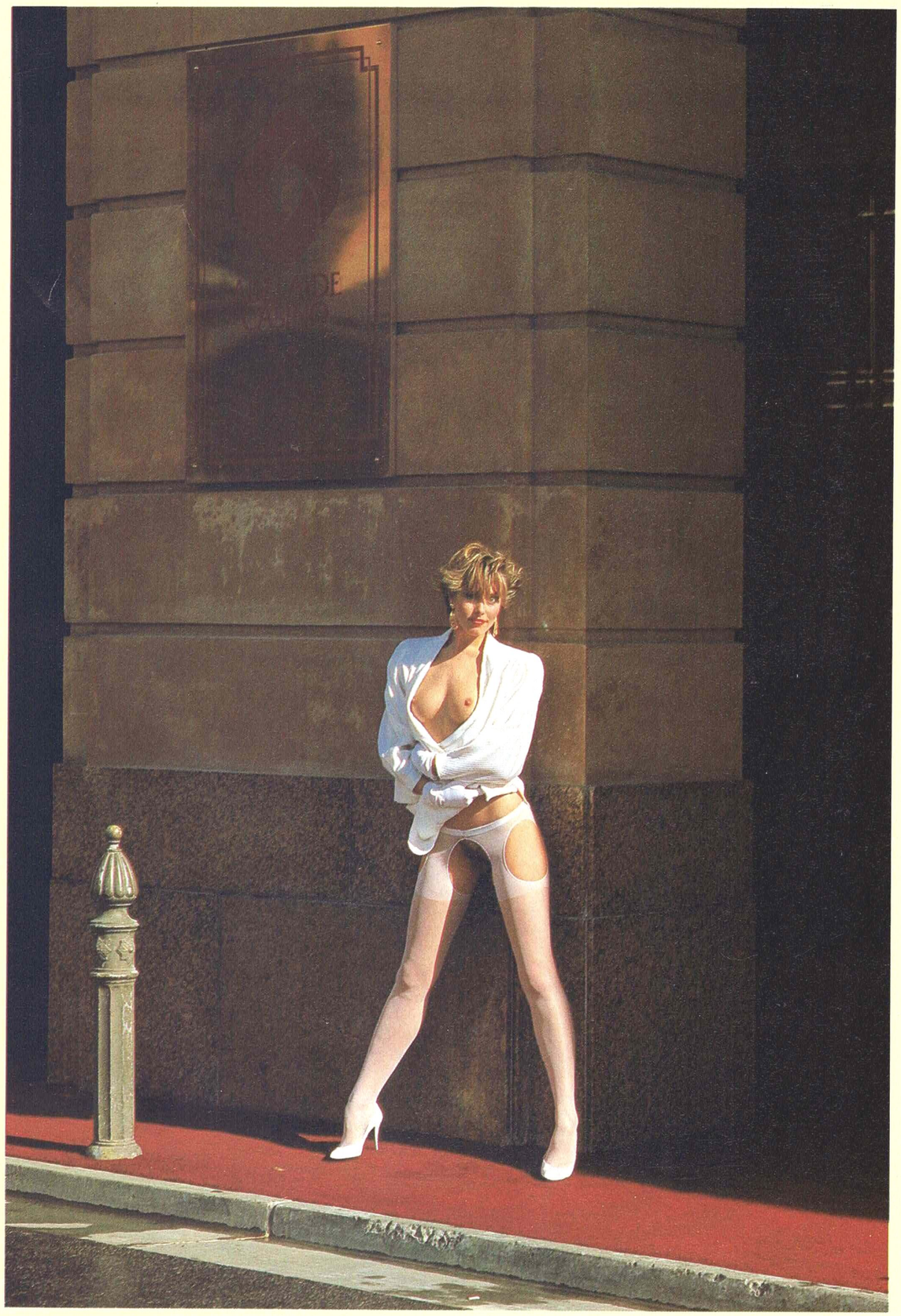
An outsider could be forgiven for thinking half the team has gone crackers from too many days in the sun. Back at the camp Poddy croons over his pet cockatoo. He's determined to teach it to speak but his method is a little unorthodox. "If you don't talk soon I'm going to rip your bloody head off," he repeatedly tells the bird.

These men like the north; for them there's nowhere else. They like its warmth, its space and its anonymity. Sitting around a campfire at the end of the day while a barramundi bakes on the coals, they've got enough freedom to requite a legion.

In the end it will be these men who correct the blunder of bringing buffalo to Australia. Unlike that other famous swamp-dweller of the north — the crocodile — the buffalo does not belong to this country. It has wreaked untold havoc on the fragile wetland ecosystems of the Northern Territory during its 160 years of feral inhabitation. The disease eradication campaign which is purging buffaloes from the Top End has come as a blessing in disguise for conservationists.

For the hunters it is the end of an era. Their jobs came complete with built-in obsolescence. ○—■

Clockwise from far left: At least saddle-sores aren't such a problem anymore; The buffaloes finally penned; Not a cigarette advertisement.

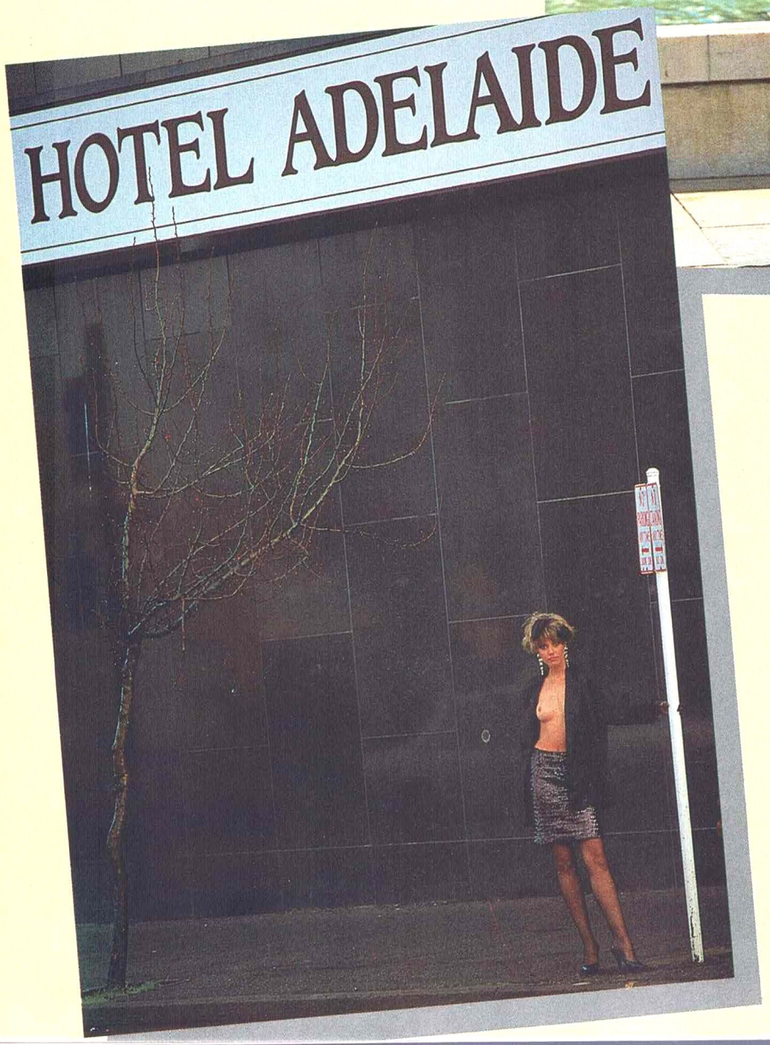


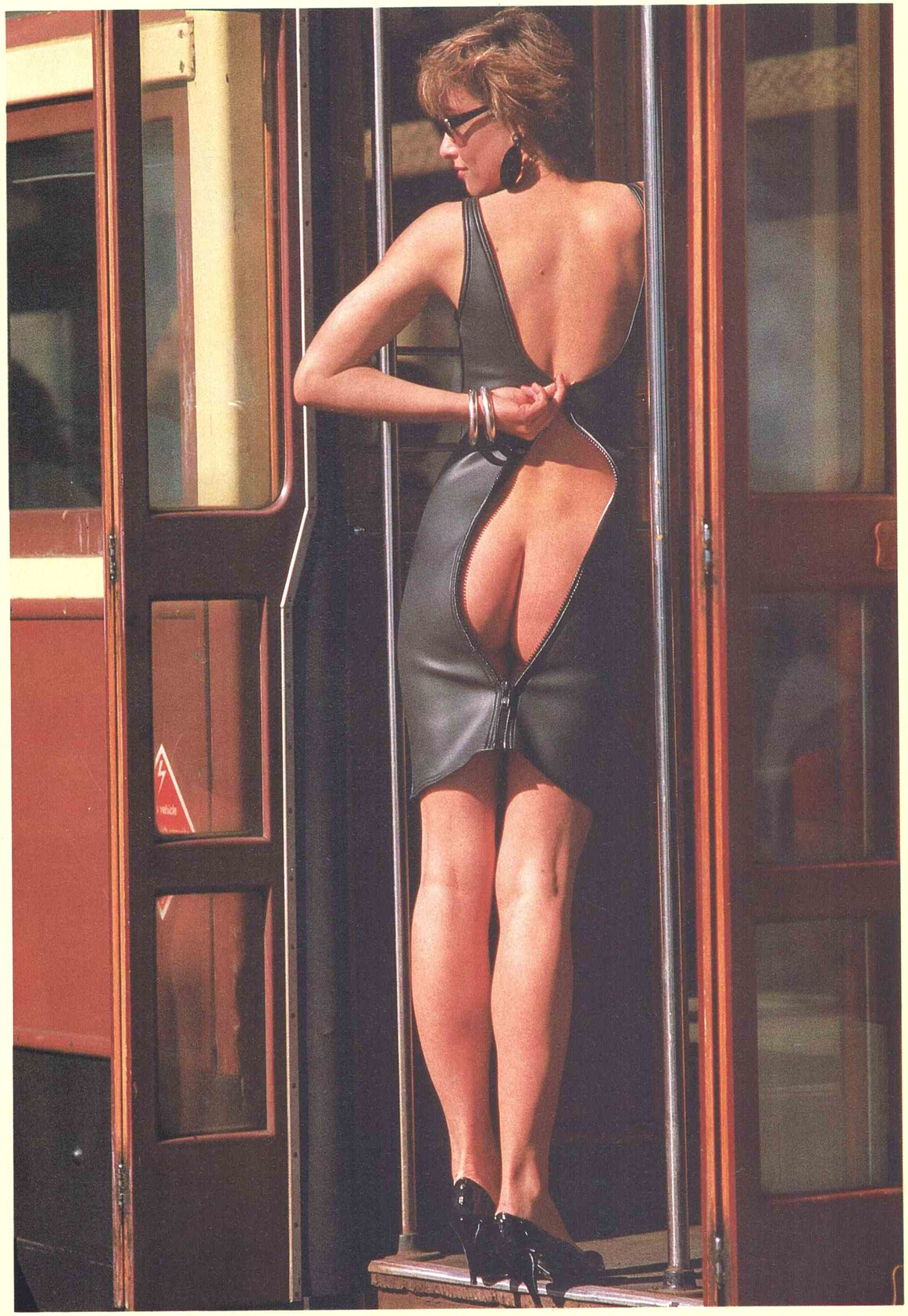
POSTCARDS FROM ADELAIDE

Hi Babe,
You wouldn't believe what's been going down in the fast-lane since I arrived in Adelaide.
See you soon XXX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

POSTCARDS FROM ADELAIDE





POSTCARDS FROM ADELAIDE

POSTCARDS FROM ADELAIDE

"I've always played it straight down the line. I've never, ever had to buy my way into anything"

LINDSAY HARTWIG

BY FRANK ROBSON

Only months after becoming a Country Party member in the Queensland Parliament, grazier Lindsay Earle Hartwig received a handwritten death threat over his support for the Iwasaki tourist project. What you might call a baptism of ire.

"How dare you. You bloody bastard. Wanting Japs to buy up Australia. You are nothing but a bloody traitor and should be shot. And it won't be long before you are. You stinking mongrel."

That was Hartwig's one and only death threat, but as for ire — anger, wrath, fury — well, it was just beginning. Born at Eidsvold on the Burnett River in 1919, the new Member for Callide came from a family proud of its 100-year association with the Country Party. In 1981, Lindsay Hartwig became the first politician ever to be expelled from that party — a movement his father had helped to form. Since then he's been the Queensland Parliament's only independent member, with a unique perspective on the strengths and weaknesses of government in Queensland. Unlike his government and opposition colleagues — amongst whom *Penthouse* has doggedly but unsuccessfully sought interview subjects for more than a year — Hartwig is largely unencumbered by the restrictions of party politics.

Despite his personal and electoral popularity, insiders were not overly surprised when the garrulous grazier — a man whose craggy, florid face reflects hard yakka and

PHOTO BY ANDREW MURRAY

rambunctious fun — was dumped for "conduct contrary to the party's best interests."

After all, hadn't Hartwig often criticised the National Party, mainly for its lack of ministerial representation in central and northern parts of Queensland? Hadn't he displayed a recklessly non-partisan approach to politics, attacking issues on behalf of his constituents with scant regard for the chanced embarrassment of the Government?

Damn it all, the man was behaving like an Independent — as though speaking his mind was more important than a stable ship of state.

On March 27, 1981 — by a vote of 33-2 for expulsion — the NP management committee made Hartwig a *real* Independent. After five years on a sort of political ice floe, Hartwig — at the time of writing — had not decided whether to re-contest his central Queensland seat at the State elections due in October this year.

Though he didn't quite admit it, word is that the beef-breeding pollie is waiting to see whether John Bjelke-Petersen (Joh's son) will be put forward as NP candidate for his electorate. If he is, chances are Lindsay Hartwig won't be able to resist taking him on. But while Joh and Lindsay are no longer the mates they used to be, it's Sir Robert Sparkes (NP state president) whom Hartwig blames for ending his career as a member of the Queensland Government.

Sir Robert, he says, leads a band of "faceless men" which effectively controls power in the Sunshine State. Premier Joh, Hartwig insists, is now little more than a figurehead, deferring — like the rest of the Parliamentary wing — to the backroom edicts of Sir Robert and the party administration.

Over the years, Sir Robert has made it clear that he considers Hartwig a malcontent whose attacks on the party were due more to his failure to receive a Cabinet appointment than to a need to speak his mind. At the time of his expulsion, Hartwig was accused of trying to start a breakaway party, something the gravel-voiced farmer has always denied. After winning his first election as an Independent in 1983, Hartwig joyously forecast awful embarrassments — even destruction — for the party that ejected him, likening himself to "a big mine waiting to explode."

But the explosion never really eventuated. Hartwig is still too attached to the party and its origins to deliberately do it damage; on the majority of issues, he still votes with the Government. Yet, as *Penthouse* Contributing Editor Frank Robson found, Lindsay Hartwig remains refreshingly candid in his opinions of that Government and what ails it. Like his friend Russ Hinze (a fellow racehorse owner) and the late Kev Hooper (ALP Archerfield), Hartwig represents the last of the "gunslingers": a political breed committed to the outdated notion that enemies should be shot in the chest, not the back.

Penthouse: After 14 years in the Queensland Parliament, what's your opinion of Joh?

Hartwig: Joh is a bushman-cum-politician. He's put into practice in politics what he believed when he was working in the bush. There's no doubt, though, that when Joh was Premier in his own right, he made better decisions than now that he's being guided by an invisible organisation that wants to control the reins of government. When I entered Parliament we actually made jokes about ALP people being controlled by Trades Hall. In those days in the Country Party, the members and Ministers, were very strong people; we made our political decisions and policies and stuck to them.

But there's been a gradual whittling away of Parliamentary Party power, which has been shifted to what I call Capitol Hill administration. Now the invisible people are telling the Premier and his crew what they've got to do.

Penthouse: Why has the Parliamentary wing of the National Party accepted this?

Hartwig: There was a power struggle between the political wing and the organisation for a number of years. Slowly, due to top men leaving politics, the organisation has effectively become the mouthpiece of the political wing. I don't think that's good for politics or for Queensland.

Penthouse: How much has this been due to the activities of the party's State President, Sir Robert Sparkes?

Hartwig: Sparkes of course wishes to be the strongman of Queensland politics. I firmly believe Joh Bjelke-Petersen is only here at the organisation's discretion. The invisible men, headed by Sir Robert Sparkes, have complete control of the political wing, which exists now only to dot the "I"s and cross the "T"s of politics and policies.

Penthouse: Who influences the decisions of what you call the invisible men?

Hartwig: Big business, multi-nationals . . . By that I mean if something big is looming on the horizon, and the administration wants the political wing to sit up and do something, then that issue is brought forward for a satisfactory recommendation. And I think the Bjelke-Petersen appeal fund [the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation] plays a role — where people contribute, and having made a contribution they can then receive consideration, possibly more so than the person who hasn't contributed. I know that to be a fact.

Penthouse: I read somewhere that the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation no longer exists. Is that true?

Hartwig: I think the National Party would like people to believe that, but it wouldn't be quite right.

Penthouse: In 1981, after your expulsion, you said a National Party member had suggested you make a $10,000 "gift" to the Bjelke-Petersen Foundation. The inference was that this was the way to obtain a position in Cabinet?

Hartwig: Yeah, that's right. I had a telephone call at the time when Joh's appeal fund reached central Queensland. I was asked to head the list with a five-figure amount. The suggestion was that I was wealthy — considered wealthy — and was thus in a position to contribute. There weren't any actual plums dangled in front of me, but a few of the ALP fellows came over and said, "For God's sake, Lindsay, take the offer. You'll become a Minister and we'll all benefit!" But I said at the time that I had never bought my way into anything, and never would. But I know other members who contributed, and they became Ministers, so that's the only inference I can draw . . .

Penthouse: Can you cite a recent example of National Party administration dominating the political wing?

Hartwig: Well, looking at it another way, the Lindeman Island issue was one when Government backbenchers stood up in Parliament and said they'd had enough. What they aimed to do was embarrass the Government in the House by voting against the legislation. This brought about the defeat of the whole idea. It was refreshing to see. In my day with the Party it would have meant automatic expulsion . . . but now, because they haven't got sufficient members, they can't afford to expel anybody.

Penthouse: What you're saying is that Joh's image — especially in the south — is a myth? He's no longer a one-man band, no longer the final decision-maker?

Hartwig: Not now, no. Joh isn't the strongman he used to be because the administration is sitting on him. That wasn't the case in the early days, when Joh really was tops and did a lot of good for Queensland. But his hands are tied a lot now. As a matter of fact, at various times there's been open conflict between him and the State President [Sir Robert].

Penthouse: Does the party overall encourage the idea that Joh is still very much in control?

Hartwig: Yes. After the last election, due to a couple of defections from the Liberal Party, the National Party governed in its own right. They obtained control of the Treasury benches for the first time — something they'd wanted very, very dearly for a long time. But we still lack parliamentary accountability, not only to Parliament, but to the people of Queensland. We, as MPs, do not know a lot about where money is allocated and where it's spent. When you read in newspapers of people being stood down from government jobs — people very close to the Premier — doesn't that indicate that we should have some form of accountability? A public accounts committee, whereby we could question the expenditure of the Government? There's a weir being built in my electorate now. Nobody's quite sure what the cost is; it is always given "approximately." Well, the cost could be a million or two out. These are the kind of things which, in other states, can be checked through a parliamentary accounts committee. That's surely part of the function of Parliament, to see that money is spent wisely and that members know where it goes. Look across the river here [where construction has begun on the Expo 88 complex]. There's millions being spent there. Where's it coming from? How is the money being allocated? I think the people of Queensland are entitled to know.

Penthouse: Your expulsion from the National Party was due largely to your public criticism of Government decisions. Why stick your neck out in that way?

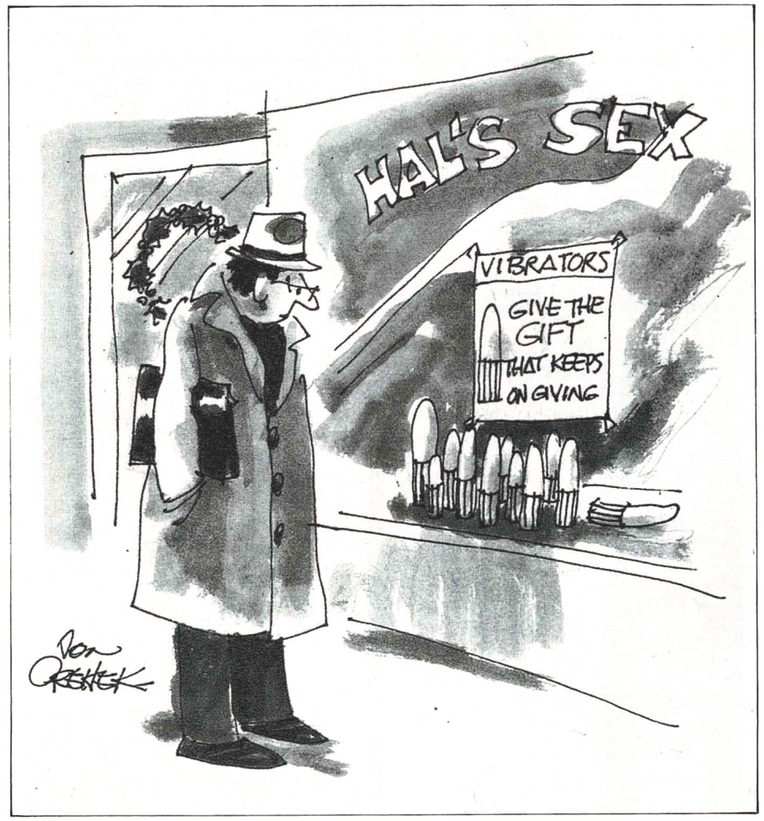
Hartwig: People have fought and died in this country to preserve freedom of speech. My father was a foundation member of the Country Party and we've been party people all our lives. When I joined the party you could still get up and say your piece without having your head lopped off. It was about nine years after I entered Parliament before I really woke up that it was changing. Around the same time it became clear that Joh was no longer fully in charge. They expelled me without any right of appeal. I challenge the right of any political party to do that.

Penthouse: Your disillusionment with the National Party — and with Joh — reached a peak, I understand, when you witnessed the Premier discussing ways and means of defeating his Liberal coalition colleagues with ALP frontbencher, the late Kev Hooper?

Hartwig: It happened one evening in August 1980, when I entered the parliamentary dining room. There was nobody else there, but as I started to eat, Kevin Hooper appeared. I invited him to join me, saying just because we were in different parties there was no reason why we shouldn't talk together. The words were hardly out of my mouth when the Premier appeared. The best defence is attack, so I invited the Premier to join us too. Discussion took place between the Premier and Kevin Hooper about ways and means of defeating the Liberal Party. There was a state election coming up at the time. The talk was about standing independent Labor members in various seats to try to whittle down the Liberal Party. I was quite disgusted, actually. I said to my wife later that I thought I'd stand as an Independent at the next election.

Penthouse: A newspaper quoted you as saying the incident was so distressing that you "went outside and had a good vomit."

Hartwig: Yes, well . . . I just didn't believe my ears at the time, that the Premier would be discussing such things with a member of the Opposition.



INTERVIEW

Penthouse: You didn't mention the meeting between Hooper and the Premier until after your expulsion the following year?
Hartwig: That's right. I was going overseas at the time and I didn't want to do anything to jeopardise my trip. But I later offered to go on a lie detector and repeat the information, and Kev Hooper backed up my account of that meeting.
Penthouse: Apart from the occasional criticism of the Government, the other reason discussed for your expulsion was your attempt to gain more Ministerial representation for central and northern parts of Queensland. Sir Robert Sparkes even accused you at the time of trying to form a breakaway party.
Hartwig: At the time, there was no Minister in Cabinet north of the Sunshine Coast. I called a meeting in my office of members from central and northern areas to discuss ways of getting our requirements before Cabinet. Of course, the word outside was that I'd tried to form a new party. I went on TV after my expulsion and offered $1000 to anyone who could prove those claims. No-one did.
Penthouse: There've been some interesting developments in the meantime. The day after your expulsion you said five Government backbenchers — the ones who met with you to discuss fairer representation — would join you in the "political cold." Not one of them did. In fact, three of those five — Vince Lester, Martin Tenni and Bob Katter — are now Cabinet Ministers. And the two party members, out of 35, who voted against your expulsion are no longer in office. What do you construe from that?
Hartwig: Let me touch on the dumping of two Cabinet Ministers — Ken Tomkins and Vic Sullivan — following the famous northern fishing trip in 1982. [The Ministers "retired" after public allegations of a taxpayer-funded junket aboard a Government boat in the Torres Strait.] That was the most cowardly bit of "justice" I ever saw. Those two loyal Ministers were forced to walk out of this Parliament without even being offered a cup of tea. That's one of the things I'll always remember about the Nazi Party . . . sorry, I mean the National Party.
Penthouse: Of course, Sir Robert Sparkes had said your criticism of the Government was largely due to the fact that you wanted to be appointed to Cabinet, and weren't.
Hartwig: I know all about seniority and what have you. It was always understood that you put in eight or nine years on the back benches before there was a possibility of a Cabinet position. But if Sparkes looked at my electorate of Callide, and saw how I went from 50.3 percent of the primary vote in my first election to 64 percent in the 1977 election, he'd see the story. Every party branch and organisation in Callide wrote to the Premier asking for me to be made a Cabinet Minister. It wasn't me pushing that. But after the 1977 election, two men entered Cabinet over people who'd waited years and years. And I wasn't the only one to miss out . . .
Penthouse: If you had your time over, would you pay that $10,000 which it's claimed might have secured you a Cabinet appointment?
Hartwig: No. I had a pretty hard upbringing, and I've always played it straight down the line. I've never, ever had to buy my way into anything. And I've done pretty well out of life — despite Sir Robert Sparkes' criticism of me. And I'll tell you something: I was a pretty strong man in the National Party. There's no room for two strong men.
Penthouse: Do you mean yourself and Sir Robert?
Hartwig: Well, somebody had to go, didn't they?
Penthouse: Has there always been animosity between you and Sir Robert?
Hartwig: No. I have a clipping from the day I was selected and endorsed in Rockhampton. Sparkes is quoted as saying the man selected was definitely Cabinet material. I think what changed that was the activities of a couple of Rockhampton people who were hellbent on destroying me. They constantly rang Sparkes with innuendo and accusations that couldn't be justified. I told Sir Robert before my expulsion that he'd have to decide whether to believe me, and the people who support me electorally, or a couple of ratbags.
Penthouse: Were these "ratbags" anything to do with the death threat you received in 1972 for your support of the Iwasaki project at Yeppoon?
Hartwig: No, that was a separate thing. The feeling was running very high in Yeppoon at those times. I was a supporter of the Iwasaki tourist project even before Joh came in on it. For the first couple of years, the Premier was very cool towards the Japanese project. When the Japanese involved first came to Brisbane, I took them around to the Executive Building to meet the Premier. From then on, the Premier got behind it. Now Mr Iwasaki has invested more than $60 million here, so it's good for Queensland.
Penthouse: After you won Callide as an Independent in 1983, you gleefully described yourself as "a big mine waiting to explode." Did you mean you would "explode" about something specific?
Hartwig: Well, up until a short time later, when the two Liberals defected to the National Party, I technically had the balance of power in the House. That would have been a very dangerous situation for the Government, because they would never know whether I was with them or against them. And I'd vowed to treat them with contempt.
Penthouse: How did Joh react to you winning Callide?
Hartwig: He refused to shake my hand after the election. Now, the Premier's a bushman and I'm a bushman — we're both country blokes. Country people tend to shake hands more than city people. It's an expression of faith and recognition and friendship. And trust. On my first morning in Parliament after winning Callide, Joh refused my hand . . . Governments fear Independents, because they can't control them. They control the Opposition by having the numbers, and their own members by using the fear of non-endorsement, expulsions and so on.
Penthouse: Will you contest the state election later this year?
Hartwig: The Government divided my electorate in half last year, creating the new seat of Broadsound. This has made it easier for me to win, but before confirming whether or not I'll run, I want to see who the candidates are. I am critical of this new National Party habit of taking in members of other political parties almost en masse . . . endorsing people known to oppose all the philosophies of the party, for political expediency. I don't think people will forget what happened with Don Lane. They voted Liberal and elected a Liberal member, and before the poll had closed Lane was a National Party member — and a Minister! I think they've got a hide. It'll be the undoing of the Nationals eventually.
Penthouse: Who are the most effective members of the Queensland Cabinet?
Hartwig: Well, Russ Hinze of course. He'd be the most capable and senior Minister. I knew him before I even entered Parliament and have always admired the guy. He's one who'll make decisions — one *capable* of making decisions. He'll go down as one of the greatest Racing Ministers ever, but he's effectively lost control of the portfolio now the Premier's got the pursestrings, and racing clubs around the state are screaming for money. Other good men — well, there's Mike Ahern, he's a fairly knowledgeable young fellow, but

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his religion of course comes into it.

Penthouse: You mean, because Ahern is a Catholic and there's supposed to be opposition to Catholics within this Government?

Hartwig: Yes, that's on. No doubt about that. Ahern being a Catholic makes his job that much harder.

Penthouse: What is the basis of the opposition to Catholics?

Hartwig: A little bit of bigotry from the hierarchy. I'm not a Catholic, but I've had time to observe certain things. So that's Ahern's problem. Russ Hinze, I think, has gone past the stage where he could really make a serious challenge (to Premier Joh) despite his ability. Which leaves a very, very ordinary lot.

Penthouse: Is there *anyone* who looks promising?

Hartwig: That's one of the tragedies of this Parliament! There's nobody being groomed. There's a couple of fellows on the back bench who, if they can get the break, have a better chance of being Premier than those in Cabinet. It's not good for the future of this state. But, you see, the one way leaders stay strong is to have weak men around them.

Penthouse: Harking back to the time of your expulsion, were you disappointed when the five backbenchers from country and northern areas — the five you believed were going to support you — didn't offer that support?

Hartwig: Yes, I was very disappointed. It was a complete let-down — they let me carry the baby. There were other things suggested which I never revealed. I stayed loyal to them. But, obviously, they were all chasing the carrot.

Penthouse: Why doesn't Joh create a public fuss over what you say is the steady erosion of power from the Government's Parliamentary wing?

Hartwig: Well, he certainly has. He's had very severe differences with the State President. But the management committee of the party has won the power struggle, because the Premier has lost senior Ministers over the years and the invisible people, as I call them, have increasingly asserted their authority.

Penthouse: In your opinion, why doesn't Joh resign?

Hartwig: Well, he's been there such a long time. And one has to look at the alternative — the Opposition. And the Opposition in recent years has been very weak in Queensland. They got down to 11 members a few elections back. So Joh really has had a fairly easy career in terms of holding power, up until the last election.

Penthouse: How much longer do you think Joh will continue, politically?

Hartwig: I think he'll sit another term, and then I'd say he'll consider leaving. But a man of his style, well, he could go on indefinitely. I think the degeneration of the management committee and its method of selecting candidates is going to have a devastating effect on the party in years to come . . . Party politics is one of the evils of our way of life today. In this state a minority group is foisting its ideas not only on the electors but on the Government. I don't think that's what you call democratic government.

Penthouse: Will the National Party retain Government in its own right after this year's State election?

Hartwig: It hasn't got a hope in hell. It will have no alternative but to return to a coalition with the Liberals. The coalition should never have ended . . . Sir William Knox [Liberal Parliamentary Leader] is without doubt the most capable man in State Parliament today. He's miles ahead of the Premier . . . and yet we find the Nationals are always sticking the boot into the Liberals. It's one of the things I've never liked about the National Party.

Penthouse: You've said that Joh's pilot, Beryl Young, is his real "minder." That she makes Sir Edward Lyons — who has been publicised as the Premier's closest friend and confidant — look like a poor relation. Can you elaborate?

Hartwig: It's commonly known that Beryl is a close friend of the Premier's. Very close.

Penthouse: Close enough to influence policy decisions in this Government?

Hartwig: Yes. Well, she has an office in the Executive Building and she draws a pretty hefty salary. And she has got to know the Premier very well. I think that history will record that Beryl Young has had more influence on Joh than probably any other single person, including his wife. By influence, I mean in decision-making, appointments and so on. During the many hours they spend together, flying and so on, Beryl expresses her point of view and most times I think the Premier listens, and perhaps acts on her various suggestions. She is a very influential person so far as the Premier's concerned.

Penthouse: How long will it be before Joh's son, John, enters politics?

Hartwig: Well, that's the big question. I believe there is a plan to get John Bjelke-Petersen into politics, and that it could happen a lot sooner than people think. You see, the seat of Broadsound — my electorate — encompasses the property of the Premier's son.

Penthouse: How would you go against John Bjelke-Petersen, armed as he is with the famous name?

Hartwig: He wouldn't get hot, really. But I don't know if he's the one they have in mind. They're hanging back in announcing a candidate. That may be the reason.

Penthouse: Is it frustrating being an Independent in this Parliament?

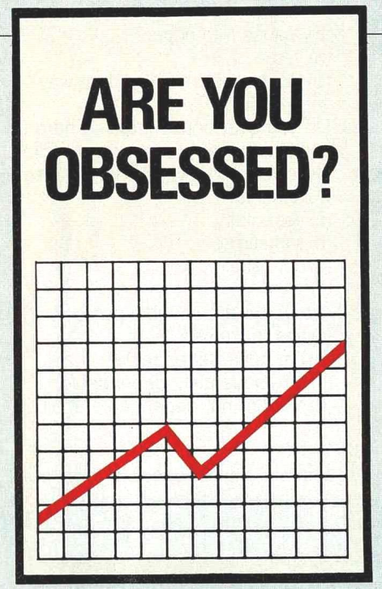
Hartwig: Yes, it certainly is. The Government has really exiled me. They look for my vote, of course, if they're in trouble. And the majority of times, I've helped them, because despite Robert Sparkes my family and I have been either National Party or Country Party all our lives. About 500 people left the National Party after my expulsion — at twenty bucks each a year, that's $10,000 a year.

Penthouse: Before your expulsion, did you consider the Premier a friend?

Hartwig: Oh yes. I still don't think the Premier is the one to blame for my expulsion. He came in, and took the stance he did, because he had to. ○+

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU OBSESSED?



Obsession may be a great name for a perfume, but as a psychological state of mind it leaves a lot to be desired. The word comes from the Latin military term for "besiege." And that's just what obsessions do to the mind. They surround it like medieval armies besieging a fortress and prevent us from breaking through our own circumscribed world to make contact with the larger world.

People who are obsessive may be extremely successful because they can concentrate on one aspect of their lives with enormous intensity. Yet, no matter how much they accomplish, it rarely satisfies them because they can never quite achieve the degree of meticulous control they consider necessary. Look what happened to Howard Hughes. Or how about Othello? He became so blindly obsessed with the idea that Desdemona might be getting a little sex on the side that he ended up killing her *and* himself. That was a hell of a solution to a problem that didn't exist in the first place.

This psychograph is not specifically designed to tell you if you're completely obsessed. According to the experts, such people make up only about one percent of the population. And they're too busy with their obsessions to take time out for a quiz like this anyway. Instead, we've constructed this questionnaire to focus on what psychologists and psychiatrists call "the obsessive personality." This is a more common set of traits and behavior standards, and people who exhibit it don't necessarily indulge in the bizarre rituals that characterise those who suffer from advanced obsessive-compulsive disorders. A high score on this psychograph doesn't mean you're loony, but it may suggest that you are constricting your life to an uncomfortable degree. You may be losing a lot of the joy of living because you're too wrapped up in narrow, constricting concerns. You may, as they say, be missing the forest for the trees.

1. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
   (a) I'm a strong believer in the old maxim: "A place for everything, and everything in its place."
   (b) I'm quite orderly, but I don't mind if occasionally someone rearranges things for me.
   (c) My surroundings may look disorderly, but I can usually find what I need.
   (d) I'm a total disorderly slob who often has trouble finding stuff.

2. Do you think you'd be intimidated if a beautiful, unpredictable woman showed an interest in you?
   (a) yes, totally
   (b) Yes, but I think I'd be fascinated enough to try and pursue the relationship.
   (c) No, I'd love it.
   (d) No, but I don't think I'd pursue the relationship because I don't like upheaval and unpredictability in my life.

3. Are you a punctual person?
   (a) yes, very
   (b) When it's important, yes; but not always.
   (c) no

4. How much freedom did your parents let you have as a kid?
   (a) My parents really let me run wild. I could do just about anything I wanted.
   (b) I think my parents struck a pretty good balance between protecting me and giving me freedom.
   (c) My parents were very protective. I often couldn't do things other kids were allowed to do.

5. In general, how did your parents judge your behavior and schoolwork when you were a kid?
   (a) My parents always seemed to praise everything I did, even when I didn't really deserve it.
   (b) My parents never paid much attention to my schoolwork or behavior.
   (c) My parents usually praised me when I deserved it.
   (d) My parents were very critical of everything I did.

6. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "I have very strong religious, moral, and ethical beliefs"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree
   (c) I'm not particularly religious, but I believe I'm a fairly ethical person.

7. Do you have strong political beliefs?
   (a) yes
   (b) no
   (c) I suppose I'm about average. I've got political opinions, but I'm not fanatical about them.

8. Do you check and recheck things several times to make sure you've done them right?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

9. How do you react to having small children around?
   (a) I enjoy them.
   (b) I get nervous around kids.
   (c) I can take them or leave them.

10. Do you feel you're pretty much in control of your life?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes yes, sometimes no
    (c) No, I often worry about losing control.

11. Which of the following statements most closely describes how you make decisions?
    (a) I make quick decisions and rarely change them.
    (b) I make quick decisions and some-

times I regret it.
(c) I have real trouble making decisions, but once I do I rarely change them.
(d) I have real trouble making decisions, and even when I make one I don't usually consider it final.

12. When you go to bed at night, have you already planned precisely what you will wear in the morning?
(a) yes
(b) Sometimes, like when I have to get out of the house early in the morning for a special occasion.
(c) not usually

13. Do you have many routines in your life? (Example: visiting your family on the same day each week.)
(a) yes
(b) Some, but probably no more than the average person.
(c) No, I'm very erratic.

14. How do you feel if you are forced to alter your normal routines by something like an emergency or a visit from a friend?
(a) That's fine, in fact I find it exciting when something happens to shake up my life.
(b) Sometimes I enjoy such a change of pace, sometimes I don't.
(c) I hate it. I get nervous when I can't do the things I'm used to doing.

15. Do you enjoy travelling?
(a) Yes, very much. I love seeing unfamiliar places.
(b) Sometimes, but it's always nice to come home.
(c) Not really.

16. Do you often have doubts about yourself and what you do?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

17. Do you often have disturbing or irrational thoughts even when you try to avoid them?
(a) yes
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

18. Do you ever feel that by thinking something bad will happen, you may actually cause it to occur?
(a) yes
(b) No, life doesn't work that way.

19. Do you ever concentrate so hard on something that you lose track of time, forget to eat, or overlook important appointments?
(a) yes, often
(b) sometimes
(c) not usually

20. Are you a dependable person?
(a) yes, extremely
(b) I'm quite dependable.
(c) I'm moderately dependable.
(d) No, I'm not dependable at all.

SCORING
All answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of your answers. The highest possible score is 113 points; the lowest, 20.

1. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1
2. a-4, b-5, c-1, d-3
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-1, b-3, c-5
5. a-3, b-1, c-2, d-5
6. a-5, b-1, c-3
7. a-5, b-1, c-3
8. a-7, b-3, c-1
9. a-1, b-5, c-2
10. a-1, b-3, c-8
11. a-3, b-1, c-5, d-4
12. a-5, b-2, c-1
13. a-5, b-2, c-1
14. a-1, b-3, c-6
15. a-1, b-3, c-5
16. a-5, b-3, c-1
17. a-8, b-3, c-1
18. a-8, b-1
19. a-6, b-3, c-1
20. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1

If you scored 91 to 113 points:
You appear to have strong obsessional leanings. This does not mean that you are a clinical nut case, but it does suggest that you may have a tendency to let repetitive rituals and compulsive actions rule your life. The good news is that these behaviors often disappear as suddenly as they appeared in the first place. They are often successfully dealt with through behavioral therapy. In fact, if you feel your obsessions are cramping your life, you might try a little behavioral therapy yourself. When you are tempted to engage in one of your standard rituals or compulsive behaviors, simply refrain from doing it. You will feel exposed and maybe even frightened. But if you can stand the tension for a while, you'll see that nothing bad is likely to happen. The simple act of refusing to give in to your compulsions may make them wither away so you can get on with the business of enjoying your life.

67 to 90 points:
People in this category are more likely to exhibit the standard "obsessional personality" we discussed earlier. They don't necessarily have the tics, rituals, or compulsions associated with extremely obsessive people, but they do have a single-mindedness that can give a narrow focus to their lives. According to psychologists those with obsessional personalities are "rigid, stubborn, pedantic, and something of a bore." On the other hand they're also punctual, meticulous and dependable, which can make them extremely good and productive workers. If this describes you, a little loosening up may be in order. If you can just ease up on yourself slightly, you may find life is more enjoyable than you ever suspected.

43 to 66 points:
You appear to have few obsessional traits, but you may exhibit just enough of them to give your life a nice balance. You don't waste time on useless, repetitive, predictable behavior, yet you can be conscientious and focus tightly on things when the need arises. You have probably established your priorities. You appear, in short, to be a model of moderation — and that's rarer than you might think in this day and age.

20 to 42 points:
You appear to be virtually free of obsessional impulses. You are unlikely ever to feel an irresistible "need" to do anything. People in this category may be true free spirits who look at each day with fresh eyes. They shun the predictable and crave new experiences. They float along, happy to experience whatever comes down the path. While this often makes them interesting people, it may also cause them trouble when they try to settle down and function in the real world, which usually rewards persistence more than flightiness and creativity.

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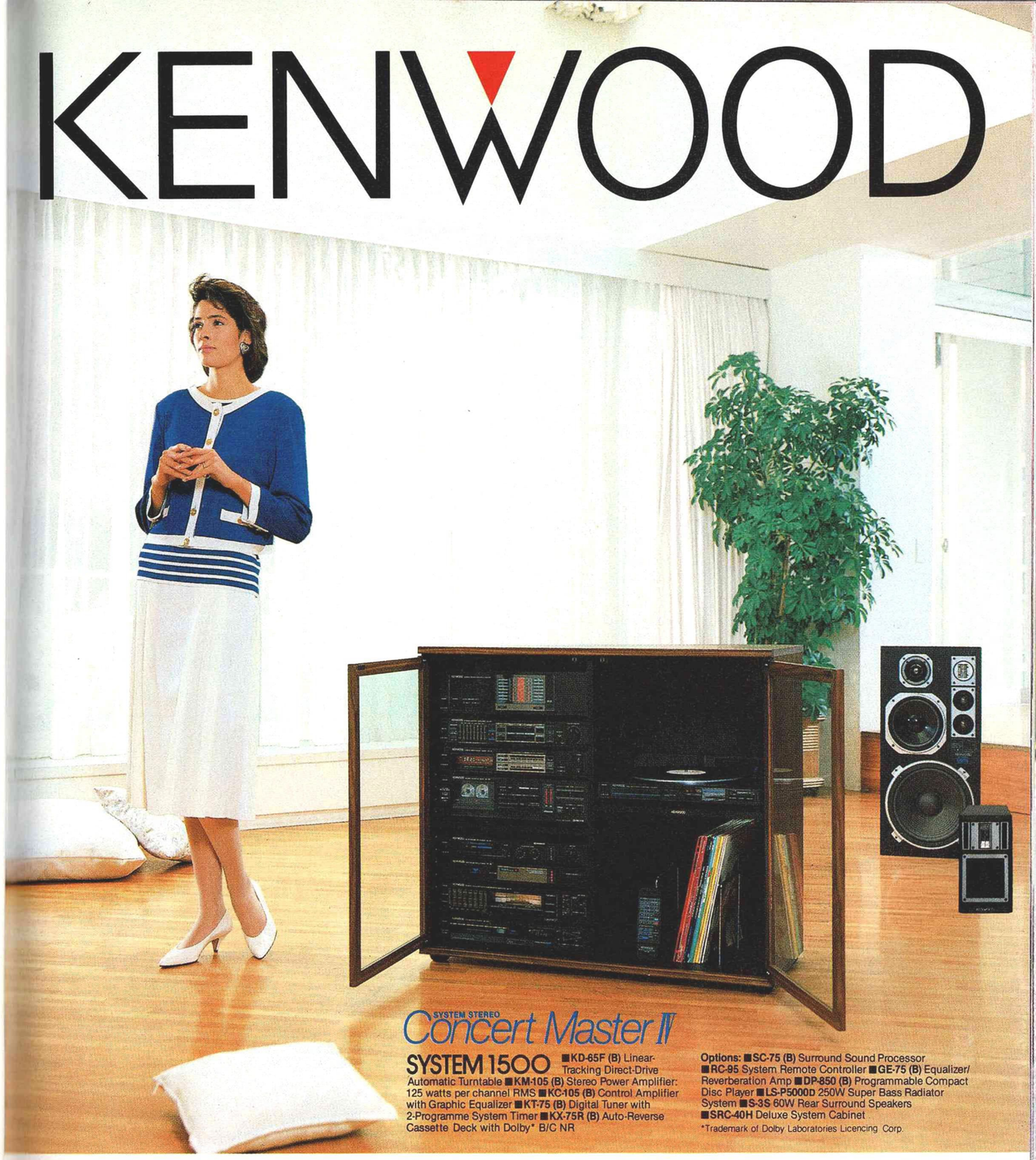
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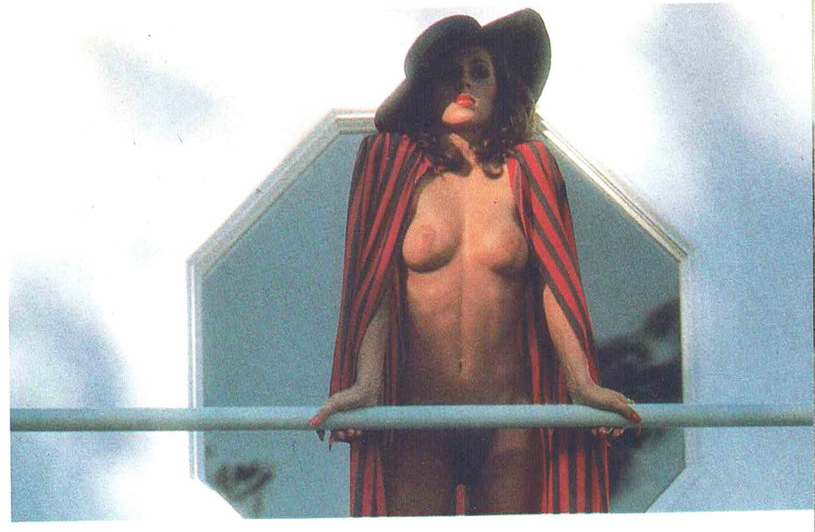
FANTASYLAND

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I could be faithful to one man, and I'd love to have children and settle down sometime in the future," tells Erica Bright. "But I have no illusions about married life. To some women, tying the knot is like stepping into a Walt Disney feature — and that's a mistake.

"Even friends of mine think marriage will answer all their problems — men among them. So I tell them about some of my affairs. Can you believe their attitude is: it couldn't happen to me?"



Erica gives the strong impression, with her serious-minded attitude to her love life, that she would like a director's hand in re-scripting some of those movie-like images that many have of betrothal. Perhaps a documentary approach . . . if not a little blue . . .

"Come on," she urges. "I've screwed with enough married men to know how many of them think a fling's okay. But," she smiles, "you should hear their hurried, parting excuses when I suggest their wives are probably — at that moment — getting it on as well. They're racing home to check!"

Britain's revitalised Rover has mated with Honda to produce a new luxury car

RETURN OF THE ROVER

BY PETER McKAY

MOTORING

Rover. Ah yes, the car for the pin stripe and bowler set. As solid as Gibraltar. True Brit. Walnut fascias, leather seats, and timeless, conservative styling mirroring the social attitudes of those who bought it. Jaguars were for the overtly well-to-do, those who displayed their wealth like a Lacoste badge . . . on the outside; Rover owners were not so crass. Not so flashy.

That was Rover in the Fifties and Sixties. But like the rest of the British car industry, Rover was pole-axed by disease in the Seventies. Rover caught the mange.

Remember? Smug Australians leaped behind the wheels of their Kingswoods and Falcons and laughed about the poor old Poms. "The British Disease" — the running sore of strikes and indolence in the UK in the Seventies and early Eighties — could never come Down Under . . .

It was a rugged time for British car makers. Rover and other stale slices of the State-owned Leyland cake were potential basket cases, death apparently inevitable because of abominable products, tortoise-

ROVER

like productivity rates and decaying assembly plants, and the ultimate legacy of crippling losses.

This was the country and the organisation responsible for some of the greatest piles of poop ever to crawl off an assembly line. Bad cars, badly built. Morris Marina, Triumph TR7, Austin Princess . . . The miserable Leyland scenario of the day was disturbingly similar to the present Holden situation (last year's losses: $100 million).

In the late Seventies, the upmarket Rover 3500 SD1 looked set to herald a product-led fightback. Warmly received, the attractively-styled gentleman's carriage won the 1977 European Car Of The Year Award before Rover promptly shot itself in the foot. All the old bogies came to the fore. Anyone who owned one of those early models will recoil in horror at the memory of the litany of problems. Those cars were built in an atmosphere of hostility, a war zone. The build quality and chronic unreliability of the poor Rover 3500 secured the car the ignominy of a berth among *Penthouse's* Worst Cars Of The Decade recently.

All of which is history . . .

Enter a reborn Pommie car maker. Enter the all-new 1986 version of the classic British executive express, the Rover 800-series model. Enter optimism. Enter hope.

With the wheezing old car maker so near strangulation, there was no time for subtleties. The company's executive task force aggressively waded into the blood-sucker unions, systematically weeding out the destructive manipulators of labor and discovering underneath a hard core of British workers. The Rover Group is currently manufacturing 14 cars per worker per year; in 1980 the figure was six cars per man.

The new computer designed-and-built front-wheel-drive Rover 800 is the product of a joint venture between the Brits and Honda Japan. It's a car produced by two distinct teams and philosophies working half a globe apart. The East-West liaison was a desperate bid for survival which looks like coming off. It's also a guide to future moves within the automobile business — troubled car makers will increasingly turn to joint venture operations.

The lifeline with perhaps Japan's most innovative car maker came about through Rover's lack of a substantial budget for vehicle development. Most of its available funds had been snaffled by necessary new technology to bring the design and production techniques forward to the Eighties. For its part, Honda (like all Japanese vehicle manufacturers) was desperate to move into the European market.

It was a marriage not so much of love but convenience. The two medium-sized car makers pooled their talent and split costs to design and produce two outwardly different cars sharing basic mechanicals. Known strengths were sensibly utilised in this partnership. The advanced 2.5-litre V6 engine, and auto and five-speed transmission, were purely Honda. Rover took charge of body structure and suspension development. To ensure a distinctive appearance for the new Honda and Rover, each company was responsible for the styling of its own version.

So along came the Honda Legend, which was launched in Australia in May, and the Rover 800 series, which will hit these shores early in '87.

It has to be said: the Rover is the more appealing car. Styling is always a matter of personal taste. Neither Rover nor Legend are visual stunners, but the British car is arguably prettier. And the Rover's firmer suspension produces ride and handling levels that suit Australia's demanding conditions. This is no coincidence; during the car's development phase suspension components and air conditioning were extensively tested in the bush around beautiful, dusty Cobar.

> Such a daring move by Honda. In the bad old days, Honda would never have allowed the Brits to put their mitts on its cars

Initially, only the V6-engined version will be available in Australia, with a Rover-designed 2.0-litre four-cylinder likely to follow if sufficient demand is whipped up.

The more powerful Honda V6 will have plenty of appeal to Australians, most of whom are still getting over the shock of losing most of their beloved V8s to progress. The light alloy-headed V6 carries an impressive set of sporting credentials, with its twin overhead cams, 24 valves, and electronic fuel injection. Honda assemble the engines for Rover, test them and deliver them complete to Cowley.

The sweet-singing V6 produced 127 kiloWatts in British trim — Australia's anti-pollution measures and lead-free fuel will reduce that output, though not so it'll really hurt. Road performance panders to the traditional Rover values of refinement, golden silence, and ride comfort to satisfy royalty. But the new sporting flavor first sighted with the SD1 model is also very evident.

There'll be a choice of two 800-series models — the 825i and a top-of-the-line model, called Sterling. The 825i is well equipped with a long list of standard appointments: power windows, power mirrors, central locking, rake adjustable wheel, super sound system, vandal-proof aerial which is incorporated in the rear window glass, low-profile tyres, individually-adjustable rear seats, trip computer, headlamp washers . . .

A motorist opting for the more exclusive two-tone Sterling gets The Works. It's dripping with a host of extra playthings and labor-saving devices such as air conditioning, power sunroof, cruise control, and alloy wheels. Rover claims it's the best-appointed vehicle in the company's history and is backing its hunch by pitching it headlong into the biggest car market anywhere — the USA.

The Yanks love all that so-British stuff. Yep, the walnut wood-grained fascia lives on, as do leather seats.

Pragmatic Phil Hovell, managing director of Australian importer JRA, believes the new Rover is sufficiently appealing to sell at the rate of 1300 a year here. That compares with the roughly 500 annual sales of the old SD1 model. Price, due to currency fluctuations, cannot be set but is expected to be a ballpark $50,000. Hovell, worriedly eyeing the shrinking Oz buck, draws cold comfort from knowing that there are about 20,000 millionaires knocking around Australia.

The intricacies of the Rover-Honda deal stretch beyond the joint design program. Rover and Honda are building each other's product for their domestic markets. Such a daring move by Honda would not have been contemplated in the bad old days in Britain. Honda, with a marvellous build quality that pales against no other manufacturer, would never have allowed the British to put their mitts on cars carrying the Honda name. Unthinkable.

Times have changed, and changed with remarkable swiftness. For Holden, there are some lessons to be learned. The sign is the penny has already dropped at Fishermen's Bend. Significantly, as it struggles for improved productivity and build quality, Holden is currently upgrading its assembly plant equipment with robotry.

Rover is well down the path to recovery. In six years the revitalised Rover management, led by the blunt and tough chairman Harold Musgrove, has triggered a stunning turnaround. Last year Rover lost $12 million — loose change compared to the $500 million deficits of the Dark Ages. And Musgrove reckons there'll be a profit very soon. Black ink in a British car maker's ledger . . . it'll be a true miracle.

"They Never Come Back" is an old sporting adage. J. Christ Esq was allegedly the first to give that theory the finger. Niki Lauda was another. Now the Poms are on target to do the same with Rover. Maybe there's still hope, then, for Holden — and Australia.

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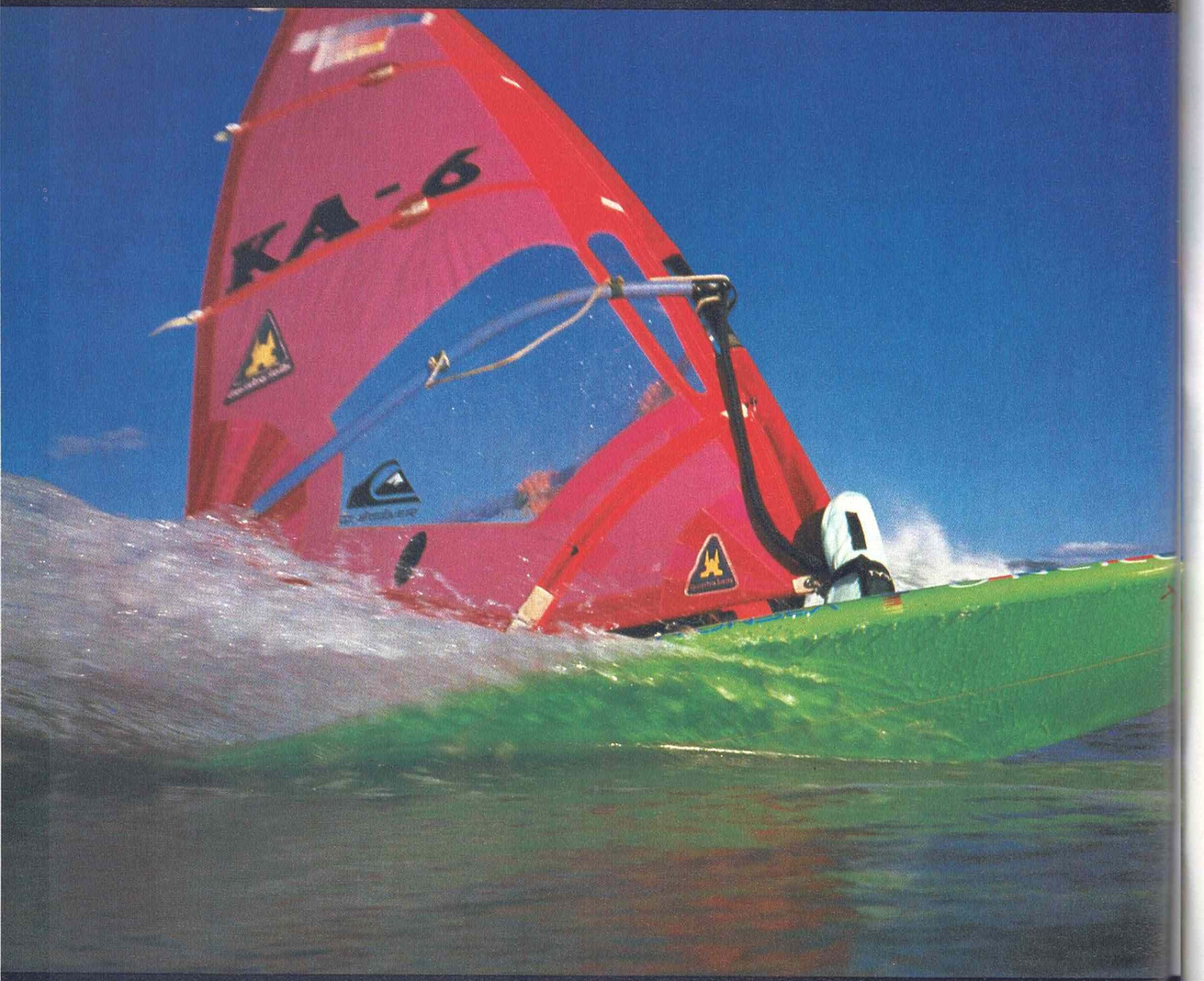

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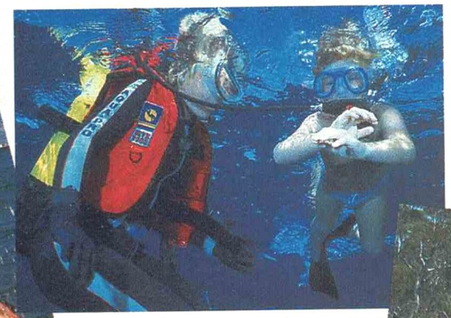

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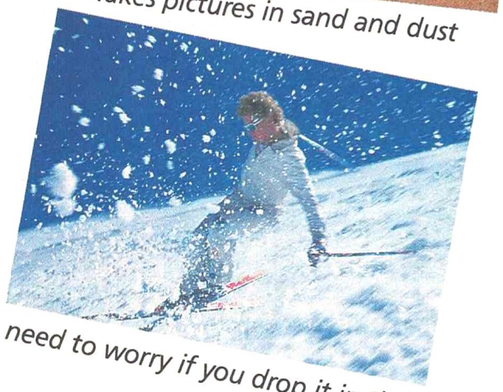

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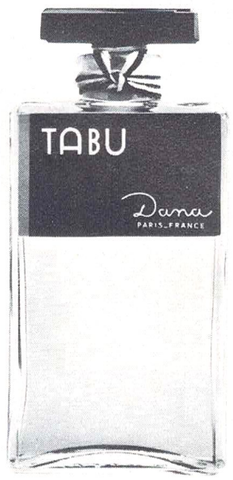

The Forbidden Fragrance

FORUM

Continued from page 15

hand to her breasts, gently squeezing one and then the other. I swallowed hard and felt my cock start swelling in my jeans as Michelle pulled down the top of her bikini so she could pinch her nipples. She brought her legs up and then splayed them.

By this time my back was beginning to ache, as I had to bend over to look through the crack in the fence. I sank to my knees and discovered that in this position, the crack was at eye level. I couldn't believe that my beautiful next-door neighbor was masturbating in broad daylight! Then again, I couldn't believe that I had taken my cock out of my jeans and was stroking it like some lust-crazed weirdo.

For several minutes Michelle played with herself, her body squirming sensuously on the lounge as she caressed her most intimate parts. Then her body suddenly arched off the lounge like a bowstring, remaining like that, taut with expectation, as she moaned loudly and exploded in orgasm. A moment later yours truly came, my semen splattering the fence as I choked back a cry of pleasure. I pulled myself together and then, on rubbery legs, made my way into the house, straight to the refrigerator.

That night I was drawn to my next-door neighbor's window, which was directly opposite mine across the driveway. I really didn't expect to see anything, and after a while I started cursing myself for checking their window shade every ten minutes or so. I was about ready to end this foolishness when, lo and behold, my neighbors pulled up the window shade and I saw them both, Ray in his boxer shorts and Michelle in white briefs. For a fleeting moment I wondered if they had done it for my benefit (had Michelle seen me peeking from behind the fence that afternoon?) but then I remembered Ray telling me that their bedroom air conditioner was on the blink. As it was an unbearably humid night, it was only natural that they open their window wide and pull up the shade.

Well, for the next half hour I was treated to a show that had my cock so hard it hurt. I remained glued to the window, not even taking a moment to get the binoculars I kept in my den, for fear of missing something. As their bed was alongside the window, I was able to watch Michelle give her husband a long, leisurely blowjob and then watch him feast on her pussy. They fucked in three positions, starting off with Michelle on top, riding Ray's erection, then moving into conventional missionary-style, and finishing up doggy-style, with Ray banging Michelle from behind as she tossed her head from side to side, lost in the pleasure of their coupling.

I waited until the lights went out across the way before hurrying to my bed, where I finished masturbating while recalling all that I had seen at the window. After soaking my pyjama bottoms, I fell into a deep sleep, wondering what other visual pleasures I could expect, compliments of my neighbors.

When Becky, my wife, came home, I told her about our next-door neighbors, Michelle especially. She was a bit put off that I had taken to spying on them, but she became a convert to voyeurism the first time she joined me at the bedroom window to watch Ray and Michelle go at it. It's been almost a month now, and they still haven't gotten a new air conditioner. I, for one, hope they never do. And, by the way, I still refuse to tag along with the guys to that topless joint. — *Name and address withheld*

A study in sex

I am a 25-year-old uni graduate with an interest in photography. That's why I answered a newspaper ad asking for a nude male model for an amateur photographer.

When I arrived at the studio I was shocked that the photographer was a young and very attractive blonde woman with an eye-popping figure. To tell you the truth, I couldn't believe my luck. This was a set-up for erotic fantasy if ever there was one. But the photographer, Cathy, seemed to be very businesslike as she got to talking and setting up the studio lights.

She told me that she wanted to make a career of photography. She had completed several courses and was now rounding out her portfolio with black and white studies of her favorite subject — the male body.

Her studio was quite large, with a lot of lighting, and Cathy seemed every inch the professional as she set about putting me at ease. She told me she was very interested in my thick growth of chest hair and before I knew it my shirt was off and I was posing for her in my jeans only.

As she snapped away, instructing me to turn this way and that, the lights started getting very hot and beads of sweat began forming on my forehead and chest. My jeans started to cling to me, too, in the most uncomfortable places. Cathy saw my predicament and, saying she had an idea, disappeared into another room. She came back waving a very brief pair of swimming trunks and said that she'd turn her back while I put them on. I couldn't help noticing that she'd removed her bra and that only two or three buttons remained done up on her yellow cotton blouse. Up until now her cool manner had kept my attention on posing, but now my mind was wandering all over her body.

I wasn't used to wearing such brief swimmers, being more your boardshort type. I felt absolutely naked as I resumed posing for Cathy. To make matters worse, I realised I was developing a hard-on. I couldn't control myself as the nylon swimmers began bulging out in front. It was almost relief

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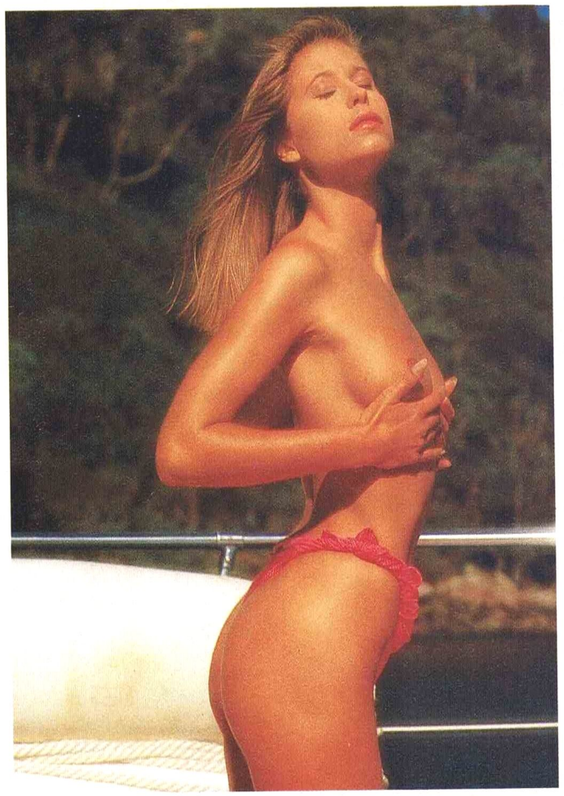

as raunchy as you might like it.

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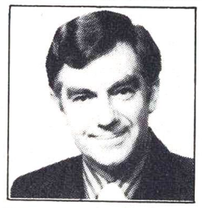

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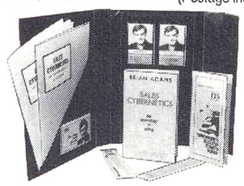

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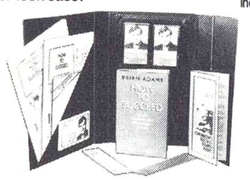

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FORUM

when Cathy walked over to me and outlined my now rock-hard cock with her finger and asked me what I was hiding.

I was naked in a second and ready for action, but suddenly she was the photographer again. She seemed to love snapping the profile of my hard dick and she had me jumping around so she could watch my cock bob up and down. She even had me kneel down, facing away from her so she could photograph my hairy balls and arse. She stroked her stiff nipples between photographs and I couldn't help a few strokes of my cock in all the excitement.

Cathy could tell I was going to come and, still clicking away, she moved towards me and knelt in front of me. She ripped her blouse off in one quick movement, letting her tits spring free. Her lips engulfed my cock as her warm hands cupped my balls. Three strokes later I pulled out of her mouth and shot a gallon of come all over her hair, face and tits. Then I picked up her camera and took a couple of delightful snaps of her with my come dripping from her chin down on to her breasts and of her rubbing my sperm all over those lovely nipples of hers.

The photographs turned out very well. At least that's what Cathy's letter inviting a return visit said. I'm due for another session today and I've got my costume ready in my pocket. It's a very small pocket. — *Name and address withheld*

Fantasy fulfillment

I've read Forum off and on for a while now. I don't get to see a copy of *Penthouse* too often. I used to find it hard to believe some of the stories in the column, but the following experience changed my attitude about that.

I'm 18 and getting ready to start my first year of university. One night Sean, my close friend, and I went on a casual date downtown. We danced for three hours straight and at times we were the only people on the dance floor. We didn't intend for anything to happen that night. We went back to my house, and since it was rather warm we decided to take a short dip in my parents' pool. To make a long story short, we ended up making love in the pool, fulfilling one of my fantasies.

A couple of weeks later another fantasy of mine was fulfilled, with the same person. Some friends and I went to the local pub to play pool. Sean and I decided to make a bet on one of the games. The bet was winner takes all. I won the game and Sean and I went back to his apartment, which he shares with a roommate, Adam.

I was a little tense from a hard day, so Sean made us some drinks and broke out the baby oil. When I saw the oil, my thighs started to become drenched. He offered to give me a back rub. I took off my shirt and bra and accepted with excited anticipation.

From the first touch of his strong hands on my bare back to the last touch on my bare arse, I couldn't help but want his throbbing cock inside me. After the back rub, I rolled over and we embraced. He started at my ears, lightly nibbling them. Then slowly he kissed my neck and moved to my breasts, licking and sucking them. Finally he made his way down my body until he reached my glistening slit.

As his tongue explored me I could almost feel his cock inside me. It was all I could do to stop myself from turning him over and fucking his brains out. I begged him to roll over and lay on his back. Then I mounted his rock-hard cock. Just as I started rocking and bucking like a wild animal, Adam unexpectedly came through the door.

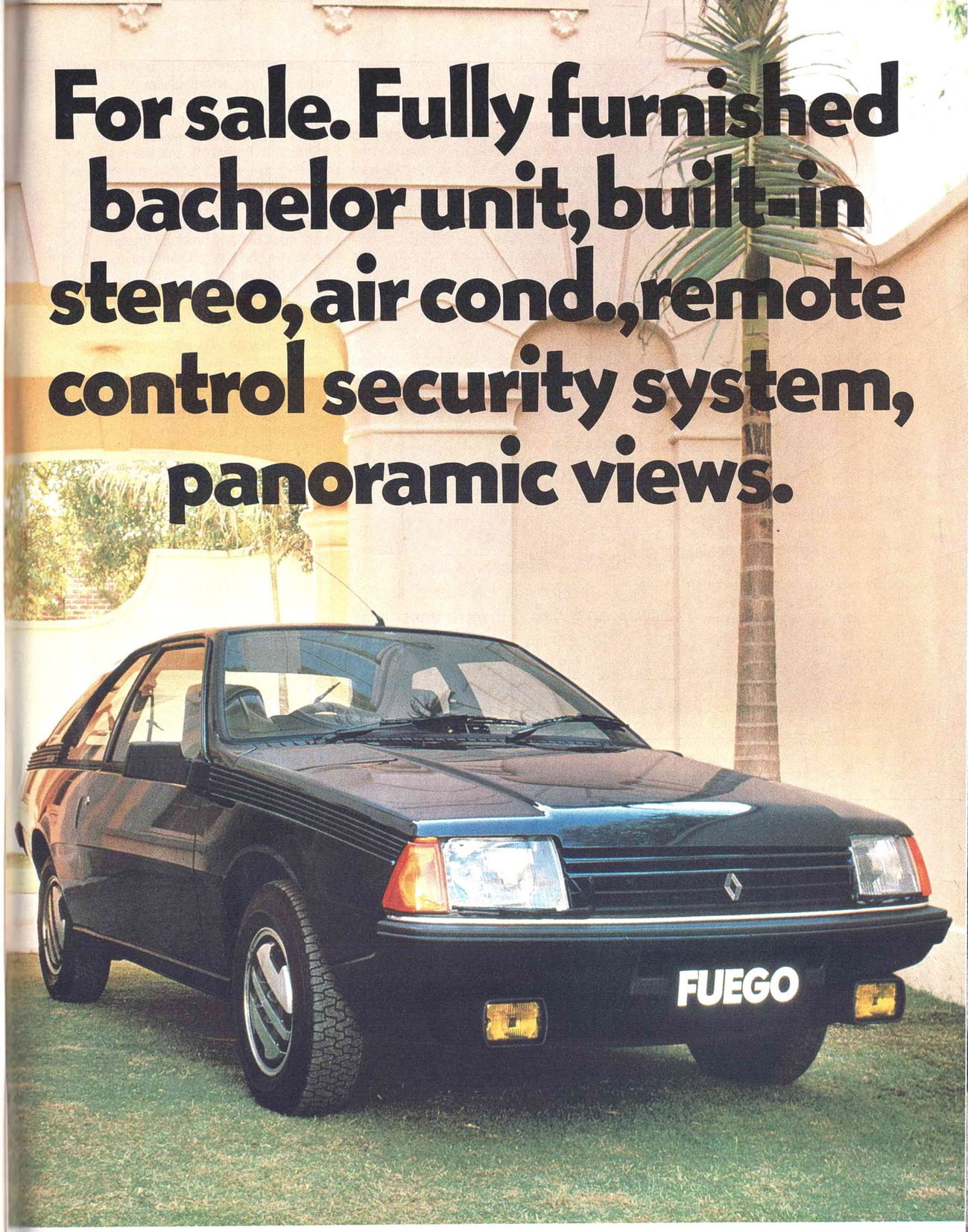
He said nothing at all, and proceeded back to his room. I just wanted to die, thinking of what Adam must have thought. Immediately Sean and I felt the need to apologise. We grabbed the last beers and some cigarettes and went into Adam's room to talk it over.

After Adam told me that he felt no differently toward me, we all decided to have an intimate talk. We lit a few candles, turned on some light rock music, and revealed our innermost (and, as it turned out, mutual) fantasy — *menage a trois.*

Adam went to the refrigerator to find us something to drink. Sean started massaging my thighs, not realising he was making me wet all over again. Adam came back with a large bottle of champagne. The thoughts that entered my mind made my pussy creamier than ever. We had some champagne, and read a few articles out of the Forum section in *Penthouse*. The thought of a *menage a trois* was making us hotter, and the atmosphere, candles, music, plants surrounding us, champagne, and our three warm bodies started us on our way.

Sean started exploring my mouth with his tongue, while Adam removed my clothes and gently caressed my clit. I started squirming ever so slightly. I gently started to massage both of my new lovers' cocks at the same time. This most pleasurable foreplay continued for a while until I couldn't stand it anymore. I had to have Adam's throbbing tool between my legs. I slid down to the edge of the bed so I could get Sean's delicious cock in my mouth. It was all I could do to keep from going crazy.

At the same time, we all exploded in orgasm. It wasn't but a few minutes later that this wonderful threesome continued, only this time Sean was inside my love hole and Adam was probing my mouth with his dick. We did variations on these themes until 4 am, when Sean had to shower for work. So Adam and I joined him. After everyone was lathered, rinsed, and dressed, Sean and I went to a local late-night bar and decided we had to write to Forum. — *Name and address withheld*



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MADNESS

Continued from page 39

has driven people like Tony Kew to the point of despair for want of an answer.

There are a number of possible explanations:

(1) Organised crime networks and/or brewing interests — the only groups standing to lose under modified marijuana policies — have maintained pot prohibition by paying off or otherwise influencing politicians in key positions.

(2) The majority of politicians, whether or not they're aware of the stupidity of current legislation, fear that legalisation of marijuana would be an act of electoral suicide.

Tony Kew believes organised crime holds the key to marijuana madness: "Someone in high places likes the black market functioning the way it is. There's a lot of money involved and it's in the nature of black markets that there are kickbacks . . . Nobody can give me any other reasonable and valid explanation."

In support of that view, Kew points to surveys suggesting that marijuana law reform would not be politically suicidal; the half-dozen polls conducted by various media throughout Australia in 1984-85 showed that between 52 and 75 percent of people favored moderation of penalties relating to cannabis.

Politicians, however, are as adept at ignoring polls as they are at ignoring party policy. And, although no-one doubts that organised crime can make the law move in mysterious ways, incontrovertible proof of a corrupt link between drug marketer and drug legislator has yet to emerge. When such a story does find its way into print, it will be the most socially significant news item of the decade.

In the absence of proof of political corruption, we have to look at political expediency — or at least, what politicians *perceive* to be politically expedient. Experts in the field who favor reform are pretty well unanimous that political gutlessness is at the root of marijuana madness — and that's rather ironic in the light of Federal Health Minister Blewett's pre-Drugs Summit statement: "Public figures are much given to waxing eloquent on the evils of heroin and marijuana and, in the pursuit of moral uplift — or a rise in the party vote — are easily open to charges of hypocrisy."

The political pulse is closely monitored by those who work with drug problems at street level through government-funded bodies like NSW's Centre for Education and Information on Drugs and Alcohol (CEIDA). A spokesman for CEIDA told *Penthouse* that marijuana law reform may have been popular a year or two ago, but that was no longer the case. "The bulk of conservative Australia has a fear of drugs that has risen enormously in the past year and a half — and politicians are gauging that shift in public mood very well. It seems Australia started then to mirror what had happened in the States four or five years earlier — that massive shift to the Right. Middle class 'moral' people are taking over again; they want to put the lid back on the liberalisation of the past 15 years, they want to repress social change, and they want accountability."

As evidence of the shift in public opinion, the spokesman referred to an extensive educational program called *What Parents Need To Know About Drugs*, produced in response to continual requests for information on the subject. "It was a very balanced view which focussed on alcohol, nicotine and analgesics as well as the illicit drugs, and which basically showed that kids use drugs because adults use drugs. And the public reaction was extremely negative. The conservative community groups it was aimed at didn't want to touch it — it wasn't what they wanted.

> "These right-wing groups are confused and angry, and they're asserting themselves. Politicians pick up on this feeling and go for the quick fix."

They wanted the horrors of illegal drug use, they wanted good vs bad, moral vs immoral . . . just as they do with issues such as censorship, education, sexual morality and so on.

"These right-wing groups are confused and angry, and they're asserting themselves. Politicians pick up on this feeling, realise it's a potent issue, and go for the quick-fix solution — because the overwhelming message is that *people want something done now about the drug problem*."

The conservative backlash is even reflected, according to the spokesman, in the changing views of those who work in the field of drug abuse. "Three and a half years ago a survey of all the professionals in the field found that 70 percent were in favor of marijuana legalisation. That fact was never published and no-one makes an issue of it, but I'd bet if you did another survey now the result would be very different.

"The political climate is such that the majority of people everywhere are moving to the Right. NORML reached its zenith, politically, a year and a half ago — when most political parties, including even the Young Liberals, included cannabis legalisation in their social platforms and the marijuana lobby was reasonably close to forcing the issue in one or other of the states — but now, no government wants to touch it. Politicians and the public are feeding on each other in a sort of snowball effect, creating this anti-drug hysteria, which means that ending pot prohibition *would* in my opinion be political suicide right now. So they produce the quick 'solution' — the Drug Offensive — which allows people to think: 'Well, I can forget about the drug problem — the government's handling it.' "

NSW Liberal Party backbencher Phillip Smiles knew he was pissing into the foul winds of political expediency when he opposed the inclusion of cannabis in the schedules for the NSW Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Bill. Smiles' liberal views stemmed from his experience as a rock industry promoter in the Sixties, at which time he was "personally familiar with marijuana." He told *Penthouse*: "Because it's such a controversial issue, politicians find it hard to express their real views on marijuana — unless they happen to be extremely conservative views. There's no doubt that enormous pressure is being exerted on *every* politician to 'get tough on drugs.' So strongly is the public now regarding the issue of drugs that I foresee in the next few years a major battle to oppose the reintroduction of the death penalty in NSW."

According to Smiles, the conservative backlash coupled with fear of the unknown are now the major factors in the politics of cannabis law in Australia. "The chances of the marijuana lobby being successful with any state government have diminished rapidly as the overall concern about the threat posed by harder drugs has increased. All the publicity about the horrors of organised crime has allowed a platform to emerge from which conservative groups can launch their influence on legislatures. I had hoped that society would eventually be able to distinguish between marijuana and the harder drugs — but I now believe that the spectre of organised crime has made that impossible. I think that organised crime interests haven't *had* to lobby, directly or indirectly, to maintain prohibition of cannabis, because that role has been undertaken for them by a fearful society."

The great irony, of course, is that organised crime would be eliminated from the marijuana market if the drug was legalised. That inescapable logic has somehow been pulverised by the sheer weight of public paranoia.

When the NSW Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Bill went to the Labor Caucus, left-wing backbencher George Peterson moved an amendment to delete cannabis from the schedules. It was defeated along Right-Left factional lines by a two-to-one majority. Peterson described the Caucus

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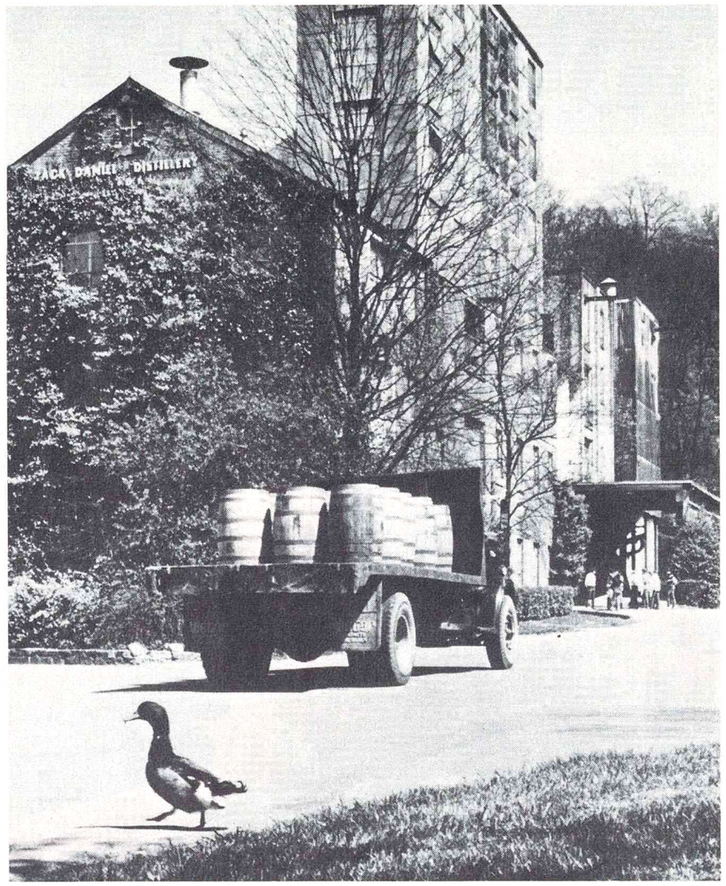

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Is this the world's best bike?

BELLA BIMOTA

BY PETER THOEMING

It's hard to impress Sydneysiders. They reckon they've seen it all before; mostly they reckon they've seen better. But there is one way to stop the show, and it's called the Bimota DB1.

Normally, more than one motorcycle at a set of Sydney traffic lights means a rubber-shredding speed duel at the first hint of the green. That's what I was expecting when I joined a Honda trailbike, a Suzuki midrange machine and a Kawasaki 1100 brute at the lights at Bankstown. I wasn't going to get involved in the duel, because the Bimota's engine wasn't run in, but I could sense the tense throttle hands.

Then they saw what I was riding. When the lights changed, the three of them waited like lambs as I gently accelerated away, and then followed in the tracks of the huge Pirelli radials. The Cassata had them in its spell, and waves of pure envy washed my back.

The bike's importer, Ian Gowanloch, laughed when I told him about it later. "You should have seen me when I took the first one down the road to get it registered. Other bikes just started following me and

PHOTO BY GRAHAM MONRO/CANON F1

BELLA BIMOTA

by the time I got to the motor registry I looked like the Pied Piper with his trail of kids!"

It's not a trip Ian does very often. He's only secured some 30 bikes in the first year of his association with Bimota. Even so, that's nearly ten percent of total production. These machines are exclusive, with a capital $. Ian sells them for $15,250 each, although the falling dollar probably means a price increase for the next shipment.

So just what do you get for the sort of money that will buy you a decent mid-sized car? Very little indeed. Very little weight; the bike complete with its 750cc powerplant weighs a miniscule 163kg. Very little bulk; despite the all-enclosing bodywork, the DB1 is tiny. The seat is only a touch over 700mm high. Very little competition; this thing is not just pretty, it's fast. And very little company, at that price and with such small production numbers.

What you do get is a hell of a surprise. When I first mounted the bike outside Gowanloch's Canterbury Road shop, I expected the usual terrifying half hour of coming to terms with an exotic steed. A bike like the DB1, rather like a Lamborghini Countach or a Ferrari Testarossa, will usually take a lot of learning.

The Bimota was as easy to ride as a Japanese quarter-litre commuter. By the time I'd gone a kilometre I felt as if I'd been riding the bike all my life. The ergonomics are excellent. Everything from the (somewhat antique) Japanese switchgear to the brake and gearchange pedals is just where you need it. Despite its outrageous appearance the DB1 is comfortable and feels . . . well, *right*.

The Ducati Pantah motor and gearbox help, of course. The Pantah had more than a few failings when it was first introduced as a 500 in 1975, but it's steadily evolved since then. In the incarnation that powers the DB1 it's a well sorted out 750. Many Ducatiphiles consider it too smooth and quiet, in fact, and it's earned itself the pejorative description "the sewing machine."

As I dribbled through Sydney's Saturday morning traffic on my way out to Lucas Heights and beyond, I was conscious of the price tag the bike carries. But I wasn't worried about dropping it, despite Gowanloch's rueful admission that he'd never yet had a road test bike back unscratched. I could tell that the Cassata and I were going to get on just fine.

And get on just fine we did. I found some corners with a bit of bumpy tar in them, and gave the bike its head. Apart from an initial miscalculation — when I underestimated my speed and suddenly found myself in a 50 km/h corner at 120, instead of the 90 I thought I was doing — there was no disquiet.

The suspension of the DB1 has to work harder than that of an ordinary bike. The radial tyres, a 130/60 on the front and a 160/60 on the back especially developed for the DB1 by Pirelli, have extremely low and stiff sidewalls. That means there's no creep during cornering, giving the bike its almost uncanny tracking. But it also means that the tyres can't absorb even small surface ripples. The suspension has to do it all.

It does a good job, although this is one of the few areas where the bike is less than perfect. Springing is hard, and you feel every crack in the pavement. Damping, on the other hand, is good, and even on typical NSW tar the wheels maintained the appropriate contact with the ground.

The Italian firm Marzocchi supplies both the front forks and the rear monoshock. In fact, the DB1 is pretty much an all-Italian effort. Instruments are Veglia, the motor is from Bologna and the paint scheme (which is what led me to dub the bike "Cassata") is the Italian white/red/green. Ducati, by the way, is the "D" in the bike's name. The "B" is Bimota, and the "1" indicates that this is the first Ducati-engined bike from Bimota. The firm's Rimini factory has been making frames for Japanese engines since 1965.

> Riding the DB1 is like running with the legs of Carl Lewis and the endurance of De Castella

The name Bimota is derived from the names of the firm's founders. Signori Bianchi, Morri and Tamburini first built Grand Prix bikes for Europe with Yamaha GP engines. Later there were a number of road bikes, very fast and spectacular to look at. And finally there is the DB1 — an all-Italian effort at last.

This newest Bimota was not, however, designed by one of the founding trio. Its father is a young man called Federico Martini, and he came to Bimota from Ducati. His departure from Ducati's Bologna headquarters came after a bike he'd prepared privately beat the factory's own TT2 class Pantah in the Italian TT2 Championship — for the second time. Ducati management was not amused and Federico moved to Bimota.

His baby is not only spectacular to look at — its appearance also breaks new ground. "Bimota," says Ian Gowanloch, "did the unspeakable. They completely enclosed the engine." Motorcyclists have traditionally wanted to be able to see, touch and hear their engine. All of a sudden, that's all gone. It makes sense in the light of noise restrictions now becoming more and more stringent, but it's a brave move.

And yet — look at the lines of the DB1 and tell me they don't look spectacular. Many Ducati aficionados would argue that the Pantah engine, unlike the older motors, is ugly anyway and its disappearance is no loss. The final test of the cosmetics comes, of course, in the riding. The full enclosure means that this Bimota is aerodynamically very clean. That, in turn, means a high top speed from the relatively mild motor which offers 46kW at 7500 revs. The factory claims 210 km/h, and I have no reason to doubt the claim although the near-new motor in this bike meant that I couldn't try.

Take a close look at the Bimota DB1. Take off the bodywork — it's quick and easy; a few fasteners hold the whole thing together — and actually look at the details your money is buying you.

The welds holding the chrome moly trestle frame together are exquisite. The frame itself is a work of art: not a single bend in its maze of tubes and carefully triangulated in all planes. This is the same frame which holds together Bimota's Formula One racers. Not a replica, nor an imitation — the same frame.

There is magnesium everywhere, and the metal has been worked with consummate care. The fibreglass shell is neat even on the inside, and it fits together smoothly. The paint is deep and lustrous.

Take a moment to reflect on what the bike offers you, the rider. That this bike is so easy to ride is no accident. The tank has been designed to support much of the rider's weight, both normally and (more importantly) under heavy braking. When the callipers grab those big discs, your thighs and lower abdomen are held by the bike and you can concentrate on braking, instead of holding yourself away from the handlebars.

So can the Bimota DB1 be worth the money? Someone once asked the great jazz pianist Fats Waller to explain the music he played. Waller said, "If you gotta ask, don't mess with it." If you value your motorcycling in money terms then a Bimota is probably not for you — although they *will* make great investments. You'll never lose money on one unless you send it catastrophically down the road.

If you value your motorcycling for itself then you probably deserve a DB1. It is not, after all, that much more expensive than its real rivals — the Ducatis and some of the Moto Guzzis. And it feels so good.

This is a bike on which you can forget that there are two of you — a man and a machine. Mounting the DB1 is like putting on your own clothes; riding it is like running with the legs of Carl Lewis and the endurance of De Castella.

THE KEY OF DEE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARL WACHTER

Dee had enviously heard the guitar's wail — she had watched mesmerised the scrambling dance of his fingers up and down its neck. She had felt the frenetic grunge of hard rock send shudders up her spine. She knew this boy had soul . . .

So Dee took him and his instrument home with her and plugged it in — all for her own private show. "You just jam and I'll keep the rhythm going," she told him.

Dee didn't miss a beat. They finished to a standing ovation. She was brought back for encore after encore . . .

EXPECTATIONS OF PLEASURE.

SUNNY DAY. SCENT OF GRASS. TINKLE OF ICE.
AND THE UNMISTAKABLE TASTE OF GORDON'S.

LOOSE ENDS

CONFESSIONS OF A PORN WRITER

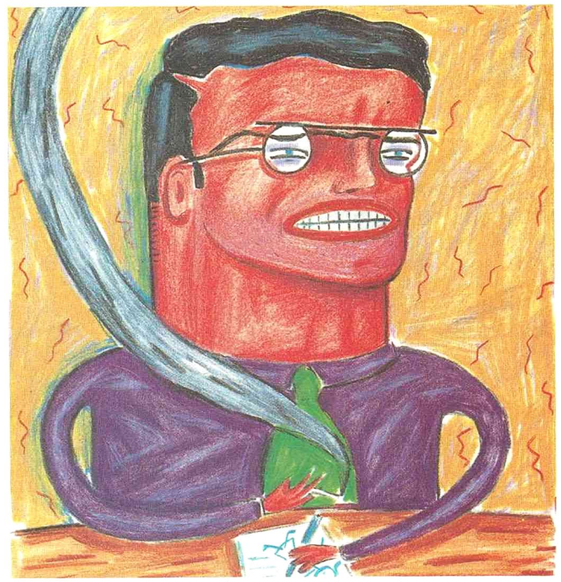


Illustration by John Mitchell

Sit right back and you'll hear a tale of a land we've all heard of but never been to. This is a magical place where all the men and women are fabulously attractive and can go at it all night and all day like a migrant woman's Singer. Here everything is either as tight as a flathead's freckle or as long and hard as a Sanskrit sliderule. The metaphorical milk and honey flow like the gutters at an Allowrie factory, there are more boners than on John West's payroll and you'll see more wet slits than a manic depressive's wristwatch. This is the fabled place where similes come to die . . .

Just kidding. It's the netherworld of the "stroke book", those paperbacks that manage to hang as many squishy encounters as possible around plots that are about as flimsy as their female protagonists' frillies. Unlike "stroke mags", these books contain no pictures, just wall-to-wall words about walloping.

If, by chance, you've stumbled upon one of these books, you may have asked yourself this question: "WHAT SORT OF DEVIANT WRITES THIS STUFF?"

Meet Zack Simms, mild-mannered, fortyish man-about-town with aspirations to literary greatness. That greatness has so far eluded him, so to make a crust Zack occasionally slips into one of his alter-egos and churns out a stroke book. He's a real-life hard-core hack with such venereal volumes as *Lust Me Or Leave Me, Passion's Round-Up, Cruisin' With Susan* and *Every Man For Jann* to his dubious credit. In the following interview, Zack talks about his torrid relationship with his typewriter, defends the role of the stroke book in the literary universe and offers a few handy hints in the art of pornmanship.

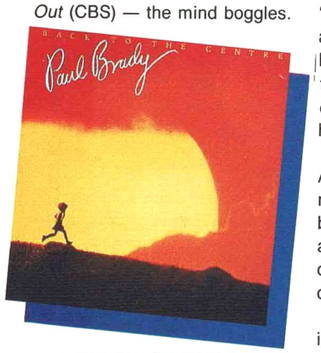
Penthouse: So how did you get started on your life of grime?
Simms: It was only after I had struggled for years to make an honest buck out of "distinguished literature" that I embraced the advantages of providing a wide, horny audience with all the smut it desired. It is the familiar tale of forced artistic concessions in the competitive literary marketplace.
Penthouse: Your first effort was, I believe, *Every Man For Jann?*
Simms: Yes. Not one I'm proud of, I'm afraid. But once I discovered how simple it was to be filthy for fun and profit, there was no stopping me. Next came *Ready Or Not Here I Come,* the story of a female chemist who is slipped a dose of the aphrodisiac she has invented and becomes as horny as hell. *Lust Me Or Leave Me* was a little something I dashed off about an aspiring actress whose escapades as a waitress saw her really *serving* her customers. I found my stride when I penned *Cruisin' With Susan*, a witty romp about two girlfriends whose intimate apparel shop is burned down and who use the insurance money to take a singles cruise. *Bad Girls Finish Last* is my latest — reminiscent of *Prisoner*, but with pussy.
Penthouse: Does each of these books take a lot out of you?
Simms: All it takes is a dirty mind and that qualifies most of us. Alliteration is a handy tool. Pricks plunge, prod, pound, plough and penetrate (when they're not too busy flexing, throbbing or swelling). However, too much alliteration can become a strain on the reader. Tongue-twisters like "His plump prick plundered her pink passionate pussy" are vulnerable to ridicule. But then what does one expect from a stroke book? Shakespeare?
Penthouse: How do you justify your line of work?
Simms: I say that stroke books have their place in a sexually obsessed society (preferably in a brown paper bag). Unlike overpriced, trashy bestsellers that merely tease, stroke books vicariously please by going all the way. Their only potential negative effect is they can raise false expectations among the sexually naive. But then a person old enough to buy a stroke book should realise that he or she is reading a wishful fantasy of a wantonly promiscuous universe.
Penthouse: Convincing. How's the pay?
Simms: Shithouse. $500 to $750 for a 35,000 word manuscript. But a pro can finish a manuscript in a couple of days to a week if he or she is conscientious.
Penthouse: Do you ever use your real name?
Simms: Never. Some blokes get cute and use names like Dick N. Ballz, Ben Dover and Dick Waggin . . . I prefer more intriguing aliases like Merlin Malone, Cash Conway, Lex Logan or Beau Bedford.
Penthouse: Is there a society of porn writers?
Simms: Not at present. A few of the guys were thinking of starting up PULLIT (Producers of Unclean and Licentious Literature Intending Titillation). It's just an idea.
Penthouse: So at the annual awards night the writer of the best stroke book would be announced and he'd . . .
Simms: You guessed it — he'd get a PULLIT surprise. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

EURO SOUL RHYTHMS

Having worked wonders blending Annie Lennox's soulful vocals with Dave Stewart's electro-pop vision on their second and third albums (*Sweet Dreams, Touch*), the **Eurythmics** changed gear and went off in the direction of full-tilt soul. Stewart's rediscovery of the guitar after a couple of years changed not only the sound of their work but shifted them more into the rock and roll mainstream. *Revenge* (RCA), their latest, sees him still happy to thrash the six strings. Although the songs are all credited Lennox/Stewart, the presence of ex-Blondie drummer Clem Burke seems to have had a strong influence on their basic style. Most are pure power pop and "Thorn In My Side" could be off a Bangles album. Elsewhere they lavish strings on "I Remember You" and "The Miracle Of Love" and get funky with the good-natured bravado of "Missionary Man" and the aimless "Let's Go." Stewart uses his considerable production skills to beef up the tracks with interesting sounds but many of the songs don't have the inspired touch of their earlier sweet dreams.

A more traditional approach is adopted by **D.C. Lee**. Her soft-edged but soulful vocals have been gracing the Style Council and now she has her own *Shrine* (CBS). The singles "He's Gone" and "Come Hell Or Waters High" are typical of her slick funk. Rich in strings on the big ballads and spiced with brass on the uptempos, this is as smooth as pate from a duck's liver. More of the same also comes from across the Atlantic, presided over by the sweet falsetto of **Phillip Bailey** as he threatens to turn himself *Inside Out* (CBS) — the mind boggles.

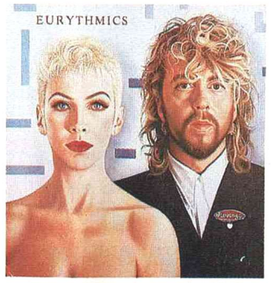


English trio **Art Of Noise** successfully promoted a notion of eccentricity by remaining anonymous and producing largely instrumental music with state of the art studio sounds and a sense of humor. Originally with producer Trevor Horn's label ZTT (Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Propaganda) they have hit out on their own *In Invisible Silence* (Chrysalis) with a new label and a "hit" — the reworked "Peter Gunn." Their style remains a cut-up pastiche of sampled sounds (voices, noises, instruments) that's possibly even more meandering than on their debut. Jazz vibes, brushes and congas appear, as do liberal quotes from the first album ("Close To The Edit" has grown "Legs"). In their world of sounds — not songs — they create some strong moods but fail to really make any point with them — even when invoking the turbulence of South Africa ("Instruments Of Darkness"). A good disc for hi-fi salesmen to demonstrate with.

Irishman **Paul Brady** has the dubious honor of being touted as "the best-kept secret in rock." His work is largely unplayed but lauded by the likes of Dylan, U2, Dire Straits, Tina Turner, and Santana. On *Back To The Centre* (Phonogram) his Celtic folk antecedents show in his high, relaxed vocals and the romantic feel of his tunes — wistfully sweet without the more teeth-rotting nature of some pop. Some songs have a rock kick ("Soulbeat") but Brady is ever ready with his tin whistle and closes the set with the traditional "The Homes Of Donegal"; it avoids the singalong feel of Paul McCartney's "Mull Of Kintyre" or the growled idiosyncrasies that countryman Van Morrison might have wreaked on it.

Jangling their way in from the American east coast, **Dumptruck** may think *Positively* (Big Time) — but they hardly play that way. They appear as part of the ongoing dream sequence sired by the likes of REM.

The Unforgiven (Elektra) crash in with a more demonstrative beat on a self-titled album. The band seems to have the same aspirations as Wall Of Voodoo as well as their desire to grow up to be the soundtrack to a spaghetti western.



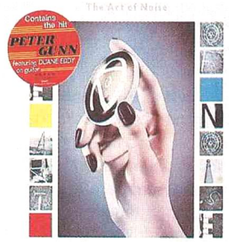
Though this set has the anthemic power of Welsh rugby songs extolling the virtues of living and dying a man, their grandeur is of Big Mac proportions: the band's sense of wild western mythology sounds like it came with the jackets rather than from the heart.

Meanwhile back in Melbourne, the **Huxton Creepers** have managed to inject some spirit and originality into a classic guitar format on their debut *12 Days To Paris* (Big Time). Favorable comparisons can be made with the Hoodoo Gurus — though the sounds are better recorded than the Gurus' early attempts. Simple arrangements, with Rob Craw's powerful and often rough-edged vocals, are either sweetened or pushed to near-Hitmen bluster by the harmonies. Songs like "I Will Persuade You" may thunder live but die on disc; they sound like an obvious piece of noise. Still, there are enough elements here to show the Creepers are using their basic rock power for more than the simple pleasures of brain damage and ringing ears.

New York machinists **Book Of Love** (Sire) show on their effort of the same name that love for them is a many keyboarded thing. Definitely a flat white experience.

Twenty All Time Greatest Hits Of Roy Orbison (Monument) celebrates the man who probably even sleeps in sunglasses. **Roy Orbison** also recently joined with **Carl Perkins, Johnny Cash** and **Jerry Lee Lewis** for a nostalgic return to Memphis studios as the *Class Of 55* (Mercury).

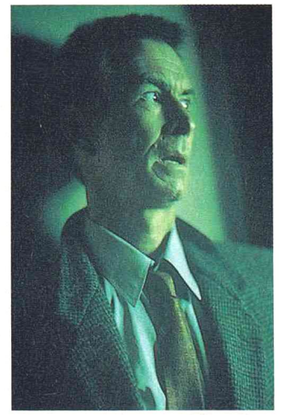
Bing Crosby's *The Radio Years 1946-1954* (Crescendo) is essential research for all bathroom crooners. — *Jeremy Cook*



Clockwise from immediate left: The Eurythmics wreak soulful Revenge; Art Of Noise turns out a sound sampler; Huxton Creepers do it right; Paul Brady's secrets on vinyl.

FILM

BLOODY BATES IS BACK



From the top: Anthony Perkins rehashes Norman Bates up against the wall and under water in Psycho III; Judd Nelson, pensive and putrid in Blue City.

You can't keep a good psychopath down. Norman Bates — the original and best of the straitjacket set — is no exception. He's back, bad and mean as ever, still wearing that same dowdy old dress and orthopaedic shoes, still wracked by those unclean thoughts, straight from loony bin to you in **Psycho III**.

He's not exactly *fresh* out of basket weaving classes. They loosed him from the funny farm in *Psycho II*. In that one a pesky old lady claiming to be his real mother pushed our Norman too far, whereupon he was obliged to despatch her with a few shovel blows to her blue-rinsed regions. Back to his naughty old tricks, he gutted her, filled her up with sawdust and put her back where Mom sat in Hitchcock's original *Psycho*. With the shawled and shrivelled husk of his new mother reprimanding him from her rocking chair, Norman could get on with the business of running the Bates Motel and poisoning and stuffing local fauna.

The next chapter in the milking of *Psycho* begins when young novice Maureen (Diana Scarwid) is cast out of the nunnery for her part in the death of another nun. (The other nun did a failed Sister Bertrille impression.) Out on the highway Maureen is picked up by sleazy, guitar-toting drifter Duane Duke (Jeff Fahey), who attempts to have his wicked way with her before chucking her out in the driving rain. Maureen, bedraggled but with virtue intact, walks all night and finds herself at the Bates Motel. Duane got there before her and he's taken a job as Norman's assistant. The tableau of characters is complete when nosy reporter Tracy (Roberta Maxwell) starts sniffing around asking uncomfortable questions about the disappearance of the little old lady.

From there it all happens — blackmail, murder, mayhem. Norman even falls in love with Maureen, a character who's nearly as screwed up as he is. There's an action replay of the infamous shower scene with a novel twist, and there are plenty of pert-arsed strumpets sashaying around the motel to get Norman's fingers twitching for the breadknife. There are even a few tongue-in-cheek funny lines to alleviate wear and tear on the sphincter muscles caused by crotchbiting the cinema seat.

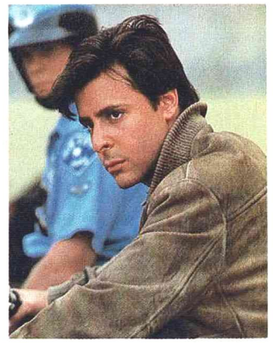
Anthony Perkins directs and stars in this second bloodsuck of the classic, and as far as these capitalising capers go, this one's not such a bad effort. It does at least bring the saga of Norman Bates full circle, ending in a manner that seems to preclude yet another sequel. Unless, of course, Norman escapes to wield corset and cutlery anew in *Psycho IV — I'll Play Mother*. Stranger things have been known to happen in the land where to be on a good thing automatically means flogging it to death.

Such is, or was, the strength of the Norman Bates character that Anthony Perkins will be forever linked with it in many cinemagoers' minds, despite his excellent performances in equally strong and disturbed roles early in his career, eg Jimmy Piersall in *Fear Strikes Out*.

It's the same with Alan Alda — he'll always be Hawkeye Pierce, the wisecracking medico of TV's *MASH*. Unlike Perkins, though, Alda has no other truly memorable screen roles to his credit. There is a constant mediocrity in his films. He seems to be forever hunching forward and nasally whingeing, cracking tired one-liners and oozing quiche from every niche. What he lacks in acting versatility he more than makes up for in pretension. He has a tedious habit of writing, directing and starring in his movies, thus guaranteeing megalomaniac monotony.

All of which introduces his latest effort **Sweet Liberty**, the story of a small town college professor whose book about the American Revolution is sold to Hollywood and duly butchered into a film. Alda characteristically whines and wisecracks his way through his role as Alan Burgess, the author at the centre of the movie circus and a relationship crisis of his own making. Supporting players Michael Caine, Bob Hoskins and Michelle Pfieffer do a little to fan the flames of overdone comedy; Lise Hilboldt as Burgess' girlfriend Gretchen is a saving grace and Lillian Gish as dotty old Mrs Burgess presents a very convincing case for euthanasia. Heck, I'll quit beating around the bush. I found this a thoroughly annoying film.

Moving yet further down the highway of banal bullshit you may find yourself in **Blue City**, a mythical town in Florida where Brat Packers prove that they have scant talent and even worse choice in movie scripts. Judd Nelson as Billy Turner returns to Blue City after a five-year absence to find that his father has been murdered and corrupt elements are running rife. Enlisting the aid of buddies Joey (David Caruso) and Annie (Allie Sheed), Billy launches an all-out offensive against the powers of evil.



Blue City was directed by Michelle Manning. It is disjointed and unbelievable and Billy is the sort of sensitive, likeable character who would look good with a size 11 Doc Martin's planted firmly up his ginge. Nelson and Sheed should have stayed at *The Breakfast Club* — they got out of that one without egg on their faces. — *C. J. Mackay*

A GENTLE SOLE

Mind you, you still have to tie up the laces, so we can't be too sure about the claim that this is the most technologically advanced aerobic shoe in the world. But that's exactly what the makers of the Reebok Instructor 5000 claim of its product, crafted as a result of consultation with 2400 aerobic instructors. Each shoe evidently has 250 independent shock absorbers in the sole for safety first. Makes it sound like a car, doesn't it — but then, cars have boots, don't they?

TIME ON YOUR HAND

What do you get if you put together a Techno-Sphere, a Calypso Beach, a Radar, a Rotor and a Ping Pong . . .? You get some inkling of one of the most successful campaigns devised by Swatch, the Swiss fashion watch marketing genius. This is fashion fun . . . and at around $50, we're talking accessibility.

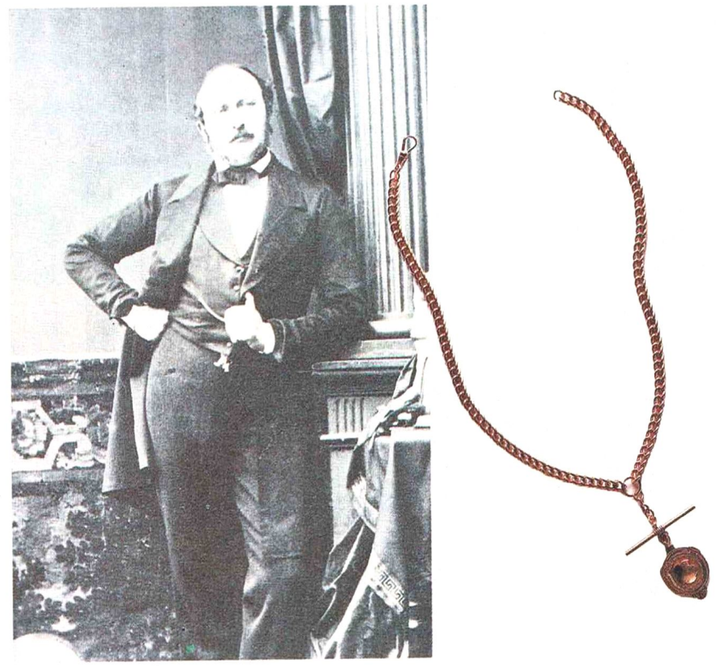
Photo by Geoff Howden

THE ART OF WAR

The art, design and cuisine of Japan are now widely appreciated and sought after in Australia. Not the least in demand among examples of Japanese culture are traditional Samurai swords, short swords and daggers, often seen these days as decorator items in Eastern-inspired home interiors. Ken Buxton of St George Antiques in Sydney provided *Penthouse* with samples from his wide range of traditional blades and invites browsers to check out the antique armory at 8 Crofts Avenue, Hurstville. He adds that as many of these swords arrived in the country as souvenirs after the Second World War, many who possess them may not be aware of their true value. Some swords have fetched around $100,000 at recent European and American auctions. So if you've got one lurking in a cupboard, get it appraised!

FOBBED OFF

In 1837 Queen Victoria's consort Prince Albert commissioned goldsmiths to fashion a watch chain with fob to display across his waistcoat and allow him easy access to his watch. The result, the Prince Albert Fob Chain, became the rage amongst English gentry — a vogue that endured until the 1920s when waistcoats began going out of fashion. The fob fashion was revived in the 1960s when men and women began buying up heavy gold and silver antique chains to wear as necklets. According to antique dealers, authentic Prince Albert watch chains are a hotter property than ever, though prices of up to $1500 put them out of reach of many buyers. Albert Jewellery of Sydney has a limited supply of excellent reproduction Prince Albert Chains exclusively for *Penthouse* readers for the surprisingly low price of $28. The heavy, plated chains make excellent gifts for men and women. We've pictured the chain with bar and fob (the fob medal is extra.) For further enquiries and orders write to Albert Jewellery, PO Box 225, Bondi Beach NSW 2026.



McFUN

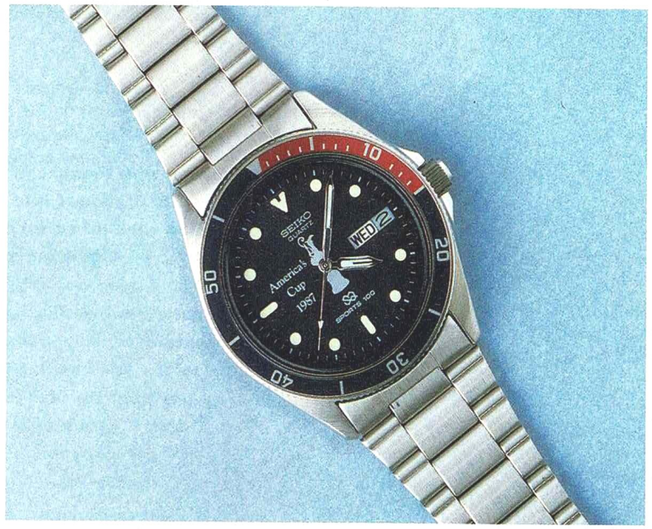
For those who thought the McDonalds hamburger chain had branched into the business of not only creating wind (of sorts) but also designing fun ways to harness it — by building sailboards — this might be news. You'd be wrong. The M stands for Mistral, one of the market leaders in high performance sailboards with an extensive range for sailors of all levels. Its materials, designs and backing from big names — right down to the international Club Mistral network of resorts — means that if you're sailing Mistral then you're in very good company, such as that of maestro Randy Naish (pictured).

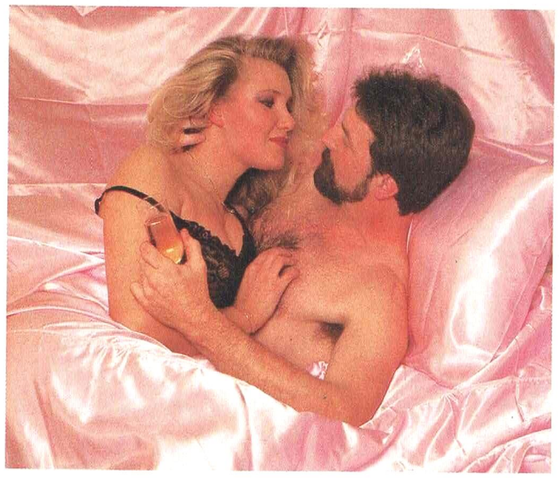
HOW TO BE A SOAK

The idea of a portable spa might seem to have been a long time coming on to the market, but it's here at last. It makes you wonder how many people must have pulled bits of their homes to pieces to fit in the permanent type, when if they'd bided their time they could have one that sits by the pool in summer and inside in winter. And because it's portable you don't need council permission to set it up. The outfit with their act together is Clearlite Plastics, whom you can call on (02) 669 2344.

SEIKO KILLER

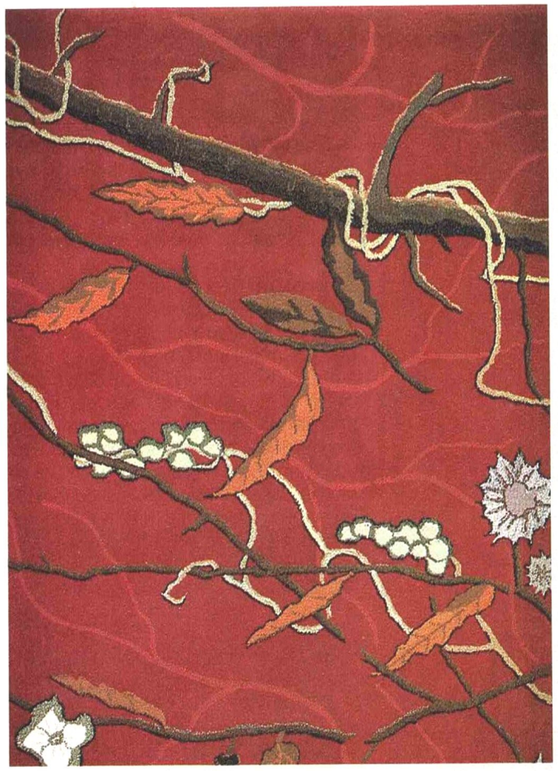
Here's Seiko's commemorative time piece for the coming America's Cup defence. Cute, huh? Seiko is the official timer for the event. What surprises us is the boast that this watch is water resistant to 100 metres depth. It doesn't sound as if they're all that confident that all the boats will make it all the way around the course . . . Yet it's only $250 — if you're into timing salvage operations . . .





NOT SO SQUEEZY

It was a tight squeeze when Sir Les Patterson joined the Mile High Club. (Are you with me?) Personal assistant Bronnie was on the sink and our distinguished Cultural Attache was so strapped for space that upon each backward jerk his bum pressed the "Hostess Required" button above the bowl. His was the time-honored initiation to the MHC, a tradition that may fall by the wayside when two Sydney businessmen take off with their new venture, a luxury personal charter Mile High Club. Richard Van Hoff and Paul Chick have two private jets sumptuously fitted for airborne high-jinks of the carnal kind — champagne bar, executive lounge that becomes a satin-sheeted bed, etc — all within a plushly carpeted cabin completely divorced from the, uhum, cockpit. Costs of leisurely flights over Sydney begin at around $400, but The Mile High Club also offers an exciting range of honeymoon deals that include a chauffeured Rolls Royce and top hotel accommodation, special dawn flights with breakfast barbecue, and many more. All initiates receive champagne, champagne flutes, and embossed certificates. The Mile High Club combines strict aviation safety with its emphasis on style and sensuality. For information and bookings ring (02) 707 2533.

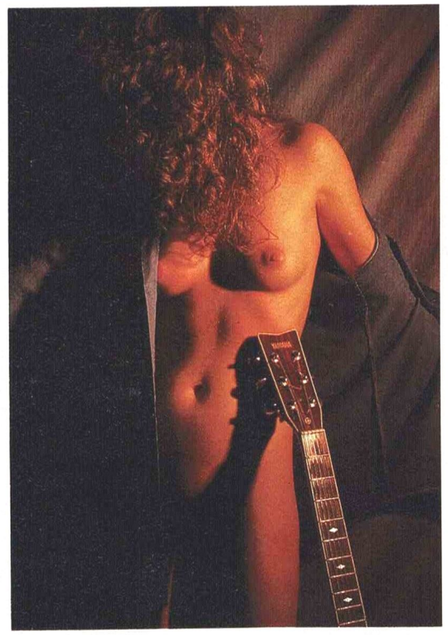


BUY AUSTRALIAN

Until recently, if you wanted a hand-tufted, custom designed rug or wall hanging for your home or office you had to order from overseas. You paid through the nose and you had to wait several months for delivery. Designer Rugs of Sydney have changed all that. Now you can have any design, in any color, hand-tufted by craftsmen in Australia for a reasonable price. Rugs to your specifications can be made in pure new wool in any shape, size, pile or combination of piles. For something special for your business or home, contact Designer Rugs on (02) 232 2786. Their only limit is your imagination.

BIKE WARS

Not only are they the state of the art motorcycle racing goggles, but the Carrera range are great for Darth Vader impersonations at fancy dress parties. Carrera have revolutionised their models with a design for a "tear-off" system of shields, anti-fogging system, thick foam to soak up the sweat, and wide vision — what every party-goer requires. For around $40, you can't go past them — unless you can't see out of the goggles you're already wearing . . .



PENTHOUSE POLAROID PHOTO COMPETITION

This month's photo competition winner has really struck a chord — music to our eyes. The duo of photographer M. Tinker and subject K. Batehup, both from Mission Beach in the north of Queensland, have made great use of lights and props — not to mention K's sensuous figure — to come up with this great result.

Future entrants can get some good clues as to what constitutes a winning shot from this entry. And if you don't have a guitar, don't fret. We're looking for creativity in the capturing on celluloid of some view of the female form. Anyone can play out their Ramboesque fantasies shooting off film. But rather than creating popcorn, we'd like to encourage entries on which we can all feast our eyes.

It's certainly worth it to try. Each month's winner gets the choice of either the Polaroid Sun 670 Autofocus QS camera or the 35mm AutoProcess system which allows you to develop your own slides at home. Photos can be taken on any film, Polaroid or otherwise. Simply attach the coupon below — and be in it to win it.

Please fill in this confidential form and return with your entry to: *Australian Penthouse*, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062.

Name of photographer: _____

Address of photographer: _____

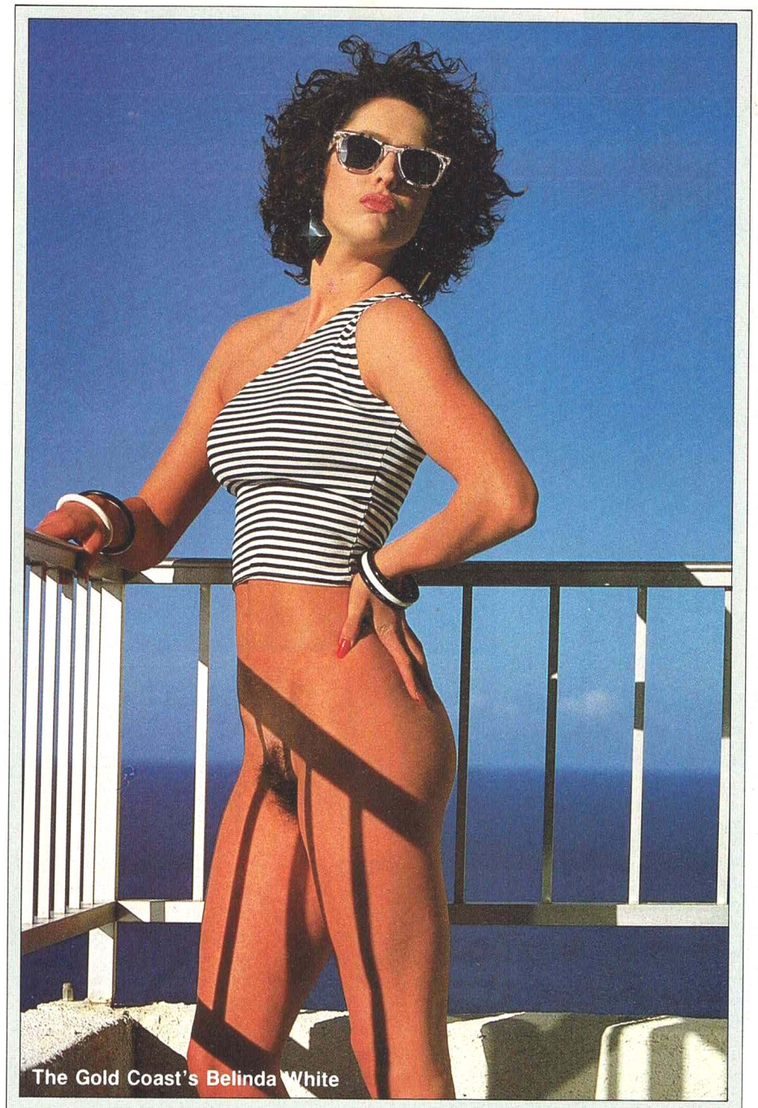
_____ Telephone number of photographer: _____

Name of subject: _____ Telephone number of subject: _____

I (the subject) . . . . . of . . . . . am aware that my photograph has been submitted as an entry in the Polaroid SLR 680 competition. If my entry should win, I have no objection to it being published in *Australian Penthouse*. I am 18 years old or over.

Signature of subject: . . . . . Date . . . . .

Signature of witness: . . . . . Date . . . . .



The Gold Coast's Belinda White

COMING IN DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Manhunt — The shooting of two police officers in Melbourne last year by the gunman dubbed "Mad Max" sparked the biggest manhunt in Victoria's history and, in the words of one policeman, "an era of policing that hasn't been seen in the state since Ned Kelly." It also brought into question the force's ability to deal with dangerous fugitives. *Penthouse* investigates.

Cracking Up — As the latest drug epidemic — the crack craze — hits America, *Penthouse* goes into the streets of New York to talk to the teenagers who have turned to crime and prostitution to support their habits, and condemns the lack of action to curb the nightmare of cocaine addiction.

Windsurfing The Ganges — In this bizarre and breathtaking pictorial Jacques Sotty windsurfs the world's most wondrous waterway. The Ganges takes him past ancient villages, ornate temples and a dangerous array of flotsam and jetsam.

The Joke Offensive — How do you know if your house has been burgled by a Kiwi? Your cat's been raped and your thongs are missing. That's one of more than 100 offensive jokes in December *Penthouse*. Prejudice, tragedy, handicaps and more . . . all the rankest subjects are ranked in this appallingly funny compendium.

Pet Of The Month — Gold Coast dancer Belinda White's combination of energy and athletic skill produced some stunning new angles for photographer Daniel Nolan. Check out December *Australian Penthouse* and see Belinda dance for you.

MADNESS

Continued from page 124

debate as being dominated by "the usual anti-drug hysteria." It was the same hysteria that had greeted him 20 years earlier when, at an ALP conference, he announced simply: "I've tried pot but I prefer beer."

Asked whether he felt more politicians believed in marijuana law reform than were prepared to vote that way, Peterson replied: "I'm not sure about that. I'm simply amazed, when talking to my fellow politicians, at the incredible misconceptions they have regarding marijuana. I must say that this has been considerably exacerbated by the publicity concerning the Donald McKay case; obviously it has led to a belief among respectable citizens that there's something wrong with marijuana, rather than that there's something wrong with a law that makes marijuana illegal. It's a most ironic situation."

DRUGS, DEMOCRACY AND DRIVEL

Australians have come to expect from the Queensland National Party a cynical and hypocritical bloody-mindedness and an attitude of disdain toward the fundamental principles of democracy. We assume that a higher level of reasonableness and regard for the democratic process will prevail in more politically temperate climes. It is worthwhile recording, then, that in June 1980, 30,000 signatures on a petition bearing 210,000 signatures calling for the repeal of all laws relating to possession, use and personal cultivation of marijuana were entrusted to the then NSW Premier Neville Wran, following a pledge from his department that they would be presented to Parliament. The petition is the oldest form of democratic representation from a people to their Parliament; it is an institution enshrined in the inherited traditions of democracy. Nine months after the marijuana petition was handed over to Premier Wran, it was returned to its organiser, Tony Kew, having never been presented to Parliament.

In the same context, it is also worthwhile noting that when NSW shadow Attorney-General John Dowd spoke to the Drugs Misuse and Trafficking Bill in the NSW Parliament, he mentioned the word "bong" — and instrument used for smoking marijuana. A clandestine tape recording of the proceedings clearly captures, amid the general drunken cacophony, the reaction of a prominent Labor Party member, whose alcoholic stupor was apparently so profound that he lapsed into a melodic chant — "Bong-bong-bong-bong" — which lasted for several minutes.

"And this," says Kew resignedly, "is called responsible government legislating against the drug menace." It's a wonder he can find the strength to carry on.

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